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LOS ANGELES

LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN:

A C O M E D Y,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

Sentiment is a simple common-place business; but
cutting a Joke is the most serious undertaking this side
the grave!

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES,
NO. 39, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1799.

[*Price 2s.*]

LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN.

A. C. M. D. D.

1875

AT THE

THE ROYAL, GEORGE V. M. D. D.

BY FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

Statement in a letter to the author of the
writing - the most interesting and valuable
the

L. O. M. D. D.

PRINTED FOR T. M. LINDLEY AND SONS
NO. 10, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1875

1875

P R O L O G U E.

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To trace, with all the nicer strokes of art,
Whims of the brain and fashions of the heart,
To make mankind no more in folly bold,
See what they are, and mend while they behold;
For this the Comic Muse has made her stage
A mirror, varying with each varying age.

If such their aim in Anna's golden days,
Who won the fairest wreaths of comic praise—
That age perchance (our isle's Augustan pride)
A happier race of character supply'd—
Features of bolder outline to command
The painter's eye, and prompt his willing hand.

When bounteous Nature brings to fancy's aid
Forms in her own luxuriant charms array'd,
Art works with ease; but each rare model gone,
Pictures are canvas, statues are but stone;
Say from what modern spark would Congreve please
To copy sprightly sense or graceful ease?
Does Mirabel yet grace the polish'd throng?
Or to what club does Valentine belong?
Should Farquhar now his playful pen resume,
Where would he find an Archer or a Plume?
From a tame *brute* not Vanbrugh could extract
An ounce of humour to eke out an act!
In vain we emulate their daring rules,
Whose fools were wits, when all our wits are fools.
Vain were the task, with all their pow'rs together,
To lash a fly, or dramatize a feather.

Whilst sympathy's alternate tribute flows
O'er Friburg's wrongs and Haller's conscious woes,
What just alarms invade our Author's breast,
Whose trade is merriment, whose theme is jest.
But tho' the Foreign Muse your tears beguiles,
There's no embargo laid on British smiles.
Search then abroad for tragic tales alone—
Laugh when you can—Thalia be your own.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GOSSAMER	- - - - -	MR. LEWIS.
BONUS	- - - - -	MR. MUNDEN.
MORTIMER	- - - - -	MR. HOLMAN.
SAMBO	- - - - -	MR. FAWCETT.
DELVILLE	- - - - -	MR. WHITFIELD.
COSTLY	- - - - -	MR. TOWNSEND.
CHARLES MORTIMER (<i>a child</i>)		MISS GILBERT.
FARMER BLACKBROOK	-	MR. THOMPSON.
GREGORY	- - - - -	MR. ABBOT.
WAITER	- - - - -	MR. SIMMONS.
MRS. MORTIMER	- - -	MRS. POPE.
EMILY	- - - - -	MISS MANSEL.
DOROTHY	- - - - -	MRS. GIBBS.
MISS GLOOMLY	- - -	MRS. MATTOCKS.

SCENE, RICHMOND *and the Neighbourhood.*

LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN.

A C T I.

SCENE.—*A modern Inn on a grand Scale—
Porticos, &c.*

*Enter COSTLY from the Wing, and Waiter from
the Inn.*

WAITER.

WELCOME home, sir—welcome from Barnet
races.

Costly. Thank'ye, Tom, thank'ye:—look!—here
they are, you rogue—(*shewing money*)—five hun-
dred by the sweepstakes!

Waiter. What: the favourite won I suppose,
sir?

Costly. No—lost!—lost on purpose:—hark'ye,
Tom—as there are false dice at hazard, so there are
false jockies on the turf—we knowing ones can
load both when we like—heh, you take, Tom?

Waiter. I do, sir; and I wonder who'd take
you for a landlord:—instead of being master of the
new hotel, one would suppose you one of the first
men in the county.

Costly. And so I am one of the first men in
the county—isn't that the largest house, and don't
it contain the best card-rooms, billiard-rooms, and
B ball-

ball-room in the county?—and if you come to that, who in the county keeps so many servants and carriages, or gives such dinners and suppers as I do?

Waiter. True, sir; and if they talk of hospitality——

Costly. Ay; if they talk of hospitality—do any of them make so much of their visitors as I do?

Waiter. No; that they don't, I swear, and that's what puzzles me—whilst our house is always cramm'd with customers, the Red Lion over the way is deserted!—and yet old Boniface only charges half the price that you do.

Costly. That's it—that's the very reason—your best customer is your rich cockney; and he always stops at the dearest inn—always—for he fancies nothing good that's not expensive, and judges of the quality of an article by the quantity he pays for it.—For instance now; turtle!—do you imagine half the citizens, who eat turtle, like it?—no; but it must be good, because its so d——d expensive!—(*mimicking Aldermen*)—therefore let Boniface charge as high as I do——

Waiter. I understand, sir:—but that would be very difficult.

Costly. Difficult!—impossible—but it can't be helpt—in towns like Richmond, where the season is short, the bills must be long, so—hush, here's company—now to business—(*putting himself in order*).

Enter DELVILLE, Mrs. MORTIMER, and CHARLES.

Costly. This way, Madam, this way!—Tom, shew the Golden Fleece.

Mrs. Mortimer. No, no; there's no occasion—this young gentleman has been prescrib'd change of
air

air by his physicians, and if you could recommend us lodgings, sir——

Delville. My dearest cousin, leave every thing to me—walk into the hotel—take some refreshment, and Sambo shall look through the town, and find lodgings for you.—Come—come—you can trust the black, I'm sure.

Mrs. Mortimer. Trust him! ay, with my life!—Poor Sambo! how amply has he profited by the education you have given him!

Delville. He has indeed:—brought from his own country at six years old, and train'd up 'midst all the follies and dissipation of London, though his head has been enlighten'd, his heart remains uncorrupted.

Enter SAMBO. *His dress—a white jacket, silver shoulder-knot, white waistcoat, glaz'd round hat, gold band, cockade, boots, and leather breeches.*

Delville. Sambo.

Sambo. Sir!

Delville. See what lodgings there are in Richmond, and bring word to me and Mrs. Mortimer at the hotel.

Sambo (alarmed). Lodgings, sir!

Delville. Ay, sir; we want some directly.

Sambo. We want some!

Delville. Yes: don't you comprehend, sir?—Now, cousin, pray, pray be persuaded.

Mrs. Mortimer. Well, since you will have it so.—Come, Charles—oh, Mr. Delville! when, when shall I repay you for all your kindness and attention?—*(Exit with CHARLES, COSTLY, and Waiter, at the hotel. DELVILLE is following: SAMBO stops him.)*

Sambo. Sir, I hope you'll forgive me—I hope you won't be angry with me, sir—but—but——

Delville. But what, sir?

Sambo. Perhaps you don't recollect that Mrs. Mortimer is a married woman, sir?

Delville. A married woman!—and what then?

Sambo. Then she has a husband, sir—a husband who once sav'd my life!—sav'd me when drowning; and you were pleas'd to thank him, and say he had conferr'd so great an obligation——

Delville. I know I did, sir:—and still—what then?

Sambo. Then, with submission, sir, is this the way to repay it?

Delville. Silence!—how often have I told you not to touch on this subject:—if a beautiful woman will throw herself in my way: if, as soon as her husband goes to Gibraltar, she will continually invite me to her house—consult me in all her affairs—accept money from me——

Sambo. Accept money from you, sir?

Delville. Ay: at this moment, don't Mrs. Mortimer owe me above five hundred pounds? and, after all these proofs, do you suppose she has no other motive for coming out of town with me, than her child's health?—Oh, I see it all—and as it's impossible to persuade her not to love me, I'll e'en be kind, and give her love for love.

Sambo. Don't—don't be rash, sir: and as to persuading her not to love you—leave that to me—I'll do it directly.

Delville. You do it, sir!

Sambo. Yes, sir; I'll tell her how you pursue your studies in the Temple!—that you leave me to do all the law business, and while I'm copying out pleadings in one room, you're writing love verses
in

in another.—I'll tell her of a certain opera dancer, and remind her, though your good qualities are beyond naming, yet where women are concerned, you're so thoughtless and so desperate, that—Oh, I'm often rude enough to wish there was'nt a gown or petticoat in the world!

Delville. Psha!—go where I ordered you, sir; and for the future no impertinence, Sambo:—cease to interfere in matters that don't concern you.

Sambo. Nay, but this, sir——

Delville. How! do you demur?—recollect who you are.

Sambo. I do—I am your slave.

Delville. No—not my slave—I gave you liberty.

Sambo. You did, sir; and that made me your slave.—Gratitude has bound me faster to you than all the chains of Africa! 'Tis now fifteen years since you brought me to England; during which time you have fostered me, educated me, and treated me more as a brother than a servant!—and now when I warn you of your danger, you call it impertinence!—Ah, sir!—rather say 'tis selfishness; for my fate is so involv'd with yours, that if your heart bleeds, Sambo's will break, I'm sure.

Re-enter Waiter.

Waiter. Sir; the lady—Mrs. Mortimer is asking for you.

Delville. There! I've been neglecting her, and listening to your African philosophy:—go, sir—be-gone directly—nay—no reply—go see for the lodgings directly.—(*SAMBO exit.*)—Plague on the fellow's conscientious language!—he has made me half a coward, and I begin to feel——

Waiter. Sir—won't you go to the lady.

B 3

Delville.

Delville. True, true:—I am too far embark'd—shew me to her; and as the man says in the play—"let me run into the danger to avoid the apprehension!" [Exeunt.

SCENE.—*A Street in RICHMOND.*

Enter Miss GLOOMLY and DOROTHY.

Miss Gloomly. How! it can't be, Dorothy—Mrs. Mortimer and Mr. Delville eloped together?

Dorothy. Even so, ma'am:—as sure as you're the first of sentimental writers, an elopement!—I saw them stop at Costly's inn, and get out of the same post-chaise; and here!—here 'll be fine work when Mr. Mortimer comes home:—first there 'll be a duel—then there 'll be a divorce—then he 'll be single again: and then—ah, ma'am! I see you can't help smiling at the thought of Mr. Mortimer's being once more a bachelor.

Miss Gloomly. I smile! fie! for shame, Dorothy.

Dorothy. Nay; say what you please, ma'am; but though the faithless man rejected you, and married your niece, yet as your own Artemesia says, "his name is never utter'd but you feel the most tumultuous animation!"

Miss Gloomly. Animation!—agitation, child—will you for ever misquote me?—but I own my virgin weakness, Dorothy, and acknowledge I shouldn't break my heart if Mr. Mortimer were once more an insulated being.

Dorothy. Then why not write and inform him?—

Miss Gloomly. To confess the truth, I have written to him—two months ago I sent him a letter to Gibraltar, acquainting him with his wife's conduct toward Mr. Delville, and as he was soon
to

to return to England, advising him to hasten his departure—to be sure I was rather early in my intelligence, but I knew nothing would so soon bring him to my presence as a little harmless scandal about his wife.

Dorothy. Scandal indeed!—it's no longer scandal now I am sure: and Mr. Mortimer will be all gratitude and love, and——

Miss Gloomly. I hope he may: but if he a second time disappoint me, I know how to be amply reveng'd:—I can marry his uncle, the rich stockbroker, whenever I please:—but of that another time—now how to bring about the divorce? how to get evidence?

Dorothy. Evidence!—Oh, if you want a witness, suppose I sift Sambo—Mr. Delville's black.

Miss Gloomly. Do—find him out directly, and in case he's not communicative—here—bribe him—(*gives Dorothy a purse*)—I'll wait for you at home; and mind you're attentive.

Dorothy. Attentive! ah, ma'am!—I only wish Mrs. Mortimer had minded your advice as I have done!—if she, like me, had passed whole days in reading your moral and entertaining productions—

Miss Gloomly. Entertaining!—why the girl's mad!—I never wrote any thing entertaining in my life.

Dorothy. Didn't you, ma'am?

Miss Gloomly. No—all my works are calculated to excite sighs, and tears, and terror, and distress—in short, to make people unhappy—and I hold laughter to be of so low and immoral a tendency, that in the thirty-six volumes I have published, I defy you to produce a single joke.

Dorothy. Well! that true enough: and they certainly do make one unhappy.

Miss Gloomly. Oh, they do, do they?—then that's the real fine writing—but see!—the black's coming this way—I'll leave you together; and if you succeed in your cross-examination, you shall not only be handsomely fee'd, but I'll read you a manuscript of so distressing a nature, that your features shall never be vulgariz'd by a smile again!
[*Exit.*]

Enter SAMBO (looking about).

Dorothy. Ah, Sambo—how d'ye do, Sambo?—why what are you looking for?

Sambo. I was looking for lodgings, Mrs. Dorothy.

Dorothy. Lodgings!—um—what for your master and Mrs. Mortimer, I suppose—(*SAMBO looks astonished*):—nay; I know all about it—I know they've elop'd together—and heark'ye, Sambo—my mistress is so anxious about a divorce—

Sambo. A divorce!—oh, oh, what that's her object?

Dorothy. Her object, sir?

Sambo. Ay: is it for that she persuaded Mrs. Mortimer's father to disinherit her, and Mr. Mortimer's uncle to desert him?—and when poverty drove him abroad, and separated him from his wife, was it for that she shut her doors against her?

Dorothy. No matter—serve her right, sir—how dare she marry Mr. Mortimer, when she knew my mistress was in love with him? But the divorce, Sambo—let's talk about the divorce—in the first place Miss Gloomly wants your evidence—

Sambo. My evidence!

Dorothy. Ay: and in the second, to unlock the secret pleasantly, she has sent you these golden keys—(*showing purse full of guineas*)—here—take them; and now, Sambo—(*forces it into his hand*).

Sambo (*throwing the purse down*). S'life!—does he think I'll betray my master?

Dorothy. Hey day!—why not, sir?—when was your master so liberal?—did he ever make you a present of any thing so valuable?

Sambo. I don't know—he made me a present of myself!—and poor as you may think the gift, I'll not sell it for all the gold in the universe.

Dorothy. Not sell it!—if you come to that, it isn't the first time I'll answer for it—no Mr. Negro—let me remind you, that people of your complexion are often bought and sold.

Sambo. And so are people of yours. Black men are not the only men that are bought and sold. Every body has their price; particularly chamber-maids: they are always knock'd down to the best bidder. But I didn't come to quarrel—so good day, Mrs. Dorothy.

Dorothy. What? and you won't take the purse?—(*SAMBO shakes his head.*)—Dolt! Blockhead!—I see you know nothing of the value of money.

Sambo. Faith! not much—I spent my whole fortune one morning; for though my ancestors all came from the gold coast, my patrimony could only purchase me a French-horn—so once more good day, Mrs. Dorothy.

Dorothy. Mighty well, sir: but remember your evidence may be forc'd from you—take care a lawyer's not employed.

Sambo. Do you take care a lawyer's not employ'd—I have studied the practice—in fact, I'm a sort of student of the Temple, and let me advise your mistress not to waste her money that way—bid her lay it out in French-horns, or any other instruments of harmony—but never let her buy discord or corrupt fidelity with it, I entreat you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE.—*View of RICHMOND, the River, Bridge, Hill, &c.*

Enter EMILY.

Emily. Lord! Lord! who'd have thought of being laugh'd out of one's affection?—Had Mr. Gossamer been a serious melancholy swain, I should have been on my guard; but he made love to me in joke, and I couldn't help returning it in earnest!—and here!—my guardian has sent me to his country-house to keep me out of his way—but I don't care—Mr. Gossamer is a man after my own heart, and he has promis'd to write to me!—and I've sent Gregory to the post-office; and if there be but a letter——

Enter GREGORY.

Emily. Well: what news Gregory?—has my dear Mr. Gossamer kept his word?—come now—quick Gregory—quick—(*laying bold of him*).

Gregory. Lord! what a madcap you are, miss!—no wonder at your loving such a Merry Andrew gentleman as Mr. Gossamer—but here it is!—here's the letter.

Emily (*snatching it from him*). So it is!—in his own dear facetious hand—now for it: (*Reads*)

“ My dear Emily,

“ Since you were sent into the country, I ventur'd to make one more application to your guardian, and he actually order'd his servants to turn me out of doors—consequently I determin'd to have some sport with him; and I've the pleasure to inform you, I began hoaxing him yesterday.”

I'm

I'm glad of that!—a'n't you, Gregory?

Gregory. Yes: that I be, miss—though, hang me if I know what hoaxing mean?

Emily. Don't you?—why it's all the fashion!—to hoax a person is to make a butt, a fool, a laughing stock of them—and Mr. Gossamer is so celebrated in the art, that—but Lord! where was I? (*Reads on:*)
 “ I shall soon follow this letter; and in the mean-
 “ time, recollect the world is full of vexation and
 “ disappointment, and therefore copy my motto,
 “ and Laugh when you can!

“ GEORGE GOSSAMER.”

There now! only think of my guardian's refusing his consent! and if I marry without it, I lose all my fortune; and Mr. Gossamer is a Lord's younger brother, and they've never any money, and—heigho!—come Gregory, I may as well return to my prison.

Enter DELVILLE.

Delville. Miss Emily, an old friend and school-fellow of yours—Mrs. Mortimer—

Emily. Mrs. Mortimer, sir?

Delville. Is now at the hotel, and seeing you from the window, sent me to—

Emily. I'll wait upon her directly—come Gregory—now I may consult her about my love affair; and, indeed, I hope Mr. Gossamer will make haste and get my guardian's consent—for I wish to be married—that I do:—nobody knows how I wish to be married—dear me! nobody knows how much I long to be married!—Sir, good day.

(*Curtseys to DELVILLE, and exit with GREGORY.*)

Delville. So, whilst she and Mrs. Mortimer converse together, I will myself see for apartments,
 and

and come what will we never part again—heh! who's here—as I live, my old college friend—the laughter-loving Gossamer!

Enter GOSSAMER.

Delville. What, George!

Gossamer. What, Ned!—Ned Delville!

(Shaking hands).

Delville. Why I haven't seen you these hundred years—but I've heard of you—ah, George! George!—I'm told you're as great a boy, and play as many monkey tricks as ever!

Gossamer. Then you're told right, Ned—I leave you and other wiseacres to follow serious, grave pursuits—for me, I'm fool enough to study mirth and merriment; and as long as I'm a man I hope I shall be a boy!

Delville. Well, well!—I see there's no reforming you—so tell me, what brings you to Richmond, George?

Gossamer. A fine girl and thirty thousand pounds! I love them both with all my heart and soul.

Delville. And do they love you?

Gossamer. To distraction!—both ready to jump into my arms!—only the guardian, he's a little troublesome—but you know the old way—play with him like trout—tickle him into consent.

Delville. Take care, George: for how often at Westminster and at Oxford, whilst planning to trick others, have I seen you trick'd yourself?

Gossamer. Never: since I took to the glorious profession, never had the worst of it.

Delville. No: why don't you remember the boyish trick I play'd you at the Sun Inn? didn't I lure you into the attorney's bed-chamber, and coax
you

you to let off squibs and crackers in order to get you into a law-suit?

Gossamer. You did—you did—and when the ceremony was perform'd, didn't I run out of the room, lock you in, and leave you to pay all the costs and damages?—I say there I hoax'd you, Ned?—then again, the bet about the hogshhead of claret?

Delville. Psha!—nonsense—that was many years ago: I defy you to succeed now?

Gossamer. Don't—don't defy me, Ned?

Delville. Why s'life! have you the impudence to suppose you could make a butt of me now?

Gossamer. Of you or any man living: and if you chuse to bet me another hogshhead of claret!—but you won't—you've bought experience—the burnt child, you know—heh! Ned.

Delville. Zounds! I've a great mind to accept your offer, on purpose to make you pay for your presumption.

Gossamer. Do: I'd take it as a favour, Ned—do let me once more make a laughing stock of you? do bet me a hogshhead of claret, that before to-morrow morning I don't play you as fair a trick—

Delville. Before to-morrow morning? well—since you provoke me—it's a bet.

Gossamer (embracing him). My dear fellow, thus, and thus let me return you thanks!—I'll go to work directly—I'll go drink one bottle of Costly's claret, the better to secure whole dozens of yours!—I'll—but hold—hold—where am I to find you?

Delville. At the hotel.

Gossamer. That's enough!—and remember now—no quibbling—if it's as fair a trick as the others, you'll acknowledge the wager's mine?

Delville.

Delville. Agreed! and by making you smart for your folly, I hope I shall shame you out of a conduct, devoid of all feeling, sense, and morality!

Goffamer. Morality!—nay, now—what system is more moral than mine?

Delville. What! why that of rationality—of sentiment.

Goffamer. Sentiment! psha!—where one rascal is preach'd or lectur'd out of his vices, thousands are laugh'd and ridicul'd out of them: and because I'm cheerful, don't fancy I want feeling?—no; I've as much sensibility as graver men; but the world is full enough of misery, and rather than add to it, I often dress sorrow in smiles I promise you—so be on your guard—remember the attorney—and Laugh—laugh when you can, my boy!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE.—*Another View of COSTLY's Inn.*

Enter COSTLY and Waiter.

Waiter (meeting Costly). Oh, sir! you're wanted, sir!—Alderman Plethora has been calling for you this half hour.

Costly. Alderman Plethora!

Waiter. Yes, sir: he complains of bad treatment—he says his physicians ordered him to sleep in the country, and accordingly he came to your house to be snug and quiet——

Costly. Well! and was'nt he snug and quiet?

Waiter. No, sir: he says the maid put him in a chamber over the billiard-room, and under the ball-room, so that he slept between two fires. Then you are wanted by the club—by the Sons of Friendship, sir—they complain of their wine—they say it's execrable.

Costly. My wine execrable?

Waiter. Ay, they wonder such stuff can be sold by a landlord of your consequence—and they desire you'll taste this bottle of port yourself?

(Waiter has a bottle in his hand.)

Costly. I taste it!—do they want to poison me?—damn me if I'd drink a glass of it for the profit of the whole pipe: no, no—give my compliments to the Alderman and the Sons of Friendship—but, hush! somebody's coming—this way. *(Retires.)*

Enter

Enter DELVILLE from the Wing.

Delville. S'death! that he should arrive at such a time as this? (*looks out*)—'tis he! 'tis Mortimer himself!—and should he meet his wife, all, all will be undone—perhaps he'll force her from me—perhaps persuade her to relent, and lure her to his arms—distraction! that must never be—she's now in my possession, and shall I risk the loss of her?—Landlord—a word with you—you don't wish to interrupt an amour, do you?

Costly. An amour, sir?

Delville. Ay: if a lady and gentleman had elop'd together, and were pursued by a brother or a husband, you wouldn't stop their progress would you?

Costly. Not I, sir: always send them forward for the good of the road: and none pay better than your runaway lovers—that is, going down—coming back they lose their appetites, and call for nothing to eat or drink.

Delville. Understand me then? the lady is in that detach'd part of your inn; and in the first place, I wish nobody to come near the room; and in the next, to have a chaise and four ready at the gate.

Costly. I take! it shall be done.

Delville. Then, Mortimer, I defy you!—(*aside*) and now, how am I to repay?

Costly. Repay!—oh don't you trouble yourself about that; I'll put it in the bill—whenever I oblige a customer, or a customer disoblige me, I always put it in the bill!—so mum—you go to the lady?

Delville. I will: and mind now—reward yourself handsomely, I charge you?

Costly.

Costly. Never fear—you shall have charge for charge, I warrant. (*DELVILLE exit into inn.*) Now observe, Tom; observe—(*taking Waiter aside*).

Enter MORTIMER.

Mortimer. So! I can walk no further: bodily fatigue I can encounter cheerfully, but not the ceaseless labour of the heart—'tis here! 'tis here I am exhausted! and though so near my journey's end, I fear I have not strength to reach it!—this inn may afford me a conveyance: I'll enquire—Sir? (*to COSTLY, who takes no notice of him*)—Sir, may I ask—

Costly. Keep off: don't you see I'm busy?

Mortimer. I beg pardon: I thought you belong'd to this house?

Costly. I belong to this house! that's a very good joke—this house belongs to me—but, like other great people, I don't give dinners and suppers without expecting to get something by them;—and (*putting his hand to his pocket*)—you take, don't you?

Mortimer. I do: I understand you well: but, when I tell you these feet have borne me a long and tedious journey of two hundred miles, and that I only ask a resting place in some stage coach or return'd chaise—

Costly. Return'd chaise!—psha! (*turns from him with contempt*)—now mind, Tom, what I've told you, and I'll go give orders to the other servants. (*As he is going into inn, SAMBO comes out*)—Ah, Blacky—how d'ye do, Blacky?

Sambo. Thank'ye, Mr. Landlord—thank'ye:—(*sees MORTIMER*) blefs me! who is that gentleman?

Costly. Gentleman indeed! it's some poor devil who wants a return'd chaise.

Sambo. And won't you let him have one?

Costly. No; he has no money.

Sambo. Hasn't he! than I have—oh! Mr. Mortimer, don't you recollect me?

Mortimer. Sambo! faithful Sambo!

Sambo. You once sav'd my life, sir, and may I lose it if ever I'm ungrateful—a return'd chaise!—Go—get him all the chaises and horses in the inn; and though he has no money, Mr. Landlord, I think, with submission, your profits might, once in a way, allow you to find a resting place for a poor and weary soldier.—(*COSTLY and Waiter exeunt.*)—Well; and how have you been, sir?—and what brings you so unexpectedly from Gibraltar?

Mortimer (producing a letter). This letter:—hear me—it calls your master villain—it charges him with such accomplish'd infamy—but since you know the truth or falsehood of the charge, read; and at once confirm or dissipate my fears.

Sambo. This letter!—pray who is it from, sir?

Mortimer. From Miss Gloomly; and though I know her to be artful and censorious, yet would she dare commit her name—but read, and if you can, good fellow, relieve a doating husband from agonies too great to be endur'd.

Sambo (reading). “Sir, I think it my duty
“once more to apprize you of the growing im-
“propriety of your wife's conduct towards Mr.
“Delville.—They are become the talk of the town;
“and as you are soon to leave Gibraltar, let me
“advise you to hasten your departure; and if on
“your arrival you will call at my house, you shall
“hear more from your

“Constant Friend,

“DIANA GLOOMLY.”

Mortimer.

Mortimer. There!—what say you, Sambo?—is Delville the most deprav'd, and I the most accurs'd—(SAMBO, who has been trembling all the time, lets the letter fall)—Ha! what alarms you?—why do you tremble thus?

Sambo. I—I tremble, sir!—bless you!—I—I don't tremble, sir.

Mortimer. No?—why you shake, man——

Sambo. It's an ague—nothing but an ague!—I brought it with me from the West Indies, and—and—hadn't I better go order the chaise?

Mortimer. How! do you prevaricate?—then your master shall himself inform me!—where is he?—in that inn, sir?

Sambo. No—yes—but, but——

Mortimer. But what, sir?

Sambo. Why—why there's somebody with him——

Mortimer (laying bold of him). Who is it?—speak directly, sir——

Sambo. Not Mrs. Mortimer, sir—upon my honour not Mrs. Mortimer, sir—and he's innocent, and she's innocent, and we're all innocent!—besides, if he were with her, 'twould be solely out of friendship for you—only to keep off other lovers—to——

Mortimer. Stand by—I will be satisfied—I'll see Mr. Delville.

Enter GOSSAMER, drunk, and meeting MORTIMER.

Gossamer. You see, Mr. Delville!—save yourself the trouble—my business is much more important than yours, and even I can't see him.—(hiccup).—D—n this landlord and his wine—I'm poison'd—poison'd to a certainty.

—*Mortimer (breaking from SAMBO, who holds him).* Away! I'll know the worst.

Gossamer (stopping him). Stop—I'll tell you a secret: Delville—our friend, Delville, has betted me a hoghead of claret I don't make a laughing stock of him—now the business is half done—I've found out such a hoax for him—hark'ye—(*whispers MORTIMER*) he has elop'd with a married woman.

Mortimer. What?

Gossamer. He has carried off Mrs. Mortimer—they are now in the hotel; and, in my mind, our friend's a d——d rascal for his pains—what right has he to make a gentleman unhappy?—to bring tears into the eyes of an honourable husband?—that's not my plan, I assure you—I always make people laugh—(*observes MORTIMER'S agitation*)—no—not always—for my jokes don't seem to take now, I perceive.

Sambo (pulling GOSSAMER'S coat). No: for a good reason, sir: because—

Gossamer. Because you're the tragic muse—avaunt, thou sable goddess!—and, sir, if you chuse to join with me, we'll—(*MORTIMER weeps and takes out his handkerchief*)—oh, oh!—some intimate friend, I suppose—what you know Mr. Mortimer?—pray, sir—no offence, I presume—was he very fond of his wife?

Mortimer. Fond! oh: he had no hope beyond her.

Gossamer. Poor gentleman!—I wish I was near him to comfort him!—but courage! take courage, sir: perhaps it's not yet too late to save her—and I've a cursed comical head of my own, I can tell you—I have! and if, by one of my facetious stratagems, I can make a butt of Delville, win a hog-head

head of claret, and restore Mrs. Mortimer to her husband, why then—come, I'm sure you'll laugh at my jokes then, won't you, sir?

Mortimer. Nay, nay—'tis all in vain.

Gossamer. Not a bit—I'm now going to Emily, but I'll return instantly, and hoax him certainly!—and in the meantime keep clear of the tragic muse, and Laugh—laugh when you can!

Mortimer. Stay, sir—but one question more, and the die is cast for ever—did you see them together?

Gossamer. To be sure I did—not a half an hour ago, I saw him on his knees to her; and now, because they're *tête-à-tête* nobody must come near him—but courage, I say!—I'll save her—I'll restore her to her husband!—and if I do not, blame my head—(*putting his hand to his heart*)—not my heart!—(*putting his hand to his head*)—damn this wine—(*biccups*)—poison'd, poison'd to a certainty!

[*Exit.*

Mortimer (after a pause). Well, well—I'll resent it like a man.

Sambo. Resent it!—don't, sir, for my sake—if my master must suffer, let the law punish him.

Mortimer. What will the law afford me?—a pecuniary atonement!—and when I've lost the only treasure that I covet, will millions purchase me a moment's peace?—no—though he sees I couldn't guard her honour, he'll find I've courage to assert my own—I'll go and—yet hold—let me consider—

Sambo. Ay do, sir: consider for ever, rather than hurt my dear master.

Mortimer. My boy!—my only child!—should it be my lot to fall, what will become of him?—his mother is no longer fit to educate him, and

therefore let me claim Miss Gloomly's promise made to her brother on his death-bed—yes: that shall be my first employment, then, expect me, Delville!—Sambo, you'll find me at yonder inn.

Sambo. Nay, sir: but suppose you were just to see Mrs. Mortimer——

Mortimer. See her! what! to be despis'd, insulted, triumph'd over?—no—no—I will not condescend to let her know my sufferings.

Sambo. Well: but if I see her, mayn't I mention——

Mortimer. No, sir: do not name me—and yet—*(pulling her picture from his breast)*—since she's another's, and I'm no longer privileg'd to wear it, give her back her picture—ah! 'twas my companion in many a cheerless hour—I pass'd whole days in gazing on its charms; and even now, I tremble as I look, and tears of pity and of love fall as I part with it!—*(weeping and kissing the picture)*.

Sambo. Do—pray, sir, let me tell her all this.

Mortimer. No:—but you may say, in memory of our past affections, I'll keep the bitter secret to myself—I'll not proclaim her errors to the world:—tell her, I may condemn, but I will not expose her! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A Room in the Hotel—Folding Doors in the back Scene.*

Enter Mrs. MORTIMER hastily.

Mrs. Mortimer. Can this be Mr. Delville?—can he believe what he affirms?—I encourage his addresses! I give proof of love!—oh! he knows as little of my heart as I have known of his—but I begin

begin to understand him now—the friend breaks forth into the lover! and 'mongst the various hardships of our sex, I might have known men cannot be our friends—they talk of friendship, but their thoughts are love!

Enter SAMBO.

Mrs. Mortimer. Speak, Sambo—you—you can vindicate my innocence—have I even, in the slightest degree, once taught you to believe I lov'd your master.

Sambo. Don't—don't ask me, ma'am—I'm no judge.

Mrs. Mortimer. How! do you conspire against me?—oh Heav'ns! on what grounds am I accus'd?—is it because, at his own request, I suffer'd him to accompany me and my son to this place—surely, as my relation and friend from early life, there was no great impropriety or proof of love in that?—is it then, because he persuaded me to accept money from him?—alas! imperious necessity compell'd me, and but for his timely assistance, I and my poor child must have been reduc'd to misery and want!

Sambo. Indeed, madam!

Mrs. Mortimer. Yes: Mr. Mortimer, out of his small pay as lieutenant, could remit nothing for our support; and his family and my own had driven me to distress—to despair—but, thank Heaven!—not to dishonour!—*(kneels)*—No, Mortimer!—if since the day we parted, I've been untrue to you, in action, word, or thought, may I meet the greatest punishment on earth—your anger, your disdain!

Sambo. "Dear Yanko say, and true he say!"—*(singing and dancing)*—Then it's all a mistake—all a big, odious, scandalous lie—Bless my soul!—how could the report have originated?

Mrs. Mortimer. No doubt in the conceit of a coxcomb—in your master's vanity.

Sambo. And in Miss Gloomly's slander; and, begging your pardon, ma'am, in your own thoughtlessness—don't be angry—but the world judges by appearances, and when I'm married, I shall request of Mrs. Sambo——

Mrs. Mortimer. Then the world judges falsely—Virtue is artless, free, and unsuspicious—'tis only vice that glosses o'er its crimes; and to the truly innocent, the censure or applause of gossip tongues is equally indifferent!—but I will go and——

Sambo. Go!—I say—where will you go to?

Mrs. Mortimer. Alas! I know not.

Sambo. Don't you?—then I'll tell you—you'll go to your husband.

Mrs. Mortimer. My husband!—oh, the very thought revives me—the sight of him is all I hope and pray for—but ah!—he is far off.

Sambo. Far off, is he?—hem!—look—who gave me this picture?

Mrs. Mortimer. That! why 'tis the same I gave Mortimer——

Sambo. I know it: and it's the same he gave me—now, not five minutes ago—and he press'd it to his heart, and kiss'd it! and now, if you'll go with me, he'll press and kiss something else.

Mrs. Mortimer. How! what mean you?

Sambo. Mean!—that you don't suppose he'll prefer paint and ivory to the pure flesh and blood of the original?—Come along—he's over the way

—at

—at the opposite inn; and if my master could feel as I do—if, like me, he knew the pleasure of bringing a fond couple together, I'm sure he'd never have the heart to part them.

Enter DELVILLE.

Delville. Heh!—where are you going, sir?

Sambo. Going, sir!—I was going to deliver this lady to her husband; and I was saying, sir, that if a man knew the pleasure of bringing a fond pair together——

Delville (*pulling SAMBO from her*). Begone—leave the room this instant, sir—and, d'ye hear, for your life, don't let us be interrupted.

Sambo. Not interrupted, sir!

Delville. No—she has made a dupe of me, and I'm resolv'd to be reveng'd.

Sambo. Reveng'd!

Delville. Ay: can't you guess my meaning?—heark'ye!—she and Mortimer shall never meet again.

Sambo. Not meet!—what! you'd detain her?—you'd—(*Catches hold of DELVILLE by one hand, and points to Mrs. MORTIMER with the other*)—look at her, sir—she is now innocent!—her husband, after a year's absence, is waiting to embrace her!—her and his only child!—look, I say, sir; and then tell me, if, even in my uncivilized country, a being can be found savage enough to part them?

Delville. How! again this insolence!—have a care, or I may find means to send you back to that uncultivated country.

Sambo. Do:—send me where you like—let me toil, fret, and be treated like a slave—only don't let
me

me see the master of my heart descend to actions, which will embitter his life and my own for ever!

Delville. Look'ye, firrah—you but increase my desperation; and if you do not instantly leave the room, force—force shall be employ'd——

Sambo. Well: I'll save you the trouble, fir—since my remonstrances have fail'd, I am not the proper person to contend further—what shall I do?—suppose I apply to Mr. Mortimer—no—no—murder will be the consequence—suppose—gad! I have it—lucky, lucky thought. I'll go—I'll go.

Mrs. Mortimer. Stay—do not leave me, Sambo.

Sambo. Don't be afraid ma'am—my master will soon be put in good-humour:—at all events, I'll wait within hearing; for though I know my obedience as a servant, I'll shew him I hav'n't forgot my duty as a man! [Exit.

(*DELVILLE locks the door.*)

Mrs. Mortimer. Heav'ns! what do you mean?

Delville (*much agitated and laying hold of her hand*). Hear me, madam:—you've rais'd a flame I cannot now extinguish, and should it prove most fatal to us both, you have to answer for the consequences—better than life I love you, and but with life I'll part with you.

Mrs. Mortimer. How! not part with me?

Delville. No—Love, uncontrollable Love, urges me to the glorious enterprise! and let Mortimer call me to the field, or make me pay the forfeit of the law, in either case my life and fortune shall answer the event.

Mrs. Mortimer. Your fortune! ay, thus it ever is: the poor wretch who steals a purse the law condemns to death; but the exalted robber, who purloins a wife, and cowardly assassinate a husband's

husband's peace, pays a small penalty; which, in the modish circle of his friends, adds to his fashion and establishes his fame!—but mine's a different case?

Delville. Of that I think not; and be the penalty or beggary or death, I'll think my happiness too cheaply bought!—(*here he lays hold of her, and she breaks from him*)—nay; hope not to escape—the doors are all secured.

Mrs. Mortimer. Secured! unlock them then, or I'll expose you, sir!—I'll call for help.

Delville. That too is useless: the whole house is in my interest; and thus in my power—thus deserted by the world——

Mrs. Mortimer (*kneeling to him*). Oh! for mercy, Mr. Delville—you once called yourself my friend!

Delville. That time is past: at present I'm not quite master of my reason; and, if you wish to save me or yourself, accompany me abroad—leave Mortimer for ever.

Mrs. Mortimer (*rising*). No: I'd rather die a thousand deaths, than raise one blush in a lov'd husband's cheek?

Delville (*laying hold of her forcibly*). Then I will force you——

Gossamer (*without*). Help! murder! thieves!

Delville. S'death! what interruption's this?

Gossamer (*without*). Murder! the door! open the door, Delville.—(*Gossamer kicks open the door in back scene and enters; his hair is disordered; his waistcoat open, and he holds a handkerchief to his side, spotted with blood; in his other hand a pistol.*)—Support me! lead me to a chair! oh! oh! oh!—(*DELVILLE and Mrs. MORTIMER place him in a chair.*)

Mrs.

Mrs. Mortimer. Mercy ! what's the matter, sir ?

Goffamer. Ask no questions ; a surgeon—get a surgeon directly. I'm wounded, and in your cause, Delville—look—I'm not joking now, Ned ? (*tries to shew his wound, but feeling pain, suddenly puts his handkerchief to his side again.*)

Delville. Poor fellow !—how he bleeds !—why, where did this happen, George ?

Goffamer. Down stairs—with the club—with the Sons of Friendship, Ned—I thought to pass a quiet day in their harmonious society ; but dinner was hardly on table, when one amicable gentleman knocked another down—on which—ugh !—(*Feels pain, and puts his hand to his side.*)

Delville. S'life ! and did you take part in their dispute ?

Goffamer. What could I do ? one must be sociable, you know ; and I kept cool, till I heard you call'd a scoundrel and a seducer !—then, Ned, I gave the lie : and then the president, who, out of pure friendship, carries loaded pistols in his pocket, forc'd one into my hand—another into my antagonist's ; and we fir'd till—ugh ! stop this red sea—some lint—some styptic—or I faint—I die !

Mrs. Mortimer. In my room there's a medicine chest—I'll get it directly.

Delville. Hold, madam : you must not stir !

Goffamer. Not stir ! what, you are one of the Sons of Friendship, are you, Ned ?—however, I won't die for any of you—so—I'll get it—I'll—(*Raises himself up, but exhausted by the effort, falls back in the chair.*)

Delville. Zounds ! was there ever any thing so unfortunate ? well, well—compose yourself, George—I'll get what you require, and return instantly—
instantly,

instantly, madam :—(*Looking and frowning at Mrs. MORTIMER*)—so hope nothing from my absence.

(*Exit at stage-door.*)

Gossamer. Is he gone, ma'am?

Mrs. Mortimer. He is : and will soon bring you assistance : and you won't—you won't die, sir.

Gossamer. Yes : I shall—I shall die, ma'am ; but—(*changing his voice and countenance*)—it will be with laughing—ha ! ha !—there I had you, Mr. Delville.

Mrs. Mortimer. What ! don't you bleed, sir?

Gossamer. Yes, freely of claret ; but not a drop of blood ! and I can afford it, for I've won a whole hog'shead by the frolic !—but, we're losing time—go to that door—Sambo, who told me of your situation, is waiting to conduct you to your husband—go, and for the fright I've occasion'd you, pray pardon me : I wish to laugh, but never at the expence of distress like yours.

Mrs. Mortimer. Sir, I'm all gratitude.

Gossamer. Nay, nay : I'm amply paid, and—Zounds ! here's the butt again—here's Delville !—I must let the red sea flow on—(*sits in the chair as before*)—mum ! look out for Sambo.

Re-enter DELVILLE with a phial and lint.

Delville. So—now I think on't this may be one of his tricks.—Come, shew me your wound, George ?

Gossamer. Softly—kneel down, and you'll have a better view.—(*DELVILLE kneels.*)—Now's your time—(*aside to Mrs. MORTIMER.*—*Here Gossamer covers DELVILLE's face with his waist-coat : SAMBO appears at a door in back scene, beckoning to Mrs. MORTIMER, and she walks tremblingly*

tremblingly towards him)—Do you see any thing now?—(*Still covering his face, and Mrs. MORTIMER getting nearer door.*)

Delville. No; nothing, sir.

(*Here Mrs. MORTIMER exit with SAMBO, clasping her hands, all gratitude to GOSSAMER; who, seeing she is gone, jumps up, puts his handkerchief in his pocket, and buttons his waistcoat.*)

Gossamer. Then, do you see any thing now?—huzza!—there's a hoax for you!

Delville. Confusion! where's Mrs. Mortimer?

Gossamer. Where's my hoghead of claret?—why, Ned! this beats the attorney!

Delville. S'death and shame! I'll pursue her—I'll overtake, and bring her back again.

Gossamer (holding him). What! and trouble me to make you a butt again?—She is by this time safe with her husband! and now, Ned—now isn't mine a moral system?—a sentimental fellow would have shot you for your bad conduct—but I laugh you out of it: I let you live and reform! and if you will but copy the example of your honest negro, you'll enjoy that cheerfulness a good conscience can alone secure you.

Delville. Psha! I have done with you—from this moment, farewell!—and, were you not beneath my resentment, you should hear from me.

Gossamer. And shan't I hear from you?—won't you send me the claret, Ned? won't you act like a man of honour?

Delville. You talk of honour! you! a needy, fashionable——

Gossamer. There! there's more of the old cant again: because I'm fashionable, I can't be honorable?—Oh, Ned! Ned! get rid of all your vulgar prejudices, and wherever you find virtue and merit, whether

whether in the rich or the poor, the peer or the peasant, learn to respect and admire them : so, good night ; and if you pursue Mrs. Mortimer again, be sure I'll let the red sea flow again—" Oh ! I'm dying ! dying !—there—don't you see any thing now ?"—(*mimicking*)—ha ! ha ! dam'me, there's a hoax for you !
(*Exeunt separately.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE.—*A Street in RICHMOND.*

Enter Miss GLOOMLY and DOROTHY.

Miss Gloomly. Amazement! Mortimer arriv'd, and not yet sue for a divorce?

Dorothy. No, madam: not half an hour ago I met him coming out of the Red Lion, and though he thank'd you for your letter, and acknowledg'd the truth of it's contents——

Miss Gloomly. What! though he is convinc'd of his wife's falsehood?

Dorothy. Ay, madam: though he is satisfied she has elop'd with Mr. Delville: yet, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Mortimer won't hear of a divorce!

Miss Gloomly. Brute! idiot! and did he send no message, Dorothy?

Dorothy. None, madam: and when I ask'd him if this was treatment for the author of *Artemesia*, the *Victim of Sensibility*, and the *Confusions of the Soul*——

Miss Gloomly. Effusions, girl! how often must I correct you?—Effusions of the Soul, besides elegies, sonnets, and other pathetic and moral publications!—Well! and what did he say then, Dorothy?

Dorothy. Nothing, ma'am: he turn'd upon his heel and left me.

Miss

Miss Gloomly. Did he?—In addition to my other wrongs, did he treat my writings with contempt? then I'll be reveng'd—Delville has ruin'd him in love, and I'll ruin him in fortune!—I'll marry his uncle directly.

Dorothy. What, marry the rich stockbroker, ma'am?

Miss Gloomly. Yes: I'll break through my awful vow of celibacy, and accept the long proffer'd hand of Mr. Bonus—go while I'm in the humour, Dorothy—go find him, and be the herald of approaching love!

Dorothy. Oh! this will put Mr. Mortimer for ever in your pow'r—I'll go find the little citizen directly.

Miss Gloomly. Citizen, Dorothy?

Dorothy. Nay, don't be angry, ma'am! but you must acknowledge, though Mr. Bonus professes to be a complete country squire, yet in fact he is as errand a cockney as ever heard Bow bells!

Miss Gloomly. Nonsense, girl! isn't Mr. Bonus always abusing the thick fogs of Cheapside, and praising the pure breezes of Surry?

Dorothy. Yes: and, when in Surry, where does he enjoy those pure breezes—where, but in card-rooms, billiard-rooms, and ball-rooms?—Except in the road to his villa, does he ever see a green tree; or, what's worse, though he has liv'd ten years at the bottom of Richmond-hill, has he once been on the top of it?—No, no—he is one of those who lead a London life in the country:—and see! here he comes, warm from the Stock Exchange! Now, now you may disclose the welcome tidings yourself, madam?

Miss Gloomly. I disclose!—oh, fie, fie, Dorothy! Have you no pity for a tender spinster? Have you

no mercy on my maiden blushes?—No: be you my herald, whilst I'll go home and prepare for his reception; but observe, Dorothy, I will accept him only on condition that he never forgives or even sees Mortimer but at my express desire: tell him this, and then, as Artemesia says—who, by the bye is in her thirtieth edition—tell him,

To-morrow's Sun gives Dian to his arms,
For rage has triumph'd over love's alarms!

[Exit.

Enter BONUS and COSTLY.—(DOROTHY retires up the stage.)

Bonus. Now, why Costly—why will you be asking questions about stocks and the Stock Exchange, when you know I come out of town to be quiet and rusticate, and, in short, to pass my time in a pastoral, shepherd-like manner.

Costly. Well: but I want to buy some long annuities, Mr. Bonus.

Bonus. Psha! we're not in 'Change Alley—not in that feverish, shopkeeping place, London, now:—no, we're in the country: and now for rural intelligence—first, the assembly—what sort of a ball had you last Monday?

Costly. Cramm'd—overflowing, sir:—and so hot, that several ladies fainted.

Bonus. There now! and I not amongst them!—I all the time snuffing the smoky air of London:—plague on it!—and cards—had you many card-tables, Costly?

Costly. Above a dozen, sir:—and the Quadrille party didn't break up till six in the morning.

Bonus. There again! not till six in the morning?—Now do all I can, there's no keeping these delightful

ful hours in the city!—and Miss Gloomly—that cruel unrelenting maiden—was Miss Gloomly amongst them?

Dorothy (advancing and curtsying). Nay, if you knew all, Mr. Bonus, you wouldn't call her cruel, I'm sure.

Bonus. Not cruel, Dorothy!—why hasn't she for ten long years been the omnium of my affections?—haven't I doated on her for her love of retirement?—ador'd her for her unexampled chastity?—But where is she?—will she take a rural walk with me?—will she go shopping, or to the library, or to the box-office of the theatre?

Dorothy. Theatre!—ah! you're a happy man, Mr. Bonus—she'll not only accompany you to the theatre, but to church!

Bonus. A church!

Dorothy. To relieve you at once from your suspense, she relents!

Bonus. Relents, Dorothy?

Dorothy. Yes: partly in consideration of your long attachment; but chiefly at my instigation, she consents to become Mrs. Bonus whenever you please.

Bonus. Become Mrs. Bonus!—ti di di, ti di—*(pulling out his chitterlin, drawing up his head, &c.)*—am I at last the chosen shepherd?—ti di di di!

Dorothy. Stop; there is a condition annex'd—your nephew Mortimer is arrived, and has behaved so ill to my mistress, that she insists you never receive him without her permission?

Bonus. Granted—he had before offended me by marrying a woman without stock; but now, Costly, we'll have such a wedding!—such a *fête champêtre!*

champêtre!—I'll invite the whole county: and may I buy in at ninety, and sell out at fifty, if I ever enter the bills of mortality again.

Dorothy. That's right, sir: and also give up your summer excursions to Margate:—for my part, I can't bear the sea.

Bonus. No more can I: but when I go to Margate, it's for the sake of the raffing, the dancing, and the card-playing!—and what with being in the rooms all the morning and in the libraries all the evenings, curse me if I think I ever saw the sea!

Costly. Go to Margate and not see the sea!—ha! ha!

Bonus. No: if a man want salt water, can't he have it in London? isn't there sea-bathing in the Thames, you blockhead?—But shew the way, Dorothy—shew me to your divine mistress: and when we're married, how the cards of invitation will fly about!—"Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins's compliments!"—and "Mr. and Mrs. Bonus's compliments!"—nothing but routes, balls, and galas:—oh! who would live in London, when such are the joys of the country!—lead to Diana!—"Guardian angels," &c.

[*Exit singing*—DOROTHY and COSTLY following.

SCENE.—*A View near RICHMOND.*

Enter Mrs. MORTIMER, EMILY, and CHARLES.

Emily. Avoid: forsake you!—why, Mr. Gosamer assur'd me you had escap'd from that wretch Delville, and were now safe under Mortimer's protection.

Mrs. Mortimer. And so I hop'd to be: but when I arriv'd at the inn, where Sambo expected to find him,

him, he was gone!—and, would you believe it, Emily?—all the consolation that a long lov'd husband left me, was this letter:—read, read, and pity me.

Emily (reads).

“ Madam,

“ The circumstances under which I found you
“ with Mr. Delville, and the acknowledgment of
“ your guilt made by honest Sambo, has so con-
“ firm'd the charges in Miss Gloomly's letter, that
“ you must be sensible we can never meet again.”

What, she has slander'd and defam'd you?

Mrs. Mortimer. She has: she wrote to him at Gibraltar:—but go on.

Emily (reads).

“ And as the sight of our child would only
“ heighten my affliction, and you are no longer in
“ a situation to educate him, let Miss Gloomly
“ fulfil her promise made to your father on his
“ death-bed—“ Should Mortimer and his wife be
“ reduc'd to distress or separation, I solemnly
“ pledge myself to become a parent to their child:”—
“ these were her words, and that hour is now ar-
“ riv'd!—I would say more, but 'tis impossible.

“ HENRY MORTIMER.”

Here's blindness and credulity!—and Miss Gloomly—this censorious, slanderous—but it's always the case—out of ten scandalous stories, nine are sure to be invented by old maids.

Mrs. Mortimer. And Sambo too!—he to take a part against me!—but I suppose he dar'd not vindicate my character, for fear of criminating his master's—then should Delville imprison Mortimer for the debt I owe him, or should a duel be the result——

Emily. Nay, don't make it worse than it is—let's go directly in search of Mortimer.

Mrs. Mortimer. Alas! I know not where to find him—and, therefore, to shew I'm not the disobedient wife he thinks me—to give the strongest proof of duty and affection, I'll instantly obey his orders—I'll deliver my boy to his new parent—I'll part with this, the only comfort that is left me.

(*Kissing CHARLES.*)

Emily. How! part with him?

Mrs. Mortimer. Ay, Emily: is it not enough to separate me from himself, but he must also tear me from his image!—ungenerous Mortimer!—but, when we do meet, he shall at least acknowledge I can remember him, though he has forgotten me.

Emily. Nobly resolv'd—and in the meantime, if Mortimer can be found—

Enter GOSSAMER.

Gossamer. Mortimer found!—that's out of the question—he's elop'd—he's run away now, and the claret and the red sea flow'd for nothing!—but that's for future thought—Bonus's marriage! there's the first object,

Emily. My guardian's marriage!

Gossamer. Yes: he has consented: and Miss Gloomly—the crying philosopher—she has consented—but mum!—the most material thing is wanting—I haven't consented.

Emily—(to *Mrs. MORTIMER*). Now, my life on't, she marries him on purpose to make you and Mortimer bankrupts in fortune as well as in love.

Gossamer. That's it—that's the condition in the settlement—Mortimer and his family are never to
get

get a shilling!—and you, Emily—she is such an enemy of yours, that you are never to get a husband.—Dorothy told me the whole business—but, as I said before, George Gossamer hasn't consented.

Emily. Psha! what signifies your not consenting?

Gossamer. What! every thing—heark'ye!—hasn't Miss Gloomly depriv'd this lady of her husband, by writing a most slanderous letter?

Emily. She has.

Gossamer. Very well: then if I deprive her of her husband by writing another slanderous letter, won't it be a fair retort, and prove that the laughing philosopher is a match for the crying one?

Emily. It will: but you don't understand scandal well enough—

Gossamer. Don't I?—can't I write old Bonus word, “that there are certain reasons for a certain marriage—and that at a certain little cottage, there's a certain little chubby, rosy, sturdy”——hem!—oh—leave me alone for hoaxing the old maid!—and now, Emily—now for the little vulgar citizen—(going).

Emily. Vulgar citizen!—nay, Mr. Gossamer; please to recollect I was born and educated in the city—

Gossamer. Well: and suppose you were, Emily?

Emily. Then, say what you like, sir; but I'm sure there are a great many fashionable people who live the other side Temple-Bar.

Gossamer. True: so there are: for the Fleet, the Poultry-Compter, and most of the spunging houses are on the other side of Temple-Bar!—but now to dip my pen in scandal—now to fight Miss Gloomly with her own weapons—and, that victory secure,

depend on't, I'll find Mortimer and laugh him out of his suspicions.

Mrs. Mortimer. Generous man! I wish I knew how to repay your kindness?

Gossamer. Do you?—it's easily done: the next time we meet, let me see the smile on my countenance reflected on yours; for so far from wishing to have the joke to myself, believe me, I'm never grave but when my friends are so.—So adieu!

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Mortimer. Pray Heaven he may succeed, for this marriage will undo us all!—but yonder I see Miss Gloomly entering her house—come, Charles, let us lose no time in executing your father's wishes.—Sweet boy! and shall we meet no more?—am I in a little hour to lose both child and husband?

Emily. Don't, don't despair:—I'll go and make every inquiry after Mortimer, and when I find him I'll so lecture him——

Mrs. Mortimer. Nay, do not blame him—he is deceiv'd, my friend—and, though the cause of my unhappiness, I still must feel for his—yes, Emily, spite of his cruelty—though he for ever shuns me—yet shall my constancy be so exemplary, that I will rather welcome poverty or death than wound his honour or disgrace my child. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*An apartment at Miss GLOOMLY'S—glass doors leading to a garden—an arm chair turn'd half round—a settee, and a large table.*

Enter Mrs. MORTIMER, CHARLES, and a Servant.

Servant. Madam, I'll deliver your message to Miss Gloomly immediately. [*Exit into garden.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Mortimer. Well, Charles: do you know that we must part?—do you know that you are to live here, now?

Charles. Live here, ma'?

Mrs. Mortimer. Alas! 'tis your father's orders—he thinks me unworthy of so dear a charge, and Miss Gloomly is bound by a solemn vow to be a mother to you.

Charles. How! Miss Gloomly my mother?

Mrs. Mortimer. Ay: 'twas her brother's dying request—she is pledg'd to adopt you; and that tender appellation, which hitherto alone belong'd to me, must now be transfer'd to my enemy.

Charles. What! and must I call her mother then?

Mrs. Mortimer. Your father wills it so; and, spite of his unkindness, we much have no wish or thought that is not his.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Madam, Miss Gloomly says she is much surpris'd at your visit; and, I'm sorry to add, declines the pleasure of seeing you.

Mrs. Mortimer. How! can she—

Servant. That was her message, ma'am!

Mrs. Mortimer. Unfeeling, persecuting woman! does she thus fulfil her promise—and to such a benefactor?—my father left her all that he possess'd; and though he died in anger with his daughter, yet for this little one, who never wrong'd him, he charg'd her to adopt him when requir'd—and is this her gratitude?—I'll not believe it!—I'll hear her refusal from her own mouth!—shew me to her—nay, I insist—(going).

Charles.

Charles. What! shan't I go with you, ma'?

Mrs. Mortimer. No, my child; your state of health will little bear fatigue.

Charles. Dear! I'm so sorry, and so weary—indeed, and indeed I may call Miss Gloomly mother, but I shall never love her half so well as I do you.

Mrs. Mortimer. Sweet boy! sit there, and be composed—(*kisses him*):—don't be unhappy, Charles, for though the world deserts us, whilst I have hands to labour, spirits to assist, and pride to encourage me, you shan't want protection or support, I promise you—(*places CHARLES in the arm chair, and exit with Servant*).

Enter GOSSAMER.

(*CHARLES falls asleep in the chair, which being turn'd round he remains unseen.*)

Gossamer. So, through Dorothy's interest, here I am! and if I don't break off this detestable marriage, the Mortimers lose their fortune, Emily loses her husband, and I lose thirty thousand pounds—but here it is—(*producing a letter*)—here's slander for slander, Miss Gloomly; and I defy all the old maids in Europe to stuff more scandal into one epistle—I'll drop it in the little Stockbroker's way, and if I can but get him *tête-à-tête*—here he comes, and only Dorothy with him!—now for it—(*drops the letter*)—there it is!—and I'll bet any gentleman a hog'shead of claret, that the Sons of Friendship didn't make a greater laughing stock of Delville, than this letter will of the crying philosopher!—but mum—I must observe.

(*Retires up the stage.*)

Enter

Enter BONUS and DOROTHY.

Bonus. I tremble as I tread on this chaste ground!—but go and announce me—say the fond shepherd is come to give her his hand, his heart, his fortune!

Dorothy. I will: but remember the condition—you are to disinherit Mr. Mortimer—

Bonus. Granted—any thing—every thing—only let me be lord and master of the saintlike Miss Gloomly! (*DOROTHY exit.*) Ah! this it is, to marry out of London—to select a sweet innocent country maiden, who is as much a pattern of rural simplicity as myself!—(*kicks against the letter*)—What's here?—(*takes it up*)—a letter directed to Miss Gloomly! and open!—All her correspondents must be people of sense and morality!—I've a great mind to take a peep at it!—I will!—for I'm sure it will instruct and improve me. (*Reads.*)

“ My divine Dian!—my angelic Miss Gloom-
“ ly!”

Oh, from a female I suppose?—(*Reads on.*)

“ I have just receiv'd your letter, informing me of
“ your fatal marriage with an old waddling stock-
“ broker, call'd Bonus!”

Upon my word, whoever you are, I'm very much oblig'd to you. (*Reads on.*)

“ and if the postscript hadn't convinc'd me that our
“ former intimacy was to continue, I'd have blown
“ him, you, and myself into a thousand atoms!—
“ my soul's in a conflagration!”

and so is mine, I'm sure. (*Reads on.*)

“ but that satisfies me; and though Fortune crosses
“ us, and Hymen parts us, yet Venus, Cupid,
“ and

“and another little boy, will for ever bind us in
“adamantine chains!”

Venus, Cupid, and another little boy!—mercy on me!—who can write such—(*looks at the letter*)—
“George Gossamer.”—Bless my soul!—why, can Miss Gloomly be acquainted with such a—surely she could never admit him under this immaculate roof.—(*Here GOSSAMER steals towards stage door, and tries to open it—BONUS sees him, and GOSSAMER assumes much embarrassment.*)—Heaven defend me!—why there he is, and trying to steal off unperceiv’d!—Very well, Mr. Gossamer—I see you, fir—I see you.

Gossamer. No, you don’t! you don’t see me.

(*Trying to escape, BONUS lays hold of him.*)

Bonus. Heark’ye, fir;—pheugh!—I’m as hot as if I were in the Stock Exchange!—in one word—what brought you here, fir?

Gossamer (*still assuming embarrassment*). Not the divine Dian, fir—upon my honour, not the divine Dian.

Bonus. There!—he denies it, and that only doubles my suspicions!—and this letter, fir—to whom did you write this letter?—and how dare you call me an old waddling stockbroker?

Gossamer. That letter, fir!—I didn’t write—that is, I did write, but—but—

Bonus. But what, fir?

Gossamer. It’s a joke—only a joke, upon my soul, fir.

Bonus. D—n me if I think it is a joke—and were I not convinc’d that Miss Gloomly was as innocent and chaste as—(*GOSSAMER laughs, and pretends to conceal it by putting his hand before his mouth*)—why what do you grin at, you chuckling?—is she not all maiden purity? all rural simplicity?

—all

—all—(*Gossamer laughs and pretends to conceal it again*)—Oh, ho! then the divine Dian shall herself give me an explanation!—I'll go and—

Gossamer (stopping him). Don't—stay where you are.—Zounds! if they meet, all's ruin'd—(*aside*.)

Bonus. Stand off—I'll bring her to confront you; and if I find you have belied her—if your insinuations about Venus, Cupid, and another little boy prove false and slanderous, your life!—your life—(*here in his rage he runs against the arm chair, and CHARLES tumbles out of it*)—now who the devil's this?

Gossamer. Mum!—it's Cupid.

Bonus (laying bold of CHARLES). Speak directly, you young—what do you do here?

Charles. Oh Lord! don't hurt me—I'm waiting for my mother.

Bonus. And who is your mother?

Charles. Who?—why—oh, I recollect—Miss Gloomly is my mother.

Bonus. There! there's rural simplicity for you!—now, sir—do you call it a joke now?

Gossamer. No—now I see it's no joking matter.—D—n me, I've been hoax'd myself here (*aside*).—But she comes!—now behave like a gentleman—recollect the delicacy of the subject, and say nothing, but retire with dignity.

Enter from the garden Miss GLOOMLY and Mrs. MORTIMER.

Miss Gloomly (speaking to Mrs. MORTIMER as she enters). It don't signify—I'll never forgive Mortimer, befriend you, or adopt the boy!—so the sooner you leave my house—oh, my dear in-

intended!—(*seeing BONUS—then looking at Gossamer*)—some friend I suppose—sir!

(*Curtseys to GOSSAMER, who bows in return.*)

Mrs. Mortimer. Madam, I shall not intrude—

Miss Gloomly (*stopping Mrs. MORTIMER*). No;—pray stay and witness my triumph, and your perfidious husband's ruin!—now observe—first, Mr. Bonus, here's my picture!—a pledge of future affection and—spare a maiden's blushes—I declare I'm so ashamed!—(*holding up her fan*).

Gossamer (*whispering her*). There's no occasion!—he won't expose you.

Miss Gloomly. Not expose me!—oh—he won't have the wedding public, I suppose—well! as you please, Mr. Bonus, since those irresistible powers Hymen and Cupid have decreed it.—(*BONUS looks up at her and moves towards door—BONUS looks at her, then at GOSSAMER, who holds down his head, pretending shame and confusion.*)—Why the sooner the marriage takes place the better for us both—(*BONUS exit*)—and therefore, Mr. Bonus, if you—(*looks up, and, seeing he is gone, lets the picture fall*)—mercy!—why where is he gone?

Gossamer (*pointing to CHARLES*). Ask Cupid—ha! ha! ha!

Miss Gloomly. Why, what is all this? do you know who I am, sir?

Gossamer. The crying philosopher!

Miss Gloomly. And who are you, sir?

Gossamer. The laughing philosopher!

Miss Gloomly. Oh, this is some trick—some imposition! and I'll follow him, and have it all explained before he leaves the house—Mrs. Mortimer, you'll not forget the debt I told you of; and for your son—and you also, Mr. Laughing

Philosopher—unless you can leave off grinning and finiling——

Gossamer. Excuse me—it's impossible.

Miss Gloomly. Impossible!—read my works, and then see if it's impossible—— [Exit.

Gossamer. Is that your son?

Mrs. Mortimer. Yes, sir, this is the deserted Charles Mortimer.

Gossamer. Mortimer! why he said he belong'd to Miss Gloomly—egad! you begin hoaxing by times, my little hero.

Mrs. Mortimer. That fault is mine—I bid him call her by the tender name of parent—but this debt—should she as well as Delville persecute Mortimer——

Gossamer. And this wedding!—this most tragical wedding!—she'll explain every thing to Bonus—he'll find out the boy is young Mortimer, and then he'll return—and then—(*treads on picture, and picks it up*)—her picture here—ay: he'll not refuse this vinegar fac'd picture a second time.

Mrs. Mortimer. No: all's lost! for ever lost!

Gossamer. Lost!—s'life!—rouse, Gossamer, rouse! are you to be beat by novices?—and if ever two characters deserv'd being trick'd and outwitted, it is an old maid who invents false reports, and a stockbroker who lives by them!—let me see—his suspicions are already rais'd, and if I can but confirm them——

Mrs. Mortimer. 'Tis all in vain—let us be gone.

Gossamer. I've hit it!—hit it already—(*takes a picture out of his pocket*)—here's my own picture, painted for Emily; and look—(*tries it in the case which holds Miss GLOOMLY's picture*)—it's the same size—it fits exactly.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mortimer. So I perceive—but what will that avail?

Gossamer. Every thing! every thing! and you, Mortimer, and my little crying philosopher here, shall all laugh and be happy still!—come—I'll see you down stairs, and then return and make that settee my place of meditation!—there I'll stay, till the marriage is dissolv'd or celebrated—and they may abuse me if they like—they may say I'm a mountebank—a Merry Andrew—a buffoon!—while I can laugh and serve my friends, I care not what they call me! [Exeunt.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE.—*View of RICHMOND, the Hill, River, Bridge, &c.*

Enter DELVILLE and two Bailiffs.

Delville. So, you've got the warrant, you say—a warrant to arrest Henry Mortimer for five hundred pounds at the suit of Edward Delville.

Bailiff. Here it is, sir.

Delville. Away then and imprison him, and I'll make one more effort to secure his wife:—whilst I can keep them separate, the chance of my success is tenfold—away!—and yet, I don't know why, but I'm so tortur'd with contending passions, that—

Bailiff. Look, sir! Mr. Mortimer is coming this way.

Delville. He is: my happy and triumphant rival comes!—that thought alone removes my scruples—love bears down all before it, and therefore do your duty, fellows:—stay—Miss Gloomly's with him;—this way, and watch your opportunity—quick—quick—(*they retire up stage, and exeunt*).

Enter MORTIMER and Miss GLOOMLY.

Miss Gloomly. I adopt him!—a little impudent urchin!—I declare when I think of his and that wretch Gossamer's scandalous insinuations—

E

Mortimer.

Mortimer. No matter—will you be a parent to my boy?

Miss Gloomly. I a parent! there again—all in the same scurrilous story I find!—but know to your confusion, Mr. Bonus is satisfied: and the marriage, which will for ever ruin you and your runaway wife, is to take place this very night.

Mortimer. Have a care, madam: no reflections on Mrs. Mortimer—I am the person she has wrong'd, not you; and I'll suffer no one to reproach her but myself!

Miss Gloomly. So—I thought this would be the case:—like other fond easy husbands, you'll forgive the pretty penitent, and take her home again.

Mortimer. Forgive her!—never:—think me not so lost to every delicate and manly feeling!—a daughter or a sister, after long penitence, may for an indiscretion be forgiven:—but a wife! a mother! shall she be pardon'd, and partake a husband's blessing and a child's embrace?—no; the virtuous wife can have no more: and if all good and evil is confounded thus, how can we hope for innocence?

Miss Gloomly. The very words my Artemesia says, and I'm glad you profit by my writings, and reflect and discriminate——

Mortimer. I do discriminate: and were it only for example sake, I'd scorn to countenance such growing evils!—but much is to be done, and that most speedily:—my boy! he first must be dispos'd of—and for this dastard Delville, who has detain'd me in this neighbourhood, and cowardly declines an answer to my challenge, of him I'll think no more—there is another and more certain remedy—farewell!

Miss

Miss Gloomly. Why, where are you going, sir?

Mortimer. First to my uncle:—not to implore assistance for myself, but for that child whom you so cruelly desert: and since your hour of compunction will arrive, let me point out how you can make atonement!—your niece—(*taking her hand*) my poor unfortunate Maria! you may pardon her, though her husband never can (*weeping*).

Miss Gloomly. I pardon her?

Mortimer. Yes: and should she fly from her betrayer, or should he, villain-like, abandon her, don't let her again want an asylum, I implore you! and when she asks what was the fate of her once happy Mortimer, tell her he sought the only consolation that was left him, and died, forgiving and adoring her!—I can no more—farewel! [*Exit.*]

Miss Gloomly. Stay, stay, Mr. Mortimer!—mercy on me!—gone to his uncle!—why if any interview takes place, my former love, my offer of marriage, my proposal about the divorce—all, all will be divulg'd, and this will so confirm Gossamer's insinuations, that Mr. Bonus will break off the match in reality.—Lord! I'll follow Mortimer——

Enter DELVILLE.

Delville. Follow Mortimer!—you must follow him to prison then, Miss Gloomly——

Miss Gloomly. To prison, Mr. Delville!

Delville. Ay: he is arrested: and at the suit of a villain!—but that's all past—'tis too late to retract; and, therefore, let love and Mrs. Mortimer—— (*going*).

Miss Gloomly. Stay, are you sure he is arrested, Mr. Delville?

Delville. I am—I am.

Miss Gloomly. Then all's safe—he can't see his uncle, and my marriage is secure.

Enter SAMBO.

Sambo. Oh, sir! such news!—such an adventure!—this moment as I was talking with Mr. Mortimer at the bridge foot, two bailiffs came up and arrested him, and—ha! ha! ha! I beg pardon for laughing—but haven't I often told you I should profit by my Temple education?

Delville. What! did you interfere, sir?

Sambo. To be sure I did: but the bailiffs told me law business was so scarce that when they got a job they must make the most of it now!—they said the attornies had push'd the joke too far, and the profession was so completely found out, that Westminster Hall had no customers!—I could not help laughing at that, you know, sir: but my joy was soon check'd, by their laying forcibly hold of poor Mr. Mortimer; and they were taking him away, when an odd thought, a sort of legal quibble, coming into my head, I ask'd them what sheriff they belong'd to!—and—ha! ha! ha!—it prov'd as I expected—there was a flaw in the indictment—they arrested him in the wrong county!

Delville. In the wrong county, sirrah?

Sambo. Yes:—the writ was made out into Middlesex; and we being the other side the bridge were in Surry, you know!—so we snapp'd our fingers, and defied them!—and then they call'd me an outlandish monster, and wonder'd where such a savage could get any legal knowledge!—on which I pointed to my face—“Look,” says I, “don't you “ see by my complexion that Nature designed me “ for one of the profession?”

Delville.

Delville. S'death ! and what became of Mortimer ?

Sambo. What !—why he walk'd off !—went to his uncle's—ha ! ha !

Miss Gloomly. To his uncle's !

Sambo. Ay : that he did ! and I nonsuited the bailiffs !—I quash'd the pleadings ! and if all Temple students would turn the law to as good advantage, what a glorious profession it would be !—But that's not all—there's worse to come—you'll hardly believe it, sir ; but one of the fellows had the audacity to say that the arrest was by your orders !—I bid him take care, and just shew'd him this bit of ebony—(*his fist*)—but persisting in the falsehood, and offering to shew the writ, I—I—I hope you'll not think I did wrong, sir—

Miss Gloomly. Why, what did you do, sir ?

Sambo. I knock'd him into the river, and so I'd serve every man that dare accuse my master of such a dishonourable action !

Delville. Fool !—blockhead !—then know, it was by my orders.

Miss Gloomly. There !—do you believe it now, sir ?

Sambo. No—though he'll take his oath of it, I won't believe it !—he, who knows the blessings of liberty, he send a man to prison !—and for money lent to his wife !—no, no—he jests, ma'am—I'm sure he jests.

Miss Gloomly. Mighty well !—but I suppose, Mr. Delville, you don't mean to be outwitted in this manner ; of course you'll employ the proper officer, unless indeed the servant is to prove the master ?

Delville. He the master !—no, no—'tis ever thus—he but adds fuel to the flame !—he but aug-

ments my desperation!—and, thus provok'd, I'll see myself to Mortimer's arrest:—come, madam, you shall find I'm not the pliant fool you think me.

Sambo. Don't, sir, for Sambo's sake——

Deville. Away, sir: and, d'ye hear, as Mortimer still thinks his wife criminal, mind you don't undeceive him—I have reasons for keeping them apart:—remember, sir!

—*Miss Gloomly.* And the next time you're in my company, remember we're not only in different situations, but of different complexions—you understand?

Sambo. I do—(*Miss GLOOMLY and DELVILLE exeunt*)—and thank Heaven we are of different complexions!—(*putting his hand to his heart.*)—What! Mr. Mortimer still think his wife criminal, and he see to his arrest!—can this be Mr. Delville!—can this be the same master who—(*bursts into tears*)—I can't bear it!—I wish I were in my grave!—but I will undeceive Mr. Mortimer, though—I'll go directly and convince him of his wife's innocence!—for as it is my duty to serve my master in a good cause, so it is my duty to oppose him in a bad one! [*Exit.*]

SCENE.—*A View near RICHMOND.*

Enter Mrs. MORTIMER and EMILY.

Emily. I tell you I can gain no intelligence of Mortimer; but I've heard that Delville means to throw him into prison.

Mrs. Mortimer. Ay: this, this is what I dreaded!—Oh, Emily! is there no way to save him?

Emily,

Emily. I know of none but applying to Mr. Bonus; and since Gossamer has fail'd in breaking off the marriage, of course, by this time, all his fortune is at the disposal of Miss Gloomly.

Mrs. Mortimer. Nay, perhaps not yet: and if he were reminded that we might one day be reconcil'd——

Emily. Reconcil'd! for my part, I don't see how it's ever to be brought about:—Mortimer seems so obstinate and so credulous, that when we do find him, how is it to be accomplish'd?—who can convince him of your innocence?

Enter SAMBO.

Sambo. I can:—oh, madam!—till this moment I thought, when I left you at the inn, that Mr. Mortimer had flown to your embrace: but since I find there is still a misunderstanding, do, pray make a poor fellow happy:—I'm quite wretched; my heart keeps sinking and sinking; but I think if I could see you restor'd to your husband, it would jump into it's right place again.

Emily. What, will you avow her innocence?

Mrs. Mortimer. And in defiance of your master, Sambo?

Sambo. Why not, ma'am! it's a Negro's business to mind he goes to heaven as well as a white man's, and we who have so much of the black gentleman in this world, I'm sure must be heartily glad to keep clear of him in the next: besides, though my master gave me liberty, Mr. Mortimer gave me life; and surely liberty's nothing without life!—so come, let's go to him directly.

Mrs. Mortimer. Kind, generous Sambo!—but where, where are we to find him?

Sambo. Oh, I know—(*produces a letter*)—look, this challenge has inform'd me.

Mrs. Mortimer. Challenge!

Sambo. Ay, by this it appears he has been waiting at old Blackbrook's, a farm-house about a mile off, on purpose to shoot or be shot by my master:—but don't be alarm'd, I've intercepted the letter, and there shall be no fight, depend on't: in my country it isn't the etiquette to fight duels, and I'm too much a man of fashion to suffer them to do an ill-bred thing, you know.

Emily. Honest creature!—but don't wrong yourself—you haven't one fashionable requisite.

Sambo. Yes, one at least, ma'am:—I never blush!—(*pointing to his face.*)

Mrs. Mortimer. Heav'ns!—where is this to end!—he challenge Delville, and Delville imprison him!—oh, my friend!—(*falling on EMILY.*)

Sambo. Nay, don't think of the challenge:—but for the imprisonment—oh! neither my hand or head will save him a second time.

Mrs. Mortimer. No: and the place of our reconciliation will be a prison!—go, Emily—intercede with Mr. Bonus—though Miss Gloomly won't allow him to assist Mortimer, yet for the sake of a child——

Emily. That's true; pity for the son may induce him to befriend the father:—I'll go, and the child shall be the string I'll play upon——

Mrs. Mortimer. Do; describe his innocent and helpless state——

Emily. I will: and if the marriage has not taken place, hope for my success.

Mrs. Mortimer. Come, Sambo:—now then to this farm-house; and if, tir'd of your master's bad conduct,

conduct, you would forego his service, and share our fallen fortunes——

Sambo. Thank you, madam: but my master's bad conduct makes it more incumbent on me to stay with him.—Who else will bear with his follies, and labour to correct them?—and spite of all, I know he's still so sound at the core, that I feel I couldn't exist without him!—but come to Mr. Mortimer; and though I prevent quarrelling and fighting, it isn't the fashion of my country to interrupt kissing and making it up again!—no—that, I hope, is good breeding all the world over!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*An Apartment at Miss GLOOMLY'S—
(The same Scene as in Third Act.)*

Gossamer discover'd lying on the settee.

Gossamer. So—though a lawyer is in the next room with the settlement, and a parson with the licence, here I am, and here I'll remain, till the old maid is hoax'd out of her husband.—(*Gets off settee*)—Let me see, though—is all right?—have I made no mistake in changing the pictures?—first, here's Miss Gloomly—(*taking a picture out of his pocket*)—here's the portrait of the crying philosopher, safe in my pocket—(*puts it back*):—and next, here's George Gossamer—(*taking up red case which lies on the stage, where Miss GLOOMLY dropp'd it*)—here's the laughing philosopher, safe in her case—(*leaves it on the stage*):—so if she again offer old Bonus this pledge of affection, she'll give him my picture instead of her own!—d—n me there'll be more rural simplicity—but they come—I must lie snug and observe—(*draws the table before settee,*
and

and then lies upon it as before)—and now, oh, Momus, look down on thy facetious votary!—though he be merry, let him be wise, and——but they're here!—Amen!—good night.

Enter BONUS and Miss GLOOMLY.

Miss Gloomly. To suspect me of an amour, and with such a profligate as that Mr. Gossamer—

Bonus. Spare me—spare an unfortunate country gentleman, who has no wish but to pair off with his fond turtle for life—from this hour we'll chime together like Omnium and the Consols! and, since the lawyer and parson are waiting, why——

Miss Gloomly. I understand: I'll see if they're ready:—look—here lies my picture, just where I dropt it—*(takes picture up)*—let me a second time present you the portrait of one who has nothing but innocence and purity of soul to recommend her.

Bonus (kissing her hand). Go—don't lose a moment—I'm all impatience—I declare I can't stand still till I call this virgin hand my own!—*(Miss GLOOMLY exit, kissing her hand to him—he kissing his to her.)*—Cupid and Gossamer, indeed!—pa! pa!—*(snapping his fingers)*—how could I for an instant believe?—but it's all London!—that smoky place husks the understanding!—however she has forgiven me; and now to gaze on the image of all my soul adores!—now for the resemblance of that innocence and purity—*(opens the case and looks at the picture)*—why what's here?—zounds!—it's a man!—a d—d impudent, grinning, bearded rascal! and more like Gossamer than—it is!—'tis my rival's portrait; and now may Cupid fly away with me if I don't believe that that boy——

Enter

Enter EMILY hastily.

Emily. Oh, my dear guardian!—I'm so glad I've found you—are you married?

Bonus. No.

Emily. Are you sure of it?—quite sure?

Bonus. Why I think I am:—(*putting his hand to his head*)—but what makes you ask?—have you too heard any thing?

Emily. Every thing—I'll tell you all about it—(*they sit*):—in the first place, I've seen the boy!—the sweet innocent that Miss Gloomly has so shamefully deserted.

Bonus. What!

Emily. And I've taken quite a fancy to the little cherub—and for the strangest reason—he's so like my dear Mr. Goffamer—(*Bonus makes for the stage door*):—why what's the matter? (*following and stopping him*)—'tis on Mortimer's account I've been speaking thus much of his son.

Bonus. His son!

Emily. Ay: 'tis young Mortimer that Miss Gloomly has deserted; and I hope pity for the boy may induce you to assist the father.

Bonus. What! and it's young Mortimer that's like Goffamer, is it?

Emily. To be sure—why, who else—

Bonus. Who! oh, nobody, nobody:—then perhaps it's all a mistake—perhaps my fears made me fancy it a likeness—I'll ask her—heark'ye, Emily,—is this picture like Goffamer?

Emily (*looking at it*). That!—Lord! it isn't half young or half handsome enough—that!—I'm sure I should be very sorry if that resembled my lover.

Bonus.

Bonus. And so should I, I'm sure:—So—so—stocks are up again!—no doubt she gave it me by mistake—it's a portrait of some friend or relation, and my foolish apprehensions——and yet—(*looking at picture again*)—it has certainly that fellow's brafs, London looking countenance!

Re-enter Miss GLOOMLY.

(*Bonus keeps looking at the picture.*)

Miss Gloomly. Now, Mr. Bonus, the lawyer and clergyman are quite prepar'd—what! haven't you found out the likeness?

Bonus. No—that's what I want to find out—I think it a very formidable one, but Emily says it isn't half young or handsome enough.

Miss Gloomly. Oh, she flatters—she flatters!—but come—come—I shall be mortified, if you gaze so much on the copy while the original is so near you—(*Bonus can't take his eyes off*).—How!—I hope you don't mean to throw away a second opportunity?

Bonus. No—Hymen forbid!—'gad!—I'd better say nothing, for fear of knocking all up at the critical minute—(*aside, and putting picture in his pocket*)—Come, Dian, come—you also, Emily—come and be bride's maid——

Emily. Stay, sir, and before you dispose of all your fortune to that lady, pray reflect on the distresses of your unhappy nephew.—Mr. Mortimer is about to be reconcil'd to his wife; but if you don't befriend him, they will meet but to perish in a prison!

Bonus. In a prison!—hang it, I don't like to hear of that either.

Emily.

Emily. 'Tis too true, sir:—Mr. Delville means to arrest him for five hundred pounds, and Mrs. Mortimer has already combated so much misfortune, that I'd rather sacrifice every shilling I possess than see their domestic happiness again interrupted:—oh, sir! if you won't take pity on them, let me advance the money.

Bonus. You! no—why should you have—poor Harry!—he has suffer'd for marrying a woman without money, that's certain—and the air of a gaol is almost as bad as that of London, that's certain—and sparing him five hundred pounds, won't make a stockbroker a lame duck, that's certain—and so—(*taking out his pocket-book*)—here, give him these bank-notes——

Miss Gloomly. Hold, Mr. Bonus—recollect the clause in our marriage settlement?

Bonus. I do: but though I shut my doors against him, I'm not bound to shut the doors of a prison upon him—so take it, Emily——

Miss Gloomly. Mighty well, sir!—this is your love for me, is it?—you'll lavish your favours on the man who has insulted me:—but I see it all—I am to possess your hand, and your ward is to govern your heart?—ungrateful, barbarous man!—(*crying vehemently.*)

Bonus. What, does she weep?

Emily. Never mind, give me the money.

Miss Gloomly (*still crying loudly*). Go, sir:—go, give your fortune to your nephew, your affections to your ward; and forget her who, spite of your cruelty, still loves, still adores you!—Oh! I can't bear it!—I faint!—I—(*faints and falls on the sofa, GOSSAMER catches her in his arms.*)

Bonus (*to EMILY*). Let me go, I'll give her all I possess—(*breaks from EMILY*)—here, take this pocket-book, thou lovely; thou angelic!

(*As*

(*As BONUS offers the pocket-book to Miss GLOOMLY, GOSSAMER snatches it out of his hand, and rises from the settee.*)

Gossamer. That I will: and give it Mortimer! damme, here's a hoax for you!—I say, Emily, which cuts the best figure now, the laughing or the crying philosopher?

Miss Gloomly. Heaven defend me!—why where did you come from?

Gossamer. From the moon, most divine Dian; from the moon—but don't let me interrupt the ceremony—marry her, Bonus—marry her——

Bonus (looking at the picture). Never saw a finer likeness in all my life!—never saw a more innocent pledge of affection!—so give me back my pocket-book, and let the stockbroker once more waddle to his villa.

Gossamer. Your pocket-book! that's very well—you gave it me—it's mine by law, and if it save an unfortunate couple from prison—if it light up sunshine in two faces long clouded by sorrow, why, you'll smile—(*to BONUS*)—and you'll smile—(*to EMILY*)—and you'll—(*to Miss GLOOMLY*)—no—till you get rid of your bad habits, you'll never smile.

Miss Gloomly. Bad habits!—answer me—how dare you slander an innocent woman?

Gossamer (aside to Miss GLOOMLY). How dare you slander an innocent woman?—Remember Mrs. Mortimer—(*Miss GLOOMLY holds down her head*)—ah! this is paying you in your own coin—and for young Mortimer—you ought to have been a mother to him, and therefore I've done you the favour to prove you one!—Adieu, Emily:—there's an end of this marriage, and the next trick we play them, shall be to bring about our own.

Miss

Miss Gloomly. Stay; and let me advise you, sir.

Gossamer. And let me advise you, ma'am!—give up your own system and take to mine—make people happy, not miserable—promote laughing, not crying; and if you don't prove more pleasant to yourself and more useful to society, say Gossamer's not the first and wisest of philosophers!—Now to the Mortimers—now to make them happy—I say—(*shewing pocket-book to Bonus*)—you take the joke, old Cupid, don't you?

[*Exit.*

Bonus. Come, Emily—let's breathe the pure air.

Miss Gloomly. How! have you nothing to say, Mr. Bonus.

Bonus. Nothing—I wish you happy—I wish you and all your family happy.—

Miss Gloomly. Mighty well!—I leave you for the present—but remember your promise—recollect the settlement of your estate.

Bonus. Settlement!—look'ye—sooner than settle my fortune on you or any of the Diana breed, hang me if I wouldn't sink it in the Sinking Fund—Come along, Emily, and if the pocket-book relieve the Mortimers, I feel it will relieve me; for when a man is self-dissatisfied, not all the scrip, omnium, consols—no—not even rural life can afford satisfaction!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE.—BLACKBROOK'S Farm-House—A Garden before it, and a Chair at the Side—Moonlight.

Enter Mrs. MORTIMER, CHARLES, and Farmer BLACKBROOK.

Mrs. Mortimer. Go on—relieve me from this torturing suspense!—meditate self-destruction, do you say?

Farmer. Be patient, lady, and you shall hear all: you may be sure Mr. Mortimer was a welcome visitor at my humble farm: for when he was no bigger than that young gentleman, many and many's the time I've fondl'd him on this knee—and alas!—little did I think to see him grow up to such misery and desperation!

Mrs. Mortimer. Desperation!—oh! do not distract me—is Mortimer living?

Farmer. I hope so, lady: but you shall hear and judge:—to-night, as I was returning home through yonder wood, a man darted across me, and rush'd into the thickest covers—I follow'd him, and found 'twas Mr. Mortimer! and observe—in his hand he held a phial, which, from what I overheard him say, contained poison—ay! poison, lady—and when I advanc'd to seize him, he fled wildly from me, and alas! I've neither seen nor heard of him since.

Mrs. Mortimer. Not seen him!—perhaps then—where is the place?—conduct me instantly.

Farmer. Most willingly: I'd traverse the world to save him, and I've already sent my servants.

Mrs. Mortimer. Come—lose not a moment!—enter the house my child (*to CHARLES*)—and should Sambo, who, fearing his single evidence might not confirm my innocence, is gone to intercede with his master—should he return, bid him wait my coming:—lead on.

Farmer. Nay, nay, your cares I hope will soon be at an end.

Mrs. Mortimer. They will—they will!—for if it be as I suspect—oh, Mortimer! we'll meet where slander cannot part us!

[*Exit with FARMER.*

Enter MORTIMER (through the Garden).

Mortimer. So—I am watch'd, pursued:—at every turn my persecutors meet me;—but I've escap'd their observation, and here at length I may complete the fix'd and settled purpose of my soul:—harass'd by my enemies, forgotten by my friends, and forsaken by her who was the very stream and essence of my life!—this friendly passport to another world alone can snatch me from the fiends of this!—from penury, despair, and jealousy (*produces phial*).

Charles (observing him). Bless me!—who is that gentleman?

Mortimer. And yet—when I look back on my past happiness, and think the source of it is still existing!—that she and her dear image might still console—still wipe away my sorrow, I grow irresolute,

solute; and sigh for life! (*throws himself into the garden chair.*)

Charles (*walking towards MORTIMER*). Lord! I'm so happy—it's my father!

Mortimer. Life! what when she loves another! when at this moment she lavishes those smiles which—distraction! that thought is past all bearing, and thus I bury in oblivion!—thus these poisonous drugs! (*as he raises his arm to drink, CHARLES lays hold of it, and kneels to him.*)

Charles. My father! (*MORTIMER looks and trembles violently.*)—Oh! I'm so glad you're come home—I hope you'll go no more long journies now.

Mortimer. My child! my child! (*embracing him.*)

Charles. Why what's the matter?—how your hand trembles!—and this—(*pointing to the phial*)—what's this, father?

Mortimer. That!—a toy!—a mere toy, Charles.

Charles. A toy!—fie, fie, father!—you a man and play with toys?—nay: that belongs to me. (*MORTIMER bursts into tears, and catches him in his arms.*)

Re-enter Mrs. MORTIMER.

Mrs. Mortimer. 'Tis all confirmed—he's no where to be heard of, and e'en this, the dark deed—

Charles. Look mother—look who's come home.

Mrs. Mortimer (*looking sometimes at MORTIMER—then running and falling at his feet*). My Mortimer!

Mortimer.

Mortimer (*rising and crossing her*). Away! contaminate me not!—let me be gone.

Mrs. Mortimer (*holding him*). Stay—spare me but a moment—you've been deceiv'd.

Mortimer. I have!—I have!—and lest I should relapse, and be again deluded—But see! an evidence appears to rouse my pride and to confirm your guilt.

Enter SAMBO hastily, and with a paper in his hand.

Sambo. Oh, ma'am!—I'm just come from my master, and—pheugh! (*fanning himself with his hat.*)

Mortimer. Speak, Sambo—were you not witness of her falsehood?

Sambo. Softly, sir, and I'll tell you all about it—pheugh!—you must know my master was taken suddenly ill, and sent me for a physician—but I refused to go:—says I, “Sir, the natives of my country are all very healthy, and for two simple reasons—first, because we've no doctors, and next because we've no such enlighten'd disorders as ingratitude, false friendship, seduction!—these,” says I, “play the devil with a man's constitution.”

Mortimer. Well! and what then, sir?

Sambo. Then he grew worse, and asked me to prescribe for him, and I did!—Doctor Sambo drew up this prescription, and the pulse mended, fever lessen'd, and the countenance exhibited that florid bloom which ever results from those excellent medicines, honesty and a good conscience—there, sir, read, only read (*giving the paper*).

Mortimer (reading).—"Sir, Mrs. Mortimer is
 "innocent—she has fallen a victim to my vanity
 "and her aunt's slander—Miss Gloomly wrote
 "you a most calumnious letter, and I, believing
 "that she lov'd me, made others believe it!—but
 "when you arrived at the inn, she not only
 "avowed her love for you, but fled in pursuit of
 "you.—Sambo will confirm these facts, and I am
 "ready to make a public acknowledgment of
 "them, or atone for my crimes in any other
 "way you think proper.—EDWARD DELVILLE."

Sambo. There! there's a noble medicine! and
 having established myself both as physician and
 lawyer, now for the third character—now to play
 the part of parson—may'nt I join your hands?
 —Oh! had I such a wife, I'd hug her into
 atoms!

Mortimer. It is! it must be so!—and had we
 sooner met—Maria!—my recovered wife!—
 (*embracing her—then falling at her feet*)—can you
 pardon my suspicions?

Mrs. Mortimer. Rise, I entreat you.

Sambo (stopping her). Don't, ma'am—don't
 forgive him till he takes his oath he'll forgive
 my master!

Mortimer (rising). Never! heark'ye, Sambo—
 (*aside to him*)—Is this an answer to a challenge?

Sambo. He never got it!—I intercepted it!—
 but don't—don't persist—you can't wound him
 worse than he has wounded himself!—for my sake
 —for hers—for your child's!—speak—intercede
 for my master, ma'am!—

Mrs. Mortimer. Nay, I beseech you, Mor-
 timer—

Mortimer. Well! since I believe his penitence
 is sincere—

Sambo.

Sambo. What!—you forgive him!—you won't hurt him! and you and Mrs. Mortimer are man and wife again, and I live to see it!—"Dear Yanko say, and true he say!"—(*singing and dancing, and catching CHARLES up in his arms.*)—Come along—you and I will so sing, dance, and play battledore and shuttlecock together!—and for the falsehood I told about you, ma'am; why 'twas but a white one, and we blacks tell lies of no other colour.

Mortimer. Delville I pardon—but for Miss Gloomly—for this accomplish'd slander——

Sambo. Oh! challenge her—shoot her and welcome.

Mrs. Mortimer. She has indeed been most vindictive; and last night renewing her application for the debt I ow'd her, and fearing 'twight involve you in new difficulties, I sent her all that I possess'd—my few trinkets, and even the lottery ticket you wrote to me to purchase; but her marriage with your uncle is broke off.

Mortimer. Indeed!—then we may apply to him.—Come—(*taking Mrs. MORTIMER's hand*)—and if he still avoid us, here is enough to combat against adversity:—blest with thee, and this my young preserver——

Mrs. Mortimer. How, Mortimer!

Mortimer. Nay: you shall know all in calmer moments:—and you, faithful Sambo—you who have sav'd us all, and in an age of dissipation and deception——

Sambo. Nay: don't abuse the age—we're certainly improving every day, sir;—for instance, there's less law, less fashion, less faro;—faro!—oh, one oughtn't to speak ill of the dead!—and if every woman would prove a Mrs. Mortimer,

there'd soon be less seducing, and then—saving your presence—I don't think the devil would have a disciple on earth:—but lead on, sir; and I and your little papa, as you call him, will trot on merrily after you!—“Dear Yanko, say, &c.”—(*Singing and dancing, and making CHARLES dance with him in imitation.*) [Exeunt.]

SCENE.—*A Street in RICHMOND.*

Enter GOSSAMER and EMILY.

Gossamer. Nay:—don't be alarm'd, Emily—though I haven't seen Mortimer, the pocket-book and Bonus's bank-notes have still been a friend to him.

Emily. Well!—but how—in what manner?

Gossamer. You shall hear:—just now, who should I meet in a rage but the crying philosopher—she said Mrs. Mortimer had sent her some trinkets and trifles in payment for a hundred pounds—but she wasn't to be defrauded in that manner—she would return them, and arrest Mortimer instantly:—on which I whipp'd out the pocket-book—paid the debt with Bonus's bank-notes, and redeem'd the trifles!—and look—here they are—a watch, a ring, and a lottery ticket!—(*producing them.*)

Emily. A lottery ticket!

Gossamer. Ay; she gave me joy of my bargain with all my heart. I'll surprise her—I'll give her joy of this with all my soul.

Emily. Well, but about Delville.

Gossamer. Oh! Delville has not only repented and cancell'd his debt, but has sent the tragic muse to bring about a comic catastrophe.

Emily.

Emily. Indeed! then the Mortimers are once more restor'd to each other!

Gossamer. They are: and now, when shall we be restor'd to each other?

Emily. Nay: what signifies asking?—when you know very well we shall never get my guardian's consent.

Gossamer (smiling). Shan't we?

Emily. No—and what's the use of marrying without it, when I lose all my fortune.

Gossamer. And suppose your fortune were already lost—would the old stockbroker consent then?

Emily. That he would:—he'd then think me such a burden to him, that I do believe he'd marry me to——

Gossamer. To his clerk, or his butler, or your humble servant!—then be happy—make yourself perfectly easy, for I've the pleasure to inform you that at this moment you're as poor as I am.

Emily. As poor as you are!

Gossamer. Ay; thanks to good fortune and a lucky hurricane, your whole property's blown into the sea—all your estate is whisk'd off in a whirlwind.—(*Giving her a newspaper*)—There—in this newspaper, read the glorious, joyous tidings!

Emily. Why surely it can't be.—(*Reads the newspaper*)—"Accounts were yesterday received from Barbadoes, that on the 28th ult. a dreadful hurricane destroyed most of the property on the east part of the island, and particularly that beautiful estate called Mount Columbo!"—Dear, dear, Mr. Gossamer—that's mine, sure enough!

Gossamer. I know it! I know it!—and the best of the joke is, Delville, who has property in the island—he will confirm the fact.

Emily. You may laugh, but 'tis no laughing matter to be ruin'd—reduc'd to dependence—beggard—(*weeps*).—No—say what you please, Mr. Gossamer; love can't exist without money, and now I've none and you've none!

Gossamer (laughing). What! did you think I was in earnest?

Emily. To be sure I did.

Gossamer. Ha! ha! ha! there's a hoax for you!

Emily. What! didn't this account come from the West Indies?

Gossamer. No: but it came from a place as full of warmth and fire!—(*pointing to his head.*)—I'm sole inventor and proprietor of this facetious hurricane! I inserted it in that and other papers: I got Delville to write this corroborating letter—(*shewing one*).

Emily. What, and all to trick my old guardian out of his consent?

Gossamer. Yes; all to trick old Cupid!—go—follow up the blow—shew him Delville's letter directly—(*giving it to her*)—and if we succeed, we gain thirty thousand pounds by the frolic, and if we fail—why we've had a hearty laugh, which, speaking philosophically, is perhaps worth all the money.

Emily. Delightful!—I'll go to him instantly—to-night he gives a ball, and before it begins, he generally reads the evening papers.

Gossamer. Does he! then by this time he is in the heart of the hurricane!—go, and if we should but be married, why then Emily—then for Venus, Cupid, and another little boy. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.

SCENE.—*A Room leading to a Ball Room in Bonus's House.*

Bonus *discovered sitting at a table drinking tea and reading newspapers : servant waiting.*

Bonus (*reading newspaper*). “*Last night the Oratorios overflow'd.*”—Oratorio!—now there's the extravagance of these Londoners—they won't go to church, where they can have sacred music for nothing, but because it is in a theatre, they'll pay to hear it.—“*Plymouth!*”—ay, this is in my own way—this is country news.—“*Yesterday a celebrated lottery-office keeper stood in the pillory—*“*Wind East.*”—Now what the devil has wind East to do with it?—but at Portsmouth or Plymouth, if a man is robb'd or murder'd, the account is sure to conclude with Wind East.—“*Barbadoes.*”—Oh, this concerns my ward Emily—“*Barbadoes!*—On “*the 28th ult. a dreadful hurricane*”—what's here! a hurricane!—“*swept away—east part of* “*island—particularly—estate call'd Mount Columbo!*”—zounds! here's wind East with a vengeance! why the girl's ruin'd!—she's a lame duck!

Enter EMILY (weeping).

Bonus. Well! have you heard, Emily!

Emily. I have, sir:—yesterday I was worth thirty thousand pounds—to-day I'm a beggar!

Bonus. What!—it's confirm'd is it?

Emily. Yes, sir; Mr. Delville, whose estate adjoins mine, you know, has sent me this note.

Bonus (*taking note from her, and looking over it*). Oh, if Delville believe it—(*reads*)—“Hurricane—tornado

—tornado—whirlwind!"—Yes, yes—it's all over—the estate's off!—Mount Columbo is gone on a saltwater excursion; and you are left to—Zounds! I wish you had been married—I wish you had a husband to maintain you.

Emily. Nay, sir, I hope my poverty will make no difference.

Bonus. Why, no—but women live high, and stocks are low, and—s'life! if we had but caught some gudgeon-headed Londoner!

Emily. Ah! that's all past, sir—nobody'll marry a pauper.

Bonus. No—the scoundrels are all so cunning—and yet the news isn't known—the story can't be blown upon; and for early intelligence—'gad! how often have I work'd them in the Stock Exchange by early intelligence?

Enter GOSSAMER.

Gossamer. How d'ye do, Cupid, how d'ye do?—what in tears, Emily?—haven't I told you whenever you were melancholy, to look full in your guardian's face?—Look, and you'll laugh directly—won't she, sir?

Bonus (smiling). She will, she will!—damme here's the very gudgeon-headed Londoner I was wishing for—(*aside*).—Mr. Gossamer, I'm glad to see you—I am under great obligations to you—you sav'd me from a bad wife, and the least return I can make, is to help you to a good one.

Gossamer. Sir!

Bonus. 'Tis even so, sir:—and I can't reward your deserts better than by giving you Emily with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds!—(*laughing aside.*)

Gossamer.

Gossamer. Come, come, you forget—I'm an old hand.

Bonus. An old hand!

Gossamer. Ay, you're joking, you comical rogue, I see you're joking.

Bonus. No I'm not—upon my soul I'm not joking!—so take him, Emily—

Emily. No, sir: you refus'd him when I was rich, and now—

Bonus (*aside to her*). Be quiet—to use his own words, I'm hoaxing him now!—you see how it is, Mr. Gossamer!—the girl's shy; so carry her over the way to parson Suttle's, and as I can't leave the ball, do you go with them, Gregory—(*to Servant*)—be witness, I give consent, and see them married directly!—there! do you understand me now?

Gossamer. I do—damme, I take the joke now!—come along, Emily—come along, Gregory—I've got the licence, and you are witness he gives consent—

Bonus. Yes, yes—he's witness—stop—stop, though—one thing I must premise to you—as the estate is in the West Indies, and now and then there are such things as hurricanes—

Gossamer. Hurricanes!—oh, I don't mind hurricanes!—if her estate was blown into the skies, I'd be bound to whistle it all back again!

Bonus. Would you?

Gossamer. To be sure I would:—besides, a word in your ear—it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, you know—mum!—lead on—Hey for matrimony and thirty thousand pounds!—you take, don't you—ha! ha! ha!

Bonus. I do, ha! ha! ha! (*Gossamer, Emily, and Servant exeunt.*)—There! there! I've hoax'd him

him at last!—the old maid too!—I've robb'd her of her lover! oh! here's contrivance.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. MORTIMER, and Miss GLOOMLY.

Miss Gloomly (speaking as she enters). Don't talk to me—I keep no such company—Mr. Bonus, I beg you'll not suppose we came here together.

Bonus. Not come together!—zounds!—I wonder how any of you came here at all!—first, you, fir—(to MORTIMER)—what brought you here?

Mortimer. I came once more to entreat your pity and protection; and since you are no longer under the influence of that lady——

Bonus. That lady!—what's that lady to you, fir?—when you married a woman without stock, didn't I swear I'd never forgive you?

Mortimer. You did, fir.

Bonus. Then, however I may be inclined, Harry, I will not break my word.

Miss Gloomly. That's some comfort, however—(aside).

Bonus. And now, most divine Dian!——but I know what brings you here?

Miss Gloomly. Well you may, fir:—I came to afford you an opportunity of apologizing for your blindness and credulity.

Bonus. Me an opportunity!—heark'ye—you came in search of Gossamer—but the bird's flown!—he has pair'd off with another mate!—and mine—it's all my contrivance!

Miss Gloomly. Your contrivance?

Bonus. Yes, in London I grant you I'm confus'd; but the keen air of the country quickens the understanding!—and I've made such laughing stocks

stocks of you and your lover!—but observe—observe my contrivance!

Re-enter GOSSAMER, EMILY, and Servant.

Bonus. Well! is it all over?—are they married, Nicholas?

Servant. They are, sir.

Bonus. Toll de roll loll!—(*singing and dancing.*)—Now listen—only all of you listen!—(*turns to GOSSAMER*)—you think your wife is worth thirty thousand pounds, don't you?

Gossamer. I do.

Bonus. There—there's a gudgeon-headed Londoner for you!—she's not worth sixpence! her whole property is destroy'd by a hurricane!

Miss Gloomly. By a hurricane!

Bonus. Ay; all blown into the skies—but never mind (*to GOSSAMER*)—you can whistle it all back again, you know—can't you, you comical rogue?

Gossamer. Yes; that I can, you comical rogue! wheugh—(*whistling*).

Bonus. Pooh! what signifies wheugh!—(*mimicking him.*)

Gossamer. I'll tell you—it signifies that I wrote that account in the newspapers—that I persuaded Delville to confirm the fact—and at this moment Mount Columbo is worth thirty thousand pounds, and that, as I told you before, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good!—mum!—you take, don't you?

Miss Gloomly. I say (*to BONUS*), who's the laughing stock now?—and the keen air of the country quickens the understanding, does it?—Oh! the next time you want to outwit this mighty conjuror, apply to me.

Gossamer.

—*Gossamer*. To you!

Miss Gloomly. Ay: now all of you listen to my story—on a debt of a hundred pounds, contracted by Mrs. Mortimer, I charged him fifty for interest, and made him pay all these bank-notes for a paltry watch and a lottery ticket—look, Laughing Philosopher—here are a hundred and fifty proofs of my victory!—(*holding up bank notes.*)

Gossamer. And look, Crying Philosopher!—(*holding up lottery ticket*)—here are five thousand proofs of mine!

Miss Gloomly. Five thousand! why the watch, sir—

Gossamer. Wasn't worth five pounds I grant you—but the lottery ticket was yesterday drawn a prize of five thousand pounds!—Gregory there will attest the fact!—and now both of you take the advice of an old proficient; and whilst you're hoaxing others, mind you're not hoax'd yourselves.

Bonus. Why Dian—here's another hurricane!

Miss Gloomly. Psha! this is an imposition:—give the ticket to the right owner.

Gossamer. I will give it to the right owner—(*Miss GLOOMLY is going to take it—GOSSAMER crosses her*)—there Mrs. Mortimer!—there's a fortune of five thousand pounds for you, and if that isn't enough to make your fire-side happy, apply to me and Emily—whilst Columbo nets a guinea, you and your family shall never want a part of it.

Bonus (to Miss GLOOMLY). I say—who's the laughing-stock now!—but don't think to have all the pleasure to yourself, Mr. Gossamer—no—I may forgive you, Harry, without breaking my word now; so, in the first place, I'll make that five thousand ten!—in the second, instead of giving all my fortune to a hypocrite, I'll settle it on you and young Mortimer!

Mortimer!—and in the third place give me both your hands—*(to Mr. and Mrs. MORTIMER)*—and henceforth we'll be as happy as good-humour, a country life, and plenty of long annuities will make us.

Gossamer. Bravo, old Cupid! you're a fine fellow; egad I think I'll be a stockbroker myself.

Bonus. No, no—yours is the system, Gossamer—laugh is the staff of life!

Gossamer. It is: and since our smiles are nothing without yours—*(to the Audience)*—

May Gossamer diffuse his joy around—
Cloud not the sunshine that's so seldom found;
For if misfortune be the lot of man,
Laugh when you may—be happy when you can.

THE END OF THE COMEDY.

THE END.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

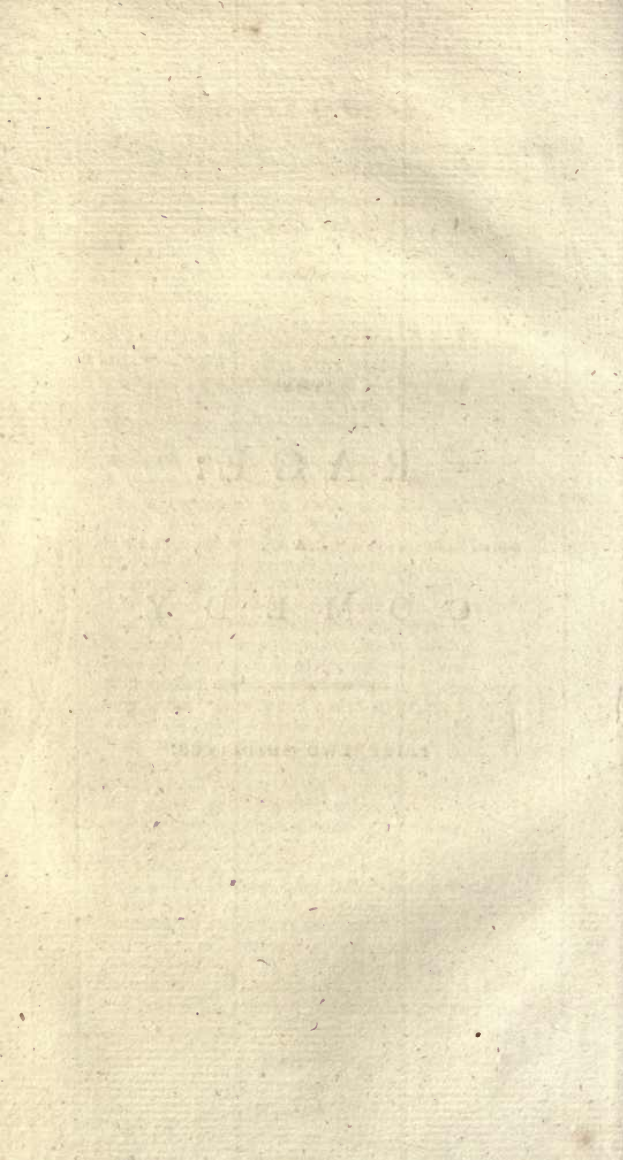
SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE.

LAUGH when you can—such is the useful rule
Our bard holds forth to ev'ry whining fool.
The plan's not new—a Sage of antient fame
Liv'd but to laugh—Democritus his name.
Happy within, let Fortune smile or low'r,
His scheme was to enjoy life's transient hour.
When ills assail, they're heavier made by grief,
Laugh at them, and at once you find relief.
The faintest breath that's whisper'd in a sigh
Is still so loud it makes acquaintance fly;
They think there's something in the sound of sorrow
Too like an omen that you mean to borrow.
Shew you can treat with humour ev'ry care,
They'll crowd around you in the mirth to share;
And, while with smiles you cover your distress,
Perchance with open hand their bounty press;
For as to favours, most we see will grant 'em
With readiest zeal to those who least may want 'em;
Like rivers that, with hasty current, strain
To pour a needless tribute to the main.
Thus laughter is good policy, we find,
The surest method to make people kind.
And when of patrons joking is the test,
The debt is easy—pay them with a jest.
And I pronounce, spite of each formal prater,
Laughter the true Philosopher of Nature.
But Laughter's fitted for a nobler end,
And, when with satire leagu'd, is Virtue's friend.
Potent Allies! that strike the proud with awe,
And humble vice, above the reach of law.
In one apt, well-known rule, to sum up all,
A rule that should control the critic's gall,
Form'd on a kind, and hence a British plan,
“ Laugh when you must, be candid where you can.”

THE END.

THE
R A G E:
A
C O M E D Y.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.



THE
R A G E:
A
C O M E D Y.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY
FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

" You fashionable People are very vulgar ! "

GINGHAM.

A NEW EDITION.

London :

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1797.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gingham	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
Darnley	<i>Mr. Holman.</i>
Sir George Gauntlet	<i>Mr. Middleton.</i>
The Hon. Mr. Savage	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
Sir Paul Perpetual	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
Flush	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
Ready	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
Signor Cygnet	<i>Mr. Bernard.</i>
Waiter	<i>Mr. Rees.</i>
Servant to Sir George	<i>Mr. Abbott.</i>
Servants to the Hon. Mr. {	<i>Mr. Ledger.</i>
Savage	<i>Mr. Wilde.</i>
Servant to Mr. Flush	<i>Mr. Cross.</i>
Groom	<i>Mr. Simmonds.</i>

Clara Sedley	<i>Mrs. Mountain.</i>
Lady Sarah Savage	<i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>
Mrs. Darnley	<i>Mrs. Pope.</i>

PROLOGUE.

Written by JAMES BOADEN, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

HOW narrow is the sphere a modern Bays
Is doom'd to range, while he contrives his Plays ;
Still urg'd by folly, Beings to explore,
Whom *he* and *you* so often saw before :
Precluded characters by *their* advance,
Whose minds could pierce thro' Nature with a glance,
And still of right possess the moral Stage
With lessons studied in a distant age ;
In this, our glass, you yet reflected find
The levities which lessen human kind :
The lighter follies which the Town engage,
All that prevail in fashion makes—the Rage !

Yes, all ! though various be the motly forms,
That sway by weak'ning, or compel in storms :
That up to Fop evaporate the Lord ;
Or down to Jockey sink the Maid ador'd ;
Confound distinctions, firm and frail perplex,
And make it difficult—to guess even sex.

But is the Rage to levity confin'd ?
Does no just passion sway the general mind ?
Lo ! the rough Veteran, whom his Country's claim,
Rouses to vindicate her injured name !

The

PROLOGUE.

The *Rage* is *Conquest* which his bosom fires,
The foe yields ! then—no ! then his rage expires.

When in some dreadful contest on the wave
The gallant seaman finds a wat'ry grave,
Ere the last pulse of ebbing life be o'er,
When the eye turns towards his native shore,
This thought may ev'n the parting pang assuage
That, there—*Humanity* is still the *Rage*.

Our Author's Muse follows with fashion's gale,
Down a smooth river an amusive sail ;
She dares no sea where boisterous passions sway,
Or merely dips her wing, and hastes away.
O, may her airy toil your love engage,
And her new flight to please you be—*The Rage*.

EPILOGUE.

Written by EDWARD TOPHAM, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

WELL, Gentlefolks, again your most obedient ;
That I'm the Epilogue is held expedient :
Our Bard, who for a youth well knows the Stage,
Thought as to speaking, Women were " The Rage."
And said—" Good Mrs. Mattocks, pray, advance ;
" Females must now step forward as in France."

My answer was—" My dear, kind Sir, have pity,
" Pray spare the Ladies—Men secure our city.
" For, arm'd by Parliament, to calm each fear,
" Huge corps of Common-Councilmen appear,
" Wards Liveries, Deputies, en Militaire,
" Led by Lieutenant-Colonel—my Lord Mayor !
" Each man, (a sight at which his Lady swoons,)
" Belt, sabre, helmet, spurs, and pantaloons !"

" Dear Chuck"—says Spouse—" pray sit at home, do yielde,
" Consider, Love, your age ; you grow unwieldy ;
" Good twenty stone, Dear, cannot play about,
" Besides, those cold Jack Boots hurt Lovey's gout."
" Gout ! vulgar nonsense Voman—Gout ! Gad's curse,
" Heavy ! why, I'm a private of Light Horse—
" Drefs ! wheel ! charge !—Could I on Horseback get
" I or my horse would do some mischief yet."

Thus,

EPILOGUE.

Thus, meaning no offence, in language faint,
The City Rage for soldiering we paint.
But sure, no sons of Briton, wish repress
That zeal which leads one man to serve the rest ;
Which strives due right and order to maintain,
Against a chaos that would come again.

Long may such Rage inspire the English mind !
In neighbouring climes a different " Rage" we find ;
Poor *Jean François*, who shouts for *Liberté*,
Finds Slavery still the Order of the day !
" Ma foi !" — he cries — " No people blest as we ;
" They force me out to fight, to make me free.
" Den ! yif ! alert ! — begar we must not tarry,
" My Wife, for common good, oblige to marry :
" She labour for the State, tant mieux pour elle,
" She forgot me — I her — c'est Bagatelle !
" Allons au Guerre ! L'eau de vie banish sorrow,
" Victoire to-day — La Guillotine to-morrow !"

English Tom Blunt, a dealer in small wares,
Who knows a bit what's passing above stairs,
Cries — " Why, in that there change of wives so fast
" I think a good one mayhap may come at last ;
" But in that *gulleting* machine, d'ye see
" I've no idea how it makes one free :
" For my part now, whatever may be said,
" I'm for a little meat, and safe warm bed,
" I does not relish freedom — when one's dead !
" So, once for all, my means and resolution
" Go, to stand by the good old Constitution."

Such and so different reign with sovereign power,
The various " Rages" of the present hour.
I wish, in truth I wish in very spight,
Your Rage may be, to see us many a night.

THE RAGE:

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—DARNLEY's Garden, and view of
his small Villa.

Enter DARNLEY and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET.

SIR GEORGE.

AND so, Darnley, you prefer this solitary life, to all the joys of London—to be sure you've a nice snug Villa, and a charming wife here—but its dull—the scene tires—it wants variety, Harry.

Darnley. No, Sir George.—Since I retir'd to this peaceful spot, I have not had a wish beyond it: I've been so happy in that humble cottage, that when I'm doom'd to leave it, the world will be a waste, and life not have a charm!

Sir George. How you are alter'd, Darnley? When we were brother officers you were the greatest rake in the regiment; but from the

B

time

time we were quarter'd at Worcester, where you first beheld Miss Dormer——

Darnley. I saw the folly of my former life; I own'd the power of her superior charms, and leaving a busy and tumultuous world, retir'd with her to this sequester'd scene—'tis now three years since I married.

Sir George. And from that time to this, have you liv'd in this out-of-the-way place?

Darnley. Yes: and till you yesterday honour'd me with a visit, I have not seen a friend within my doors—but isn't it a happy life, Sir George? Our affections have room to shoot—care and distrust are banish'd from our cottage, and with such a woman as Mrs. Darnley to converse with, what is the world to me? I can defy and scorn its malice.

Sir George. She's an angelic creature indeed, Darnley: and at Worcester, I had myself nearly fallen a victim to her charms; but about your future life—do you mean to live for ever in these woods and meadows?

Darnley. No—would to heaven I could!—I fear I must forego my present calm, and mix in active life again: When I married, I sold my commission, you remember, to purchase this small farm—Mrs. Darnley's portion was but a trifle, and an encreasing family has so enlarg'd my expences, that unless I return to the army——

Sir George. Ah—you want to be raking again?

Darnley. No—I want to secure an independence for my family—I want to see my children affluent, and to attain this, I have once more applied to my uncle Sir Paul Perpetual, who

who was so offended at my selling out, that he has ever since abandon'd me.

Sir George. What—does the old beau still persevere in his resentment?

Darnley. His anger has encreas'd; for he writes me word, he intends marrying Lady Sarah Savage, on purpose to have heirs more worthy his estate:—Oh! my friend:—'tis hard, that fortune should bestow such treasures, and then compel me to desert them?

Sir George. So it is: but now I think on't, this Lady Sarah Savage and her brother are my intimate friends; and as you are their neighbours, I'll introduce you and Mrs. Darnley to their notice—When are they expected from town?

Darnley. To day.

Sir George. Then we'll pay them a visit; Lady Sarah Savage shall interfere with your uncle, and if that fails, her brother can easily ensure your promotion in the army—but see; here's Mrs. Darnley?

Darnley. Look at her, Sir George—do you, can you blame me?—who would not act as I have done?

Sir George. I would by heav'ns!—I'd live with her in a hermitage!—die with her on a pilgrimage!—I'd—death: if I don't mind, I shall discover all. [*Aside.*]

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Darnley advancing to her.] Maria!

Mrs. Darnley. Oh Harry!—I have been looking for you every where—I declare you're grown quite a truant—Before your friend came, you

us'd to walk with me over the farm: or ride with me to see our children; or sit and read to me under our favourite Beach Tree—but now—Sir George!—I beg your pardon—I didn't see you before.

Sir George. Madam! [*Bowing obsequiously.*]

Darnley. My friend is all kindness, Maria; he has promis'd to introduce me to the honourable Mr. Savage:

Mrs. Darnley. What:—take you to Savage house!

Darnley. Ay—why not:—you shall go with me.

Mrs. Darnley. No—let me stay here—I am not weary of my present life.

Darnley. Nor I—but 'tis a great connexion: and though not absolutely distress'd, I would improve my fortune—I would see you and my children have every comfort.

Mrs. Darnley. We have, while you are with us—consider we have never liv'd a day apart, and if they lure you into fashionable scenes, you'll be corrupted, Harry—you'll despise the humble roof you once rever'd, and I perhaps shall be forgotten and neglected.

Darnley. Never!—I cannot bear the supposition; and while we have hearts to endure, and hands to labour, there is sufficient for our cottage!—I will not go—My friend, who sees my motive, I'm sure, will not condemn me.

Sir George. No—always obey the Ladies; but Darnley, I see our horses—you recollect we were to ride to see your children: so, Madam, I have the superlative honour——

Enter

Enter CLARA SEDLEY—a basket of flowers is hanging on her arm, and she is eating an apple.

Sir George. What, Clara!—been picking flowers my angel!—well!—I thought they had all died—all died from envy egad! ha! ha!—excuse me—I never laugh but at my own wit.

Clara. Do you? then you laugh very seldom, I believe.

Sir George. No—very often: for I take the joke though nobody else does, ha! ha!—come Darnley—adieu Ladies—I'll not run away with him!— (*Exit Darnley and Sir George.*)

Clara. What a coxcomb it is!—and if he wasn't a duellist into the bargain, I'd tell Mr. Darnley all my suspicions—that I would—but he's so fond of fighting, that I heard him say, he once sent a man a challenge for wafering a letter instead of sealing it.—I wish he was gone.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed so do I, cousin—Mr. Darnley is so chang'd since he arriv'd—his ideas so enlarg'd—he talks of visiting at Savage House, of improving his fortune.

Clara. Fortune!—ay: and this morning he gave me his note for two hundred pounds, begging me to get one of my guardians to lend money upon it—his excuse was that his expenses exceeded his income, and by his uncle's marriage with Lady Sarah Savage, all his expectations were ruined—Now, my life on't, this is all Sir George's doings—He has stole into our cottage like the Arch-fiend into paradise, and I won't eat another apple while he stays! (*Throws away the apple she is eating.*)

Mrs. Darnley. Is Darnley then distressed?—
Oh Clara!

Clara. Don't be unhappy—I shall apply to both my guardians; Sir Paul and Mr. Flush, they are now at Bath, and one way or other the Villa shall flourish still—Lord! I shall have plenty of money when I come of age, and I'll throw it all into the scale, and come and plant, sow, and reap with you and your husband.

Mrs. Darnley. What give up the gaieties of London, cousin?

Clara. London! ay: I hate it—I once pass'd a month there, but they hurried me so from fight to fight, that in the bustle all places appear'd alike—I saw no difference—And, if you'll believe me, one morning after seeing Westminster Hall in term time, they took me inside Bedlam; and so confus'd was I, that I didn't know the lawyers and their clients, from the keepers and their patients,

(*Signor Cygnet without.*)

“Trompите, trompите тра!”

(*Singing an Italian air.*)

Mrs. Darnley. Who can this be?

Enter Signor CYGNET, spying.

“Tra—tra—tra!” (Singing.)

Clara. Bless us!—What animal's this?

Mrs. Darnley. He has mistaken his way, I suppose—Sir—(*Signor don't regard her.*) I beg pardon, Sir—but perhaps you don't know that this garden—

Signor. “Beviamo tutta trè!”—ah, ha!—les Demoiselles!—Ladies, à votre service.—

Mrs.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir! (*Curtseying.*)

Signor. I and the Honourable Mister Savage arrive last night—ce matin I take a my little valk—see your small Chateau, and am so enchanté with the spectâcle thât—me voici!—I honour you with my first visit—eh bien!—vat is your names?

Clara. Our names!—rather we should ask yours.

Signor. Mine!—Diable!—do you not know me?

Clara. No—how should we?

Signor. Vat! not know I am Signor Cygnet—de first Violin in Europe! de best composer in de whole world!—de husband of Signora Cygnet—de great singer at de opera—de professional—de Abbey—de—Marbleu!—and am I not myself?

Clara. No—I don't think you are yourself.

Mrs. Darnley. And so, Sir, you are on a visit at Mr. Savage's?

Signor. Oui—in my vay to Bath I condescend to pass a few days there—Lady Sarah Savage, she love music, or pretend to love—vich is de same ting you know—they entertain me comme câ—give me good dinners, and take ticketts for mine and my vife's concert—mais there be two tings I don't like.

Clara. And what are they, Sir?

Signor. Vy Mister Savage, he give me cold suppers and sleep in the best bed himself—Now, begar!—I vill have hot suppers and de best bed, or else I take a my fiddle and promenez—“Malbrouk s'en va, &c.” (*Singing.*)—De grand Duke—O! de grand Duke—he never use me thus—never—jamais!

Clara.

Clara. The Grand Duke!

Signor. Oui—ven I was at Florence how you tink he treat me? accoutez—he quarrel with all his Ministers—all but one!

Clara. And who was that one?

Signor. Me!—me he shake by the hand and go to my vife's benefit tout le même—de same as ever!

Clara.—[*To Mrs. Darnley.*] Upon my word, music seems so important a science, that I think you had better let your little boy have some lessons—it is necessary for his education—isn't it, Signor?

Signor. Neccessaire!—ma foi: 'tis de only education now-a-days—never mind vat you call Latin and Greek—put de fiddle in his little hand and let him scrape away! den he vill be great man—like me: and call for hot supper and best bed verever he go!

Mrs. Darnley. What! shall I give up making a parson of him, Clary?

Signor. Parson!—pif!—vat is de parson to de musician?—he ride his old white horse—preach away at four or five churches, and vat he get?—forty pounds a year—Eh bien! I and my vife ride in vis-a-vis—sing only ven we like, and make five thousand a year—ah ha! voila la difference!—Parson!—begar! de blind fidler get more money!

Mrs. Darnley. More shame for the country then, where foreign arrogance is so rewarded, and gentlemanly merit so insulted—come Clara—

Re-enter

Re-enter Sir George GAUNTLET.

Sir George. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Darnley ; but I and your husband have just been present at an accident, that——

Mrs. Darnley. An accident, sir !

Sir George. Yes : Lady Sarah Savage, who is one of those ladies call'd female phaetoneers, was driving four in hand across the heath ; the horses took fright, and ran away with her, when Darnley, with more gallantry than prudence, rode a-head of the unruly animals, and stopt them on the edge of a precipice.

Mrs. Darnley. Heaven be prais'd !—and where is the lady, sir ?

Sir George. My friend is conducting her to the villa, where he begs you'll instantly join them.

Mrs. Darnley. By all means—come—

[*To Clara.*

Clara. Signor, won't you assist your friend ?

Signor. Non—I am musician, not physician, and my head is so full of de tune.

Clara. So full of de vapour, he means—like the inside of his own violin—come cousin—now isn't it a pity, that while we have butterflies and bullfinches in the garden, we should be tormented with coxcombs and fiddlers—insects, adieu !

[*Exeunt Clara and Mrs. Darnley.*

Sir George. Signor, I rejoice to see you ; you have often assisted me in my amours, and I now want your aid more than ever.

Signor. Eh bien !—my wife has a concert at Bath next week.

Sir George. Has she ! then I'll give a dinner to some Somersetshire bumpkins, and force off

a score or two of tickets—You saw the lady I first spoke to—she has won my heart, and I have won her husband's.

Signor. Dat is good—den if you make de discord between them——

Sir George. Ay, Sgnior: if I excite jealousy! and this accident has sprung the mine—Lady Sarah Savage is already half in love with Darnley—She has invited him to Savage house, and if he takes Mrs. Darnley along with him——

Signor. Dey will be both out of tune for ever—ah ha! I go to Mr. Savage, toutesuite.

Sir George. Do—and increase Lady Sarah's love for Darnley—assist in all my schemes; triumph I must, and will; for I offer'd Mrs. Darnley my hand long before this husband won her heart.

Signor. I will be first fiddle rest assurè—tenez; I vill compose two duettos—one between Lady Sarah Savage and de husband—de other between you and de wife—allôns. You no conceive the power of music, Sir George.

Sir George. I do, Signor—for as Shakespeare says: "There's nought so stockish, hard and full of rage, but music for a time does change its nature."

Signor. Shakespeare! vat is dat Shakespeare? He never compose a single tune, and dough at present he make a little noise, begar, you'll soon find de fiddle and de bravura vill lay him on de shelf—now-a days, sound always get de better of sense, mon ami—Ah ha! venez! you no forget my wife's benefit. [Exeunt,

SCENE

SCENE II.—*A Room inside Mr. DARNLEY's Villa, Prints, Books, Fowling Pieces, Fishing Tackle, &c.*

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY and CLARA.

Mrs. Darnley. Well Clara: if Lady Sarah Savage be a picture of town-bred women of fashion, let me remain a plain simple rustic all my life—Did you ever see any thing so confident—so masculine—her brother too! “What you call impudence,” says he, “we call ease.”

Clara. Ay: they're a precious pair; and yet in London they are both the Rage!—quite at the top of the beau monde—But, cousin, they've order'd their carriages, and insist on our going to Savage house—Mercy on us! what's to become of two lambs amongst such a parcel of wolves?

Mrs. Darnley. This is Sir George's scheme: to delude Mr. Darnley from this tranquil spot into fashionable life, is the first step towards affecting his base designs—He told Mr. Savage about your fortune too——

Clara. I know it: and the vulgar man made downright love to me directly;—'faith-Coz. I believe Sir George wants to get me married, and you unmarried.

Lady Sarah Savage without.) Bring round the Phaeton, and d'ye hear—don't tighten the curbs—I'll whip and gallop them every inch of the road.

Clara. “She'll whip and gallop them!” there now!—this is one of the modern breed of

fine ladies, who, instead of being feminine and tender, have the Rage for confidence and boldness—Look at her dress—she's more like a man than a woman, and her language is as masculine as her manners.

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE dressed in a great coat, with a number of capes; a plain round beaver hat; a fur tippet and sash. Boot shoes, a whip in her hand, and a riding habit, under great coat; two grooms enter with her.

Lady Sarah. John, exercise the pointers, and the hounds—I shall shoot to-morrow, and hunt the next day.

Groom. Any thing else, madam?

Lady Sarah. No—nothing—Oh yes: call at the taylor's and enquire for my fencing jacket—tell him I broke two foils in my last rencontre, and ask him if any body ought to make assaults in a gown and petticoat?—Ah! my little dears—here (*Seeing Mrs. Darnley and Clara, she makes them pull off her great coat, which the groom takes.*) Well! and how do ye do? Oh William!—tell the recruiting serjeant I must learn the new military manœuvres, and bid him bring the largest fusil in the regiment—there—go along— [*Groom Exeunt.*

Mrs. Darnley. I hope you have recover'd your fright, ma'am.

Lady Sarah. Recover'd!—heh!—why, where's my deliverer?—my dear charming Mr. Darnley?

Mrs. Darnley. Madam!

Lady Sarah. He is certainly the most divine engaging creature—I mean to take him home with

with me, and the Phaeton is waiting—so call him, child—(to Clara.) call him directly.

Clara. Call :—whom, madam ?

Lady Sarah. Why, Mr. Darnley, to be sure ; what does the girl stare at ?—did she never see a person of quality before.

Clara. Never—its the first time, ma'am ; and if this is the specimen, I hope it will be the last :—I'll call Mr. Darnley. [Exit.

Lady Sarah. I wish I was like you, my dear—I wish I was married—its so comfortable—so convenient—heigho !—I shall be so glad when old Sir Paul is my stalking horse—my husband I mean—shan't you, Mrs. ———

Mrs. Darnley. Excuse me, madam : when I reflect, that Sir Paul is Mr. Darnley's uncle, and by your union he is deprived of all his future fortune, you cannot blame me, if ———.

Lady Sarah. Deprive my dear Darnley of his fortune !—so it does—well !—that's vastly droll !—but then it makes mine, which is the same thing you know—See !—here's my bear of a brother !—you've no idea what low, vulgar company he keeps ?—nothing but Buffoons, Bow-street Officers, and Boxers !—and only conceive, my dear, me and my friends mixing in such horrid society.

Mrs. Darnley. Surely Mr. Savage cannot with——

Lady Sarah. He does, ma'am : and only conceive I say my intimate acquaintance—people of the first consequence—such as Signor Cygnet, the husband of the fine Soprano—Monsieur Puppitini, the inventor of the dear Fantoccini, and Count Spavin the greatest of Horse Doctors—only imagine such pick'd com-
pany

pany as this, mixing with my brother's low-liv'd wretched crew.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed, ma'am, people of rank ought to set a better example.

Enter the Honourable Mr. SAVAGE.

Savage. So Savage—sister I mean—I lost ten pounds by your silly accident—The moment I saw the horses off, I said to my friends around me, ten pounds to five, the driver gets a tumble—"done!"—"it's a bett" says I—away flew the racers,—snap went the reins—five to four in my favour!—when plague on't! the Squire rode across, stopt the carriage—you sav'd your neck, and I—lost my wager.

Lady Sarah. You brute: did you ever hear your brother, Lord Savage, talk in this manner?

Savage. My brother!—pough!—he's a gentleman to be sure—proud, independent, and all in the grandee style—but I!—I'm not like him—I'm a man of fashion—I'm not a gentleman.

Lady Sarah. No—that you are not upon my honour.

Savage. I am the hero of my society—he is the slave of his—he keeps high company, ma'am (*To Mrs. Darnley,*) lives with judges, generals, and admirals—but does he ever encourage the arts and sciences? does he ever shake hands with men of genius? such as peace officers, tennis play'rs, and boxers—no, no—that was left for me.

Lady Sarah. Yes: and though born to wealth and titles, there you stand, that have been six times bottle holder at a boxing match!—vulgar science!—I hope Sir Paul don't understand it.

Savage.

Savage. No—not now—but if he makes you his wife, it may be necessary he should, learn,—I say, ma'am, that was a straight one—wasn't it.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed I don't know, sir;—Wou'd Mr. Darnley were here!—I am unequal to their society; but from the little I have learnt, I think one hour of domestic life worth all this new unintelligible scene.

Savage. Hark'ye: (*to Lady Sarah,*) here's a letter from the old beau, Sir Paul—he is coming to Bath, and can only stay one day with us, in his way; but as people of quality are not always people of quantity you know, he shan't stir, till the marriage is effected—mum!—I'll keep him close——

Enter DARNLEY.

Savage. Ha! squire!—come Mrs. Darnley; (*takes her by the hand.*) I'll drive you and your pretty cousin——

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, I am unus'd to visiting; unfit——

Savage. Nonsense!—I never take an excuse; when I ask people to my house, I make them go when I like—stay while I like, and behave as I like—so come along—squire mind you don't snap the reins; and d'ye hear; as my sister is rather lame—only just recover'd from the gout—

Lady Sarah. The gout!—how dare you, sir?

Savage. What!—do you deny it?—do you disown having been cur'd by a quack doctor, and returning him thanks in all the papers?
 “Lady Sarah Savage informs Dr. Panacea, that
 “his alagaronic antispasmodonic tincture, has
 “entirely remov'd the gout from the extremi-
 ties,

“ries, and she now hunts, shoots, eats and
“drinks more freely than ever!”—now isn’t
it a shame, ma’am? between them, they plunder both the patient and the physician.—The
quack cheats the doctor of his fee, and the
woman robs the man of his gout.

[*Exit with Mrs. DARNLEY.*

Lady Sarab. Oh, Mr. Darnley!—I am so glad
you’re going to Savage house—’twill be such a
relief—come—I’ll appoint you my rural Cicis-
beo—my guardian shepherd—you sav’d my life,
and I won’t let you die for me, I am deter-
min’d!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Honourable Mr. SAVAGE'S Park and Garden—a Canal with a Vessel on it—a Bridge—a Temple surrounded with Weeping Willows—at the Wing a Portico and Steps leading to the House.*

Enter DARNLEY and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET from the Portico.

Sir George. Why now indeed you are an alter'd man?

Darnley. I am—I am—the wine—the scene—the company—has so transported me, that I begin to think I'm not quite sober, Sir George—I do indeed.

Sir George. No wonder at it—you've led the life of a recluse and every new scene dazzles you—you are like a nun escap'd from a convent.

Darnley. No—more like a Friar in one—at least if I may judge by my eating and drinking—But my friend—this is a glorious place, and I begin to think I've liv'd too long out of the world—coop'd up in a cottage—buried in a farm—What did I know of life and all its pleasures?

Sir George. Ay: what indeed?—in town—and Savage-house is the same thing you see; for they always bring London into the country with them—but Lady Sarah, Darnley—I saw you at dinner;—she gave you such affectionate looks.—

Darnley. Fie! fie Sir George—you forget—I am a married man.

Sir George. A married man!—what then!

D

Darnley

Darnley. Why then I love my wife—I do—I tenderly love her—and when I chuse to play the fool, let me expose myself, but not wound her for heaven's sake!

Sir George. Nonsense!—you don't know Lady Sarah—she is one of those confident females, who won't let a man escape—who mark you for their prey---lure you into their talons; and, if you don't yield, will so claw you.—

Darnley. What! make me love her whether I will or not?

Sir George. Certainly: but consider the advantages of her friendship: first she can get you promotion in the army; secondly, by gaining an ascendancy over her, you may prevent her marrying your uncle; and thirdly, you can provide for your family without injuring your honour—there!—there's an opportunity!

Darnley. That's true; and if I thought—hark'ye; as we're alone, and you're my best of friends—I've got a letter from her! the Signor brought it me—here! (*taking out a letter.*)—She appoints me to meet her in her dressing-room.

Sir George. Bravo, Signor!—(*aside*)—let's read.—(*Reads the Letter.*)—“Lady Sarah Savage, “having something particular to communicate “to Mr. Darnley, begs to see him in her dressing-room in an hour's time.”——Go by all means,—go, I insist.

Darnley. Why, if I can persuade her not to marry Sir Paul, or even get her to interfere with him—I'll go!—I'm fix'd—I'll write to her this instant. “He that essays no danger gains no “praise!”

Enter

Enter the Honourable Mr. SAVAGE hastily.

Savage. Joy! joy my lads! Sir Paul is arrived! and how do you think the old boy introduced himself to my porter?—"Tell your master, says he, a young gentleman desires to see him."

Sir George. Young gentleman!—that's excellent—he's at least seventy-two.

Savage. No, you wrong him; he's only seventy—Sir Paul Perpetual—Old P. I mean; for that's his nick name you know—has been the ancient beau of the age these thirty years, and as his great grief is, that he never had a son, he wants my consent to marry my sister.

Darnley. And do you mean to consent, sir?

Savage. Certainly—I say (*aside to Sir George*)—I want his fortune to repair my own, and therefore he shan't leave the house till the marriage is effected—you know my way.—I've given the hint to the servants.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir here's the young gentleman.

Savage. Squire, take my place at the table—push the wine about, and tell the jovial crew to prepare for quizzing—quizzing you rogue!—go (*Darnley exit*)—the license is in my pocket, a parson's in the house, and if we can but confuse the young gentleman, we'll marry him in a joke, and afterwards take his fortune in earnest.

Enter SIR PAUL PERPETUAL, in a riding dress.

Sir Paul. "Be lively, brisk and jolly!—lively, brisk and jolly!" (*singing.*) Ah, my boys!—here I am—as young and hearty—but I can't stay; I must be at Bath to-morrow.

Sir George. At Bath!—what to drink the waters? to renovate before marriage, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. No—upon my soul there's no occasion—though, at present, perhaps a little physical advice wouldn't be much amiss: for between ourselves, I've just cut a tooth, and suffer'd most violently from the hooping cough! (*They laugh*)—Why what do you laugh at?

Savage. Nothing—nothing—only we wonder'd how such a chicken as you could struggle against a pair of such mortal disorders!—but, seriously—what takes you to Bath?

Sir Paul. Such an event? I have trac'd a son; a boy above twenty years of age! that's my first reason—my second is—to see my grandfather.

Savage. Your grandfather!

Sir Paul. Hark'ye—he shall make settlements on my first four children.

Sir George. Pray, Sir Paul—I beg your pardon though—what age may your grandfather be?

Savage. Two hundred, if he's an hour! heh? an't I right, old P.?

Sir Paul. Old P.! there it is now!—here I stand, that walk as much as any man—that ride as much as any man—that am every night at a concert, an opera, or a club—that sing, dance, game or intrigue! and what's more, that have done all this for sixty years!—and yet to be call'd
old

old P!—they said I never was a father—but I shall soon prove the great and glorious fact.

Savage. Ay! how will you prove it?

Sir Paul. How! why you've all heard of my little Nelly—poor girl! she was jealous, and she left me to marry a tradesman—a clerk at a lottery office, and three months after we parted she was deliver'd of a boy—a fine boy! as like me as one Cupid is to another—a year after her marriage, she died, and I can hear nothing of her husband; but let him say what he will, I'll swear the boy was mine; I'll swear it, because I'm convinc'd I'm father to more children than one, Sir George.

Sir George. Very likely; but where did you learn all this?

Sir Paul. From Nelly's sister; a month ago I accidentally met her at Tunbridge; she had neither seen nor heard of the husband since her sister's death, but she remember'd the child went by his mother's name! its mine!—I'm sure its mine! and (*they laugh again.*) I tell you what—you'd better be careful; for when you and other young sprigs of fashion smile at me, jeer me, and call me the infirm old P.!—'gad! you little think you dogs, you are laughing at your own father perhaps! however, I've trac'd my boy to Bath, and whoever discovers him shall have the too best racers in my stud.

Savage. What fidget and fizgig? then I'll seek for young P. myself—I'll find him—I'll—but hold—hold—(*Stopping Sir Paul who is going*) don't go yet—your nephew's in the house.

Sir Paul. What Darnley?—zounds! then I won't stay a moment—no—not even to see my dear Lady Sarah, who I'll marry if its only to
disappoint

disappoint that rural reprobate—that—I'm gone.

Savage. No—you're not—I'll tell you a secret; you shall stay a week with me.

Sir Paul. A week!

Savage. Ay: I've my reasons—so don't think of stirring; for your horses are turn'd out to graze—your saddles and bridles snug in a hiding place, and all the gates double bar'd, inside and out.

Sir Paul. What the devil! make a prisoner of me?

Savage. Nonsense!—I only forestall your wishes:—I'm sure you want some soft discourses with my sister, and don't I know what my visitors like better than they do themselves? don't I know you like getting drunk?—so come; come in and drink! (*Pulling him.*)

Sir Paul. I don't—I hate drinking; and death and fire! haven't I told you I want to find my son ———

Sir George. (*Aside to Sir Paul.*) Humour him; humour him, Sir Paul; or he'll refuse you his sister.

Savage. Ay: give consent, or else ———

Sir Paul. Or else I lose my wife I suppose; when I'm in the country, don't I like always to live quiet, and keep early hours, and would you lock me in a house where you never see the sun? where you go to bed just before it rises, and get up the moment after it sets?

Savage. Will you give up the marriage, and let Darnley have his wish?

Sir Paul. No—I'll die first—I'll ———

Savage. Then will you join the jolly crew and prove—

Sir

Sir George. That you have as much health, youth, and spirits—

Savage. As any choice spirit—

Sir George. Or young gentleman—

Sir Paul. In the whole world!—I'm rous'd ! I'm fir'd ! and to shew I'm season'd ! true English heart of Oak !—allôns !

Savage. (Singing.) “ Bring the flask ! the music———

Sir George. (Singing.) “ Joy shall quickly find us—

Sir Paul. “ Let us dance and laugh and sing, and drive old care behind us !”

[*Exeunt at Portico.*

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Mrs. Darnley. Can this be the mansion of elegance and taste ? I meet with nothing but rudeness and neglect !—I wish I could find Mr. Darnley !—I dare say, by this time, he is sicken'd of the scene, and anxious as myself, to see his home again.

Enter DARNLEY from the Portico, half drunk, with Lady Sarah Savage's letter in his hand.

Darnley. (Speaking as he enters.) Fill away my boys !—fill !—fill !—while I like a faithful gallant !—gallant ! hold, hold, friend Darnley. This letter is to benefit your interest, not sacrifice your honour.

Mrs. Darnley. Heavens !—what do I see ? Mr. Darnley !

Darnley. (Not regarding her.) Yes :—you do ; you see Mr. Darnley.

Mrs.

Mrs. Darnley. Why?—what's the matter with you!—what's that letter?

Darnley. This letter?—this is a love letter, my angel,—ha!—why it is!—it is my wife!

Mrs. Darnley. Yes: that wife who in the hour of dissipation you forget—can I believe it?—in a little hour can all our past attachment—but why am I alarmed?—Fashion may dupe the wicked and the weak, but virtue such as his must scorn its empty power.

Darnley. Forget!—no never!—and now I look at you—I think I ought to be massacred for having even for a moment neglected you—Oh! Maria!—I have such news for you—Lady Sarah has been so kind—she has promised to promote me—to befriend you—and in short she has taken a liking to the whole family.

Mrs. Darnley. And why, Harry?

Darnley. Why! ay: there's the rub! but don't be jealous, Maria—I entreat you, don't be jealous!—for by heaven, I love you!—I do so tenderly that if it were not for my promise, I could find in my heart to return home directly.

Mrs. Darnley. Do; let us begone—the place distracts me: and I fear this high company will corrupt you.

Darnley. High company!—hang it:—if that's all you're afraid of, there's not much danger in this house I fancy—but my letter—my word to Sir George—and consider our interest, Maria.

Mrs. Darnley. Oh no—consult our happiness my love; and surely there is none in this tumultuous scene—we left all joy behind us, in our children and our cottage, Harry; and there alone we shall recover it—come.

Darnley. She's right—the pretty prattler has reason on her side and who can disobey—(looks without,

without,) ha!—Sir George and Lady Sarah in close conversation!—they beckon me!—again!

Mrs. Darnley. Why do you pause?

Darnley. I'm in for it—the die is cast!—Maria!—excuse me. *(going from her.)*

Mrs. Darnley. How! will you leave me, Mr. Darnley?

Darnley. What can I do?—'tis but for a short time.—

Mrs. Darnley. You must not.

(Laying hold of him.)

Darnley. Nay: only for an hour.

Mrs. Darnley. *(Letting him go and taking out her handkerchief.)*—This is the first time you ever us'd me thus.

Darnley. So it is—now what a pretty scoundrel I am!—and this is fashionable life is it?—Oh fool! fool! to quit substantial peace for artificial pleasure!—don't weep, Maria—I go for our mutual advantage—I go to make our children happy.

Mrs. Darnley. Then stay with their mother—they never wish'd that we should part.

Darnley. Nor will we—we've liv'd so long and happily together, that I would rather lose the little we have left, than hurt your quiet.—*(Enter Sir George Gauntlet.)* Sir George stay with her—I'll see Lady Sarah, entreat her forgiveness, and return instantly; for, oh my friend!—my heart drops blood for every tear she sheds.

Sir George. P'sha!—remember your interest—Lady Sarah will soon reconcile your scruples, and leave me to compose Mrs. Darnley—nay: take your opportunity—you must keep the appointment—I insist—so begone!—*(Darnley exit.)* What a fuss here is about a man's leaving his

wife for an hour, when so many worthy couple would be happy to part for ever.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir George, tell me, where is he gone? tell me, that I may fly and overtake him!

Sir George. Why! can't you guess?

Mrs. Darnley. No, indeed, I cannot.

Sir George. Not that he is gone to Lady Sarah to keep an assignation with her.

Mrs. Darnley. An assignation.

Sir George. In her dressing-room! at this very hour—the gay scene has so alter'd him, that you see he has left you to keep the appointment.

Mrs. Darnley. I'll not believe it!—he is above such baseness.

Sir George. Won't you?—then I'll prove it.

Mrs. Darnley. I defy you!—he knows the value of my heart too well to trifle with it; and I've known him so long, that I'll not venture to suspect it—no—though his friend defames it.

Sir George. Nay then—you remember his hand-writing—here is his answer to the lady's letter—read.

[*giving her the letter.*]

Mrs. Darnley. (*Looks over it.*) Ha!—it is too plain—I am deceiv'd—deserted.

Sir George. I was the bearer of that letter, and preserv'd it merely to shew it you, I thought it the duty of a friend.

Mrs. Darnley. And from the same duty, you advis'd him to write it.—Oh! I have known you long, Sir George—you are one of those who find no happiness but in marring that of others—who seduce the affections of the husband, the better to betray the honour of the wife! and when you've spoilt all social and domestic peace, the friend

friend you laugh at, and the woman scorn!—I know you well!

Sir George. My dear ma'am, how you mistake!—I meant to oblige you.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir—there is but one way—leave me—nay, I insist—

Sir George. I shall obey.

Mrs. Darnley. I must have stronger proof before I am convinc'd, and then observe, Sir George, if his truth weakens, I'll add strength to mine! my constancy and honour shall be so exemplary, that I will shame him from his follies! make him repent: and when reclaim'd, be proud to say he is my own again! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*An elegant Apartment leading to Lady SARAH'S Dressing-Room—the Door in the Flat.*

Enter CLARA.

Clara. Yes: yes: its all over the House—Sir George makes no secret of the assignation, and I've no doubt but Darnley is now in that room waiting for Lady Sarah Savage—she can't come at present—the servant says, she's gone to the stables to see the beasts unharnes'd—faith! if she'd go to her brother's party she'd see that business already done!—however I'll prevent Darnley's exposing himself, and as he is certainly conceal'd in that room, I'll talk to him.—Dear!—here's my guardian again!

E 2

Enter

Enter Sir PAUL PERPETUAL, (hastily.)

Sir Paul. So far, I'm safe, my dear girl; you don't know what your poor guardian has suffer'd in this high—no—this low-lif'd house!—they forc'd me into a room full of buffoons, boxers, and blacklegs—made me drink a bowl of punch, and I'd as soon drink so much poison—then winking and nodding they began whispering pretty loudly—"smoke the old prig!—damme, quiz him!"

Clara. Quiz him!—what's that, Guardy?

Sir Paul. Why, with our young men of quality, quizzing is a substitute for wit, my dear; so one man challeng'd me to play on the violin, and when I rose to move my elbows, another whip'd the chair from under me; a second put hot coals into my pocket, so when I felt for my handkerchief, I burnt my fingers; a third tried to cut off my tail, but that assassin I pursued, when unluckily in running after him, they had tied a string across the stairs, and I pitch'd headforemost into a *barrel* of water, they had placed for the purpose.

Clara. Indeed, its quite terrible, Gaurdy.

Sir Paul. Then they shew'd me a license; brought me a fat parson, and said, if I'd instantly be married, they'd let me go to find my son—if not, I should be lock'd in, and have plenty of it—now here's hospitality!—but they've overshot the mark; and if I get out of their doors, I'll not only break off the match, but promise to befriend Darnley. —

Clara. What! disappoint Lady Sarah, and relieve my poor distressed friend—then I'll get you out
of

of the house—I will, if I'm quizz'd to death for it—You see that door—if he meets Darnley, he'll at least interrupt the assignation.

Sir Paul. Secure my escape—only get me out of this den of savages, and, if I don't befriend Darnley, may I never live to see old age. Where does that door lead to?

Clara. I fancy to Lady Sarah's dressing room; for it is full of half boots, horse great coats, military fashes, helmet caps, and amazonian jackets! and this is your only way to escape—enter that room.

Sir Paul. Yes—

Clara. Put on one of Lady Sarah Savage's great coats, tie one of her fashes round your waist—throw a fur tippet about your neck, and with a whip in your hand, and her driving hat on your head—

Sir Paul. I understand—the servants will take me for their mistress, and open the gates; Oh! you dear girl! (*kisses her.*)—I'll about it instantly—(*opens the door in flat.*) I say, Clara, the hounds below are unkennel'd; they have started me for game, and after keeping them at bay, by fousing in a flood of water, I take to cover; that is, I put on Lady Sarah Savage's cloathes to avoid passing for a wild beast; mum! (*enters the room.*)

Clara. If he does but get out of the house, the marriage is broken off and Darnley made happy.

Lady Sarah Savage (without.) I'm at home to nobody but Mr. Darnley.

Clara. (*Going to the door.*) We're undone, ruin'd; stay where you are; here's Lady Sarah.

Sir Paul. (*putting his head out*)—The devil!

Clara.

Clara. Hush! lock yourself in, and don't stir till I tap at the door, or stop—stop—lest she or somebody else should tap, don't open it till I give you a signal—let me see; what shall be the watchword? Oh, “quizzing,” you won't forget “quizzing,” Guardy.

Sir Paul. No—I shall remember it these fifty years; so when I hear the word “quizzing,” out I come, and—softly—here she is (*skutting himself in.*)

Enter Lady SARAH, with pocket-book and tickets in her hand.

Lady Sarah. (*Speaking as she enters.*) Tell my dear Signor, I shall get rid of all these benefit tickets; heh! (*taking out her spying glass.*)—what young creature's this?

Clara. How d'ye do again ma'am?

Lady Sarah. Again! you're vastly forward child; I never saw you before.

Clara. No ma'am! that's very strange; you saw me this morning at Mr. Darnley's, and invited me to your house.

Lady Sarah. Oh, ay: now I recollect; you must excuse me; we people of rank are so very absent; we're extremely intimate with a person in the morning, and don't know them at night; well! I'm vastly glad to see you; but you mustn't stay here, I'm engaged child.

Clara. I shan't intrude, ma'am—good day.

Lady Sarah. Adieu! stop—stop—I forgot; give me two guineas.

Clara. Two guineas, ma'am!

Lady Sarah. Yes: for these tickets; they're for the Signor's wife's benefit at Bath next Monday,

day, the whole town will be there—nay, I shall attend—I'd make you take more, but as you'll have to pay card money bye and bye, it would be asking you to one's house absolutely to make a bargain of you! (*Clara gives the two guineas.*) there—you may go.

Clara. A bargain indeed! and a bad one too: for if I was mean enough to make money by my guests, would I lay it out on foreigners who loll in carriages? no—not while so many of our gallant soldiers and sailors have only wooden limbs to stand on! (*half aside.*) I am gone, ma'am, (*curtseying.*) and now may Darnley get out of the scrape—Sir Paul get out of the house—and she and her brother knock their stupid heads together. *[Exit.]*

Lady Sarah. I suppose this silly creature has interrupted the charming Mr. Darnley, and he has stept into my dressing room—(*goes to the door and finds it fasten'd.*)—lock'd inside—it must be so—(*listens*)—I declare I hear him moving; (*she listens again*)—he sighs!—poor man! (*she speaks loudly.*)—don't be dejected, my dear sir; when I'm married to that old tottering beau, Sir Paul, I'll think of nothing but you. So come, Mr. Darnley, (*Enter Mrs. Darnley,*) come my sweet Mr. Darnley.

Mrs. Darnley. Can it be possible?—then all's confirm'd madam, when I am convinced that my husband—that Mr. Darnley has been decoyed into that room.

Lady Sarah. (*Spying at her.*) Bless me!—its Mrs. Darnley!—this is a little awkward—however I'll soon talk her out of it, (*aside.*) Don't be uneasy, my dear—these fashionable intrigues are
very

very harmless, I'll assure you, and if you had had my free and liberal education—but poor thing! I suppose you were sent to school for instruction.

Mr. Darnley. To school! as certainly ma'am—

Lady Sarah. There it is then: for what could you learn! only to sing well enough to spoil conversation—to play on the harpsichord, so as to give papa, mama, and the whole family an afternoon's nap—to dance so awkwardly as to be always out of tune and place; and to speak just French enough, to make you forget English; this is a boarding school education—But I my dear——

Mrs. Darnley. Hear me, madam! when I first saw you, I was the happiest of women—I had a husband who lov'd and honour'd me—who doated on his children, and knew no pleasure but in his family! and now how severe is the reverse! you have robb'd me of that treasure, seduc'd it from my heart, and I return to a melancholy home, without a friend for my own distresses, or a father for my children!

Lady Sarah. And how can I help it?—didn't I mean to do you both a service by introducing you to the great world?

Mrs. Darnley. Great world!—there again, madam!—when I enter'd this house, I expected from the exalted rank of its owner to have been surrounded with kindness, elegance, and hospitality!—but I find that high birth doesn't create high breeding, nor am I, because humbly born, less likely to set a polish'd example than yourself—Oh Darnley! why will you not come forth and save your once lov'd wife from agonies too great to bear.

Enter

Enter Mr. SAVAGE.

Savage. So, Savage—here's a pretty story buzz'd about!—they say that Darnley, the country 'squire, is lock'd up in your dressing-room! if this is true, you Jezebel——

Lady Sarah. Scandalous brute!—but I don't wonder at it, you've had such a low, vulgar education.

Savage. I had an education!—well, that's more than ever you had!—but look'ye, Miss, no time must be lost; for if Sir Paul discovers your intriguing he'll break off the marriage, and we are ruin'd—yes; ruined, madam! (*to Mrs. Darnley.*) you and your infamous husband will make your own plots and mar mine—so I'll unkennel him.

Mrs. Darnley. Hold, fir—indeed he is not to blame—he was betray'd into that room.

Lady Sarah. Betray'd!—nay, then I must confess, brother, that Mr. Darnley is there; I dare say he conceal'd himself on purpose to expose me to Sir Paul—nay, I am sure of it now.

Savage. (*looking thro' the key-hole.*) I see him through the key-hole—the rascal's in disguise! (*Enter two servants.*) John, call up the club—unloose the hounds—tell the whole house to prepare for quizzing—quizzing, you rogue.——

Sir PAUL, dress'd in Lady SAVAGE's Great Coat, &c. opens the door, endeavours to escape, but meeting Mr. SAVAGE retires again directly.

Savage.—John, open the back-door, and shew the disguis'd gentleman out of the house directly—go—and as for you, Mrs. Darnley——

DARNLEY enters, and Mrs. DARNLEY, Lady SARAH, and SAVAGE, stand astonished.

Savage. Confusion!—Darnley!

Mrs. Darnley. Is he then innocent?—Oh Harry! (*Embracing him.*)

Lady Sarah. Amazing! why, who was that wretch in my coat, hat, and tippet?

Darnley. No less a gentleman than Sir Paul Perpetual—Clara told me the whole story—he put on that disguise to avoid the snares that were laid for him, and he has ere this left the house, determined to break off an union, that would have undone me and my family—Lady Sarah, I entreat your pardon; but here (*taking Mrs. Darnley by the hand.*) here is my apology.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I have shewn the disguis'd gentleman down stairs.

Savage. Go to the devil with you.—

[*Kicks the servant off.*]

Lady Sarah. Brother!

Savage. Sister!

Lady Sarah. We are the fools that are outwitted.

Savage. Yes: we've turn'd out the wrong man—but let's pursue and overtake him instantly; come,—'squire, I insist you leave my house directly; and as to you, Miss—if I catch the young gentleman, I'll have some sport, I'm determined—I'll turn you both loose amongst the hounds below, and the Club shall decide, whether

ther old P. isn't the prettiest looking female of the two ! *[Exit with Lady Sarah.*

Darnley. I resolved, Maria, to meet any censure, rather than give a pang to such a heart as yours ; but let us be gone——

Mrs. Darnley. Ay : let us return to our villa, nor ever wander more.

Darnley. No—not yet, Maria.

Mrs. Darnley. Not yet !

Darnley. No—I have a plan to execute—Sir George, my best of friends, has invited us both to his aunt's house at Bath, and is now waiting without to conduct us.

Mrs. Darnley. Do not go ! let me entreat you ! do not—I have a thousand fears.

Darnley. Nay, nay : he will introduce us to friends, who can render us essential service ; come—come—indulge me—the society will be pleasant, and unlike this ill-bred scene—

Mrs. Darnley. Well ! if it must be so—Ah, Harry ! I have now pass'd hours in the humble and exalted scenes of life, and I find that good breeding is confin'd to no rank or situation ! it consists in good sense, and good humour ; and I believe we may see as large a share of it under the roof of the cottage, as in the splendid mansions of the great ! *[Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A superb room in FLUSH's house; handsome sideboard of Plate—Pictures in elegant frames—gilded chairs—two servants in fine liveries, putting silver coffee pot, tea urn, &c. on the table for breakfast, a third servant shewing in* READY.

Enter READY.

Ready. Tell your master, his agent desires to see him.

Servant. Sir, Mr. Flush is hardly drest yet.

Ready. Not up!—why it's two o'clock.

Servant. Very likely, sir—my master seldom rises sooner—besides he gave a grand supper last night; all the first people in Bath were present, sir.

Ready. Well! well! tell him Mr. Ready is here. (*Servant exit.*) Now isn't it amazing that a man who was only twelve years ago clerk to a lottery-office-keeper in London, should be so rich, and so visited. And how has he done all this? how, but by the modern mystery of money-lending!—by opening a shop in the city for linens, gauzes, and muslins—by keeping a fine house near Bond-street, and another in Bath. His son manages in London, and I here; while he, by not appearing, is every where noticed and respected.

Flush. (*without.*) James! Thomas! tell the cook to send a plan of my dinner.

Ready.

Ready. He's such an epicure! and he, who formerly could scarcely get necessaries, is now not satisfied with luxuries.

FLUSH enters with two servants.

Flush. (*sits.*) Ha! Ready! how d'ye do, Ready?

Ready. Sir! (*bowing.*)

Flush. Sit down, Ready—sit down. (*Ready sits.*) well! how go on money matters?

Ready. I have alter'd the advertisement as you desir'd, and inserted it in the Bath and Bristol papers.

Flush. Read it—read it. (*Takes up a pine apple on the breakfast-table.*) You scoundrels! (*to the servants.*) is this a pine apple for a gentleman? buy a larger; buy one if it costs ten pounds; I can afford it—read, Ready, read.

Ready. (*reading a newspaper.*) “Money matters.—The nobility, gentry, ladies of fashion, officers of rank, bankers, &c. may be secretly accommodated with money to any amount, on personal security only, by applying to P. O. Holly Street, Bath—No. 93.”

Flush. Excellent! well! does the trap fill? have you caught any birds?

Ready. Plenty; plenty of pigeons already; (*takes out his pocket-book.*) here, here's a note for five hundred—left by a dashing young parson—I think it's good.

Flush. (*looking at it.*) It is—treat him well; give him value; I can afford it.

Ready. Value! but in what manner, sir?

Flush. (*rising.*) Oh! pay him in the old way, Ready; first, give him my draft at a week for thirty
thirty

thirty guineas, then offer him damag'd lincn and muslin to the amount of one hundred and twenty, and bid him call again in a fortnight—you have his note all the time you know.

Ready. Certainly, fir; and when he calls——

Flusby. Give him a bad bill for one hundred and fifty, and pay him the odd hundred in trifles; such as paste buckles, gilt bracelets, Westphalia hams, painted prints, neats tongues, and Stilton cheeses—so shake hands, and have done with Master Parson.

Ready. But not with the bill, fir.

Flusby. No—my bankers discount it, and pay it away; till passing through different hands, somebody gives value for it at last, and then the glorious work begins—then comes the hero into combat! an attorney is employ'd! an attorney, my boy! action is brought upon action! declaration filed upon declaration! till the drawer, acceptor, and indorsers all get into the King's Bench—the King's Bench—no—I beg pardon; the high money-lenders, and low attornies, have so fill'd it with their dupes, that there isn't room there—the house overflows! so Newgate, Newgate is the shop!

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Here's your son just arriv'd from London!

Flusby. Shew him in. *[Exit servant.]*

Ready. I'm told, fir, Mr. Gingham is quite another man, since I saw him.

Flusby. Yes, yes, you knew his curst, ingenuous, candid disposition; he learnt it in the country, the dog would speak the truth, and his simplicity

plicity so injur'd our trade, that I threatened to turn him out of doors; but he has reform'd, Ready! the boy has the good sense to tell a lie now, and I've sent for him to witness his blessed reformation.

Ready. Ay, sir, your son always spoke his mind too freely—in short, Mr. Gingham was too honest for his profession.

Flush. He was; however, he has given me his word, never to speak what comes uppermost, and he is now what he ought to be; a regular, solemn, jesuitical—in short—he's a very promising young man.

Enter GINGHAM.

Gingham. Sir, your hand—Ready, yours. Well! here I am—quite converted—like father, like son—tell a lie without blushing.

Flush. Here—I told you so—ay, ay, I knew the boy would come to something good at last—so, my dear boy, you have left off telling the truth—speaking your mind.

Gingham. Mum! close as the cabinet—keep you in my eye—put on your face, and do it so punctually, you wouldn't know young P. O. from yourself—(*Looking about the room.*) Zounds! what a fine house you've got! how it's furnish'd! what plate! what pictures!

Flush. The result of trade and honest industry, Frank—yes—it's pretty furniture, isn't it?

Gingham. Pretty furniture! it's so handsome, that, except yourself, curse me, if I see a shabby bit in the room!—nay, nay, upon my soul, I didn't allude to you; I meant Ready.

Ready.

Ready. He's at his old tricks I see—as candid as ever.

Gingham. Plague on't ! I could sooner bite off my tongue, than stop its speaking what I think ! nay, fir, now pray.

Flusb. Well, well, I excuse you this once ; I, a shabby bit ! however we shall soon see—how goes on the shop in London ?

Gingham. The shop !

Flusb. Ay, the shop in the city that you've the care of—the linens—the——

Gingham. Oh, ay ; now I recollect : why very well upon the whole, I believe, fir—very well—only between ourselves, I am afraid it won't last ; I think we and our tricks shall be found out—you understand—

Flusb. Found out ! 'sblood, firrah——

Gingham. Softly, fir—softly—don't put yourself in a passion, and lay the blame on me ; don't charge me with our ruin, for every body knew my opinion long ago ; didn't they, Ready ? I told it to a thousand people—says I, “ swindling will never thrive, and I and my poor father shall get duck'd at last ! ”

Flusb. You did ! did you ?

Gingham. That I did, fir ; and I'll prove I said so—the other night I slept at the west end, and two friends—distress'd old officers in the army—brought their notes to be discounted—says I, “ Gentlemen, it won't do—you'll get little cash, but a quantity of trumpery nonsense, such as hams, cheeses, prints, linens, and other vegetables ! ” said they, “ We know that—we know you and your father are two infernal sharpers, but a guinea now is worth ten a month hence—so give us the money.”

Flusb.

Flush. Well : and you took their note, didn't you ?

Gingham. No, I didn't—I gave them the cash, shook the two old soldiers by the hand, and said I was tir'd of such d——d swindling practices.

Ready. This is sad work, Mr. Gingham ; you'll never be at the top of your profession.

Gingham. The top !—Oh ! what the pillory ? no—I leave that to you, Ready.

Flush. Was there ever such a scoundrel ?—but we'll hear more, (*Aside.*)—So, you sleep at the west end of the town, do you ?

Gingham. Always—it's vulgar to be in the city of an evening ? besides I like to walk in Kensington-gardens in the morning—you know Kensington-gardens, father—the place where there's such a mixture of green leaves and brown powder—of blue violets and yellow shoes ; and where there's such a croud, that to get air and exercise you stand a chance of broken bones and suffocation ! Well !—there I strut away, my boys——

Flush. You do—do you ?—I can hardly keep my hands off the rascal—So then, I suppose, the moment my back was turn'd, you never thought of business.

Gingham. Business !—no never—did I, Ready ? I recollected my father play'd the same game before me ; that when he was clerk at the lottery-office, at billiards all the morning, and at hazard all the evening—therefore, says I, where's the difference ?—none ! but that he had the policy to conceal his tricks, and I the folly to shew mine—heh ! I'm right—an't I, Ready ?

Flush. You villain !—is this your reformation ? not even conceal your own faults, much more

mine. Expose my character, neglect my trade, and strut away in Kensington-gardens ! I have done with you ; from the country you came, and to the country you shall return—Speak the truth, indeed ! zounds ! firrah, what has truth to do with money-lending ? [*Here Ready exit.*]

Enter CLARA SEDLEY.

Clara. Oh, Guardy—I'm just come to Bath with Mr. and Mrs. Darnley—we are all on a visit at Sir George Gauntlet's, and——

(*seeing Gingham she stops.*)

Flusb. It's only my son, Clara—a simple foolish young man.

Gingham. (*bowing to her.*) More knave than fool, upon my honour, ma'am.

Clara. The gentleman don't praise himself I see, Mr. Flusb.

Gingham. No, ma'am—nor do I know any body that will praise me—unless my father indeed.

Flusb. Silence, sir !—well : but about the rural pair, my dear ward ; do you know I have a great regard for Mr. and Mrs. Darnley.

Clara. Have you ? I'm vastly glad of that ; for your joint guardian, Sir Paul, is so employ'd in seeking for his lost child, that he has forgot his promise to assist Darnley ; therefore I want you to do him a favour.

Flusb. A favour !—he may command me.

Clara. The case is this—his increase of family has so enlarg'd his expences, that he has thoughts of returning to the army—Sir George has promised to procure him a company, but Mrs. Darnley, not chusing he should owe his promotion to him, wishes he should purchase ; now,
Guardy,

Guardy, if you would lend him two hundred pounds.

Flusb. Two hundred pounds, child !

Gingham. Ay, two hundred pounds, father !

Flusb. Who bid you speak, fir ?—Why, Clara, in money matters there is an etiquette.

Clara. True : but this is your friend.

Gingham. So it is, ma'am : the man he has a great regard for.

Clara. And when you consider the charms of Mrs. Darnley, and the wants of her children—

Gingham. He can't refuse, ma'am—indeed he don't intend it—and therefore as I see he means to grant the favour, I'll save him the trouble of putting his hand in his pocket—Here ma'am ! (*taking out bank notes*) here are two bank notes of a hundred each—they belong to Mr. Flusb—now they belong to Mr. Darnley---(*Flusb gets in his way and prevents Clara's taking them*)—he begs you'll give them to his friend—and present his compliments—and say, he'll double the sum.

Flusb. Stand off—stand off—or by heavens I'll—

Gingham. (*Offering Clara the notes across his father*) Double the sum, whenever called upon, ma'am.

Flusb. Hold your tongue, or I'll knock it down your throat, firrah.—I say, Clara, in the way of business, I've no objection to do Mr. Darnley a service ; that is, if I can make a profit by it—first, he should send me his note.

Clara. Here it is, fir. (*Giving it to Flusb.*)

Flusb. That's right—now we can proceed—here, fir—(*Giving the note to Gingham.*) take the note to my agent, and tell him to give Mr. Darnley thirty pounds—I can afford it.

Gingham. This is too bad—take, in his own friend, and a man with a family. (*aside.*) Sir,—a word if you please—I told you, we were all blown upon—now here's an opportunity for retrieving our reputation—lend him the two hundred pounds—prove, for once, we can behave like gentlemen, and hark'ye—we shan't reach the top of the profession. (*Putting up his neckcloth.*)

Flusb. This is beyond bearing—quit the room directly—'sdeath! leave my house, sir, be-gone!—I disinheret you—I——

Clara. Lord!—why so angry, guardian? I'm sure he is a good young man, and as warm in his heart——

Flusb. Warm in his heart!—nonsense!—will he be warm in the funds? no—never—while he is so candid—so——

Clara. Not while he is candid, sir?

Flusb. No—do you think I made my fortune by candour or openness; answer me, sir—did I ever get a shilling by speaking the truth—speak!

Gingham. (*In a melancholy voice.*) No, sir, I never said you did—I know the contrary, sir; madam, I'm of a communicative disposition, I own; but there are many secrets of my father's I never blabb'd.

Flusb. Are there, sir?

Gingham. Yes, that there are, sir.

Flusb. I don't recollect them.

Gingham. Don't you? Why, now, did I ever mention, sir, that you got these pictures by suing out execution? That you got that plate, by its being pawn'd to you for half its value; that you intrigue with a female money-lender; and that the last time you were made a bankrupt, you

you went to get your certificate signed in a new vis-a-vis? did I, or will I ever mention these things?

Flusby. Begone, sir—I'll never see you more—Yet, stay—you have papers in your possession; meet me in an hour's time at my agent's, sir—at Mr. Ready's.

Gingham. Forgive me this once, father; I'll never let the cat out any more.

Flusby. No, sir, I never will forgive you—I am engaged, sir, and you know we great men are select in our company.

Gingham. Well, if it must be so—farewell, father! the world is all before me, and what trade to follow, Heaven only knows. Good bye, madam—your sex will never befriend me, because I can't keep a secret, you see.

Clara. I will befriend you, sir; for while there is so much deception and hypocrisy in the world, it would indeed be unjust not to approve such frankness and honesty. Guardy, let me intercede for him; I'll answer for his conduct.

Gingham. Ay; and if ever I mention ducking or swindling again—There, you see he's fix'd, ma'am.

Clara. At present he is, and therefore leave him; perhaps by the time you meet him at the agent's I shall have talk'd him into good humour. Adieu: depend on't, I shan't forget your generous intentions.

Gingham. Nor shall I, yours: and if Fortune smiles on me, I'll prove that I deserve your kindness—If ever my father pardons—but I see he's more and more angry, so I take my leave. May every blessing attend you—may you meet with a heart as liberal as your own—May your
cousins

cousins' distresses vanish—may your guardian once more value a son, who can't help speaking the truth for the soul of him. *[Exit.]*

Clara. Upon my word he's a charming man ! and pardon him you must, Guardy, if it's only to please me.

Flush. No—I'm determined.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The dinner's ready.

Flush. Come, Clara, you shall dine with me ; I want to talk to you, and if I cou'd see my joint guardian, Sir Paul——

Clara. I met him at your door—he's only just gone by.

Flush. Just gone by ! that's a mistake ; for the old beau has been gone by these thirty years : however, come in—come, and eat and drink what you like. Call for burgundy, champagne, or tokay—Ay, call for tokay, at a guinea a pint ; I can afford it, my dear ward, I can afford it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Crescent and the surrounding country.*

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE, and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET.

Lady Sarah. Sir George, I own my weakness; the proud, the haughty Lady Sarah is humbled: Darnley has ensnared my heart, and, one way or other, I must ensure his pity—Heigho! you are his friend, Sir George.

Sir George. You see I am; and that he esteems me more than ever, is evident from his bringing Mrs. Darnley to my house---did you mind his orders to her?---take an airing, my dear, with Sir George in his phaeton! it will raise your spirits, my love!——Ha! ha! he absolutely throws her into my arms.

Lady Sarah. Yes; but she absolutely contrives to get out of them again.

Sir George. She does; and therefore, there is no way but the one I mentioned; we must make Darnley jealous.

Lady Sarah. True:—I'll tell him that you love his wife.

Sir George. Nay, nay, not me—fix on somebody else---we'll soon find an object, and then, by convincing him of her falsehood, he naturally turns his thoughts to another woman; which is you, you know---and she wanting a protector, consequently flies to another man, which is me, you know---we'll add the Signor to the confederacy.

Lady

Lady Sarah. You're a fad wretch—a fad wretch indeed, Sir George, to impose on a friend, who places such confidence—such—I won't hear you—positively I won't hear you—only observe, if I don't win the cruel Darnley's affection, I'll drive my phaeton down a precipice in reality; I will, or with the bayonet of my fusil, pierce my too tender heart, and expire at his feet.

Enter the honourable Mr. SAVAGE hastily.

Savage. So, Sarah—I and Sir Paul have had such an adventure!—though we quarrel'd last night, we made it up to-day; for I never think alike two hours together—Do you, sister?

Lady Sarah. Never: but when I think of you brother, then I think more than I say, I assure you.

Savage. No; you say more than you think, I assure you—but would you believe it? The old boy has seen his son,—we trac'd him from the stage coach he came in, to the pump-room, from the pump-room, to the billiard-room—there Sir Paul saw him playing with the marker, and when he heard the young man's name, he fainted; actually fainted in my arms.

Lady Sarah. What, in a fit! poor old man! well! if you'll believe me, Sir George, I never saw a person in a fit in all my life.

Savage. Long before he recover'd, the young man was gone—the bird was flown—for the standers by, all blacklegs, began laying betts on Sir Paul's recovery, and those who were against him, wouldn't let water be thrown in his face.

Lady

Lady Sarah. Inhuman wretches!—they ought to have sours'd him to death: but pray, brother, who is this child? where does he come from? what's the story?

Savage. Why—about twenty years ago, Sir Paul's lady quarrell'd with him at Tunbridge, and married a citizen—Four months after the marriage she had a son, which the citizen brought up as his own, and Sir Paul now swears the boy was his—'gad! it will be curious; for the child will have two fathers.

Lady Sarah. Curious! not at all—but why should you meddle?

Savage. Because it secures me the two best racers in the stud—Fidget and Fizgig; and what's better, because it still secures us Sir Paul's fortune; for though he won't marry you himself, he intends his son should; and, if I could but once more see the young man—I know he goes by his mother's name—(*Looking out.*) heh! it's him! there he is again!—get out of the way; don't interrupt—

Lady Sarah. No—I have too great a regard for Sir Paul's property to interrupt any plan for securing it; besides, Sir George and I have business—come—I say, brother, tell the old gentleman to be careful, and in his eagerness bid him not claim another man's child instead of his own!

[*Exit with Sir George.*]

Savage. Where can Sir Paul be loitering? he said he'd follow me—mum! [*Stands aside.*]

Enter GINGHAM.

Gingham. Oh! what a whirligig world is this? I that was brought up to lend money; must now try to borrow it: but where? who'll trust a wandering linen-draper? who'll trust the notorious young P. O.? however, I've got my equivalent; I can speak my mind now—no longer need I smother my thoughts, and be ready to burst: no longer have an itching on my tongue, and be ready to bite it in two—no, no, I may open now. The sweet lady sends me word my father is inexorable, but hopes she shall soon see me again; heigho! I hope so too; when I think of her, my heart feels such queer sensations—I have it: she has taken lessons of my father, and swindled me out of my affections; but then my poverty—I can never indulge even a hope.—(*Sees Mr. Savage.*)—Ha! here's the friend of the queer old gentleman, who fainted in the billiard-room.

Savage. (advancing pompously.) Sir, the honourable Henry Savage has the pleasure—the felicity——What are you——

Gingham. The honourable?

Savage. Ay: why didn't you know it?

Gingham. No: nor never should if you hadn't told me—ha! ha! ha! ha!

Savage. Ha! ha! ha! you're a droll dog! 'gad! you shall come to my house, and pass a week with me.

Gingham. Faith! a year with all my soul! I've nothing to do with myself; I've left off trade; haven't change for sixpence in the world,
and

and so my little right honourable—I'll honour you with my company. [*Shaking him by the hand.*

Savage. Hush! if you want money don't own it: we great people are close——

Gingham. I know it; œconomical too!—you live cheap.

Savage. What! people of fashion live cheap?

Gingham. To be sure; you don't pay; and if that isn't living cheap, the devil's in't!—ha! here's the fainting gentleman again!—who the deuce is he?

Savage. I fancy you'll find him a pretty near relation of yours—at least, if you were born at Tunbridge, and your mother's name was Gingham.

Gingham. It was; that's the name of her, and of the town.

Savage. Say you so?—(*Enter Sir Paul Perpetual.*) The racers are mine, Sir Paul!

Sir Paul. Ay: my whole stud—any thing: every thing! only let me have another peep at my dear boy!—only let me prove to posterity!

Savage. There he is.

Sir Paul. Where?

Savage. There! there is your son! who was born at Tunbridge—whose mother's name was Gingham, and who is now without a shilling in his pocket, or a friend in the world—joy! joy! old boy! you've got a young P. at last!

Sir Paul. Stand off! let me come at him; come to thy father's arms!

Gingham. My father!

Sir Paul. Ay; thy real father: who has a fortune to bestow on thee, and health, youth, and spirits to share in all thy pleasures—The dog has my right eye to a T.

H 2

Gingham.

Gingham. (To Mr. Savage.) Pray does your friend bite in his fits?

Savage. (aside to *Gingham.*) Hark'ye—it's Sir Paul Perpetual! better known by the name of old P.—he has an immense property.

Gingham. Has he?

Savage. Yes: and if it's certain you are his son, he'll give you every farthing of it.

Gingham. Oh! if that's the case—if he has an immense property—let me see whodare deny it? Sir, your blessing!—(kneeling.)—I always said I wasn't my father's own child.

Sir Paul. Rise my boy! my darling! and tell us how the citizen educated you!—The turn of my nose exactly!

Gingham. I've done with linens, gauzes, and muslins now!—let the shop and all its swindling go to the bottom—I'm the son of Sir Paul Perpetual, better known by the name of old P. I'm not a tradesman——.

Sir Paul. Tradesman! zounds!—my son brought up in a shop! how it freezes my warm blood!—look'ye, my boy—two things I must request of you—never to talk about trade or mention your former father's name.

Gingham. Never—I'll never mention his name because I despise it; but as to trade, what's bred in the bone, you know father——

Sir Paul. Well—well—come to Mr. Savage's house; there we'll introduce you to your intended wife—Miss Savage will soon break you of talking about trade, or the city—so come along.

Savage. Ay: pray give up the city—the rich rogues have no taste for us men of wit and genius—they estimate every thing by property,
and

and if the great Ben Jonson—nay, if the great Big Ben, were alive, is there one citizen would give the poor dogs a dinner?

Sir Paul. No—you're right there; in the city a man that has no money, has no wit—the smallest bank-note is more entertaining than the wittiest manuscript; and talk of Ben Jonson's name for jokes—damme, Abraham Newland beats him hollow! isn't it true, my boy?

Gingham. As true, as that you beat my other father hollow—come—henceforth, no money-lending tricks for me. But young P. O. shall stick to gay old P. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing-Room in Mr. SAVAGE'S House at Bath.*

Enter Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET and Signor CYGNET.

Sir George. Bravo! Signor bravissimo!—and so Lady Sarah Savage has actually persuaded Darnley, that his wife loves another man?

Signor. Si—at first he no believe—but Lady Sarah lay it down with such courage—her oaths were so superbe, and mine so magnifique, that 'at last he accompany us with tears—pauvre Mister Darnley!—Ah ha!—you no forget my wife's concert.

Sir George. And who did you say Mrs. Darnley was attached to?

Signor. Attendez—Sir Paul—what you call—old P.—he has found one child—eh bien!—the enfant was at the comedie, and saw Madame Darnley and her 'cousin maltraité by some qu'on appelle bobbies—villains who fight de duels, and interrupt de music—Vell! de child relieve de ladies, conduct them home—sup, and dough all de time he make love to Mad'moiselle Clara—

Sir George. Yet Lady Sarah Savage fixes on him for Mrs. Darnley's gallant—excellent! and if this scheme fails, I understand she has another—there is Mr. Flush—a sort of money-agent.

Signor. Je connois—je connois—he make a you poor, by lending you cash.

Sir

Sir George. This Mr. Flush has got Darnley's note for two hundred pounds—now he can't pay it; and therefore if Lady Sarah Savage buys it up——

Signor. Je comprende—the say, give me my heart, or pay me my money—ah ha!—I see you will be the first fiddle yourself;—(*looking out.*) le voici!—here is Mr. Flush!

Sir George. No—it's Sir Paul and the son you spoke of—good day, Signor—and if you see Darnley, tell him I'm out of town.

Signor. I vill!—ecoutez—I no like to meet this Sir Paul—ven he ask me to his house, he always sing himself—toujours—if he has de cold—de fore throat—il chante! and begar: he sing as well with the hoarseness, as without—bon-jour, Sir George—bon-jour—(*going, recollects and turns back.*) Ah ha!—you no forgot my wife's concert? [*Exit.*]

Sir George. Darnley, jealous of his wife! and she under my own roof!—now, if I can persuade her to retaliate—here's her supposed gallant.

Enter Sir PAUL and GINGHAM, elegantly dressed.

Gingham. I tell you, father, Clara Sedley is the girl of my heart!—your ward is the girl for young P.

Sir Paul. Nonsense!—haven't I made you a gentleman—stuck a sword by your side?—haven't I brought you here to address Lady Sarah Savage?—ha! Sir George!—now mind (*to Gingham.*) and conceal your low education—not a word about trade or the warehouse; for I mean to put you into the army, and I've told every
body

body you've been on your travels.—Sir George—my son!

Sir George. (bowing.) Sir, I'm very proud of the honour.

Gingham. Sir,—I'm very proud of—(*bowing up to him, and spying at his chitterlin.*)—right India muslin, by all that's—mum!

Sir George. You've been a great traveller, fir,—much abroad!

Gingham. Abroad!—yes, fir—I was seldom at home—generally at the West End, for between ourselves, though I was brought up to trade, I always despis'd the warehouse—always—pshaw!

Sir Paul. (taking him aside.) Zounds!—mind what you're at—confider, if you talk as my son, about linens and the warehouse, they'll take your father for a tradesman; they'll say I'm a haberdasher, knighted on a city address.

Gingham. A haberdasher!—that's a good one, a very good one—upon my soul, Sir George, my father isn't such a fool, as you take him for—no—that he isn't—are you, father?

Lady Sarah Savage. (without.) When Mr. Flush comes, shew him up stairs.

Sir George. Here's your intended wife, fir—'gad! I hope it will be a match, for Lady Sarah is so anxious for a husband, that in the scramble, she might seize me at last—come, Sir Paul—let's leave the happy pair together.

Sir Paul. Now, remember what I told you—Lady Sarah is the essence of fashion and good breeding; and if you want to polish, and rub off the city-rust, imitate her—copy her elegant manners.

Sir George. Ay: she's the rage!—and, if he wants to secure her affections, bid him imitate
his

his father, Sir Paul—copy you, and he must succeed with the women.

Sir Paul. Ay, that he must, Sir George—there's not a girl at Newmarket, not a dancer at the opera, nor a singer at the ancient concert, but adores me—they treat me with the same respect they would a father—they say, I'm so quiet—so inoffensive—so harmless.

Gingham. Harmless! do they say you're harmless, father?

Sir Paul. Ay, harmless; and under that idea, I've done more mischief than any ten dangerous men in Europe—So, copy her manners, and success to you, my boy!

[*Exit with Sir George.*

Gingham. Bravo! these are fine times, Master Gingham,—but will they last?—is there no trick play'd, or to be play'd thee?—Sir Paul I'm told has a way of disguising himself in women's clothes, surely this isn't another masquerading affair—Ah! here's spouse!—now to imitate her fashionable manners.

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE.

Lady Sarah. Marry him, I will; because in the first place, there's a scarcity of husbands; and in the next, being his wife, secures Sir Paul's fortune, and makes Darnley for ever in my pow'r—besides, I can draw the youth into all my schemes—hem!

Gingham. Hem! (*imitating her.*) If this is a woman of fashion, the breed is grown pretty bold I think

Lady Sarah. I must show him my spirit—terrify him before marriage, in order to tame
I him

him after. (*Going towards him wriggling her head.*)
Sir!

Gingham. (*Going towards her wriggling his head.*)
Ma'am!

Lady Sarah. Give me a chair!
(*Staring full in his face.*)

Gingham. A chair, ma'am?

Lady Sarah. Yes, a chair, sir.

Gingham. (*Staring full in her face.*) Essence of breeding!—she's the essence of brags! (*brings her a chair.*) A chair, ma'am.

Lady Sarah. (*Staring vacantly.*) He little knows what a life I shall lead him.

Gingham. (*Shews alarm.*) Heh!—a chair, ma'am?—here's a chair I say—(*loudly.*)

Lady Sarah. Oh, I forgot—I am really so absent—(*sits down.*) he! he! he!
(*Spying in his face.*)

Gingham. (*sitting down.*) Are you really?—he! he! he!—I should like to—(*mimicking*) imitate her manners: hang me if I dare—she has set me all in a tremble—pheugh! (*Puffing himself with his hat, and drawing his chair from her.*)

Lady Sarah. Look up, my hero! (*slapping him.*) You can't think how I rejoice at your being design'd for the army. I'm of a military, martial turn myself, and shall serve every campaign with you.

Gingham. You serve campaigns!—I wish I was out of the room—pheugh! (*aside.*)

Lady Sarah. I shall make an excellent soldier—a dauntless warrior!—and if you talk of little unfledg'd fluttering ensigns, look at me—look!—(*shaking him.*) march!—wheel about!—left!—make ready!—present!—fire!

Gingham.

Gingham. (*Looking first at her feet, then at her head.*) It is—it is an impostor!—ugh! (*whistles.*)

Lady Sarah. Shan't I make a warlike appearance! animate one army, and intimidate another? restore the name of Amazon—revive the age of chivalry, and if there are fools that threaten, and cowards that dread an invasion; Oh! how the thought fires me!—(*rises.*)—give me a few champions like myself, and we'll stand on our white cliffs, and scare away whole nations.

Gingham. Damme, it's another man in woman's clothes! don't agitate yourself—be compos'd—(*to her as she walks about.*) what would I give to be snug behind the counter?

Lady Sarah. I am no timid helpless woman; I can shoot—I can fence—flourish a sword, or fire off a musket!—penetrate your sword arm at the first thrust, or lodge a bullet in your forehead at forty yards.

Gingham. Keep cool—my hero, keep cool! Oh! it's a clear case—it's a man, and here am I to rub off the rust, by being run through the body! sit down my fine fellow! sit down.

Lady Sarah. Fine fellow!

Gingham. Ay, I see how it is—Sir Paul has adopted me out of joke, and you are to make mince meat of me for my vanity!

Lady Sarah. Why, what is all this! (*smiling.*) mince meat!

Gingham. He smiles! then the joke's at an end, and they don't mean to hurt me! give me your hand—you comical dog, give me your hand.

Lady Sarah. Comical dog! what do you mean? explain.

Gingham. Explain! nay: that's too bad—do you think I don't know you, my jolly boy?—do you think I can't see you are a gentleman?

Lady Sarah. What! I a gentleman?

Gingham. Ay, and a brave one too!—why I suspected you at first sight!—I saw there was nothing feminine about you, and then when I looked you full in the face, “pooh,” says I, this can never be a woman.

Lady Sarah. Not a woman!—have I studied modern fashions—exceeded all the present race of high-spirited women—only to be mistaken for—Oh Lord! I never wept before in all my life—but this—Oh, I shall faint—Oh, Oh!
(*Sits in a chair weeping.*)

Enter FLUSH.

Flush. My rascal of a son has gone off with all my papers—Darnley's note among the number—and though Lady Sarah would give twice the value for it, I cannot find him—

Gingham. (*advancing to him.*) Hush—not so loud father—he'll flourish a sword—fire off a musket!

Flush. He!—who?—but how came you here, sir? in this disguise too!

Gingham. Phoo!—it isn't me that's disguis'd. A word—(*whispers to him.*)—there! (*pointing to Lady Sarah Savage.*)

Flush. What, that lady?

Gingham. No; that comical dog—I'm sure of it—mum!

Flush. Ha, ha, ha!—you blockhead! why it's Lady Sarah Savage! she's rather masculine to be sure:

sure: but, Lord help you—she and I are old friends.

Gingham. What! you know her? do you?

Flusby. Know her;—why I'll take my oath she's a woman.

Gingham. He'll take his oath!—Oh then I see my error—she's on the pavé, discarded; and they want to palm her on me.

Flusby. Fool!—would you make more blunders! can't you tell a woman of fashion from a ———?

Gingham. No—there it is, sir,—if women of fashion will talk and dress like women of another description, who the devil can tell one from the other? and if, likewise, they will hunt, shoot, and fence, and prefer masculine assurance to feminine diffidence, is it amazing, that a gentleman should confound the sexes? however, I'm glad it's not a man.

Flusby. Come—come—without further enquiry, give me Darnley's note; the one Clara brought; the comical dog there, as you call her, is in love with Darnley, and wants to hold the bill as a rod over his head: I shall only ask her one hundred pounds premium for it.

Gingham. (*Taking the note out of his pocket book.*) Only a hundred premium! heh!

Flusby. No; I can afford it: and she, by arresting him, can make her own terms—you understand!

Gingham. Perfectly; so I'll shew her the note, and make peace—(*goes towards Miss Savage, who is still sitting.*)—madam—lady.

Lady Sarah. Pshaw! don't come near me, brute.

Gingham.

Gingham. I am convinc'd of my mistake, ma'am—this gentleman will take his oath on the subject, and therefore—in hopes of making amends—here is a note, my lady; a note of Mr. Darnley's for two hundred pounds.

Lady Sarab. What did you say, sir?

Gingham. A note of Mr. Darnley's, ma'am.

Lady Sarab. (*Looking at it.*) So it is; sign'd with his own dear hand—(*rises.*)—well, now I look at you again, sir, I'm quite asham'd of our silly misunderstanding—I am indeed—he! he! perhaps it was my fault—nay—I dare say it was—and so, that's Mr. Darnley's note, is it?

Gingham. It is, and now I recollect, wasn't the lady I conducted from the play, his wife?

Lady Sarab. It was—but entre nous—what's the price of that foolish bit of paper?

Flush. Only three hundred pounds! one hundred for the premium, and two for the principal.

Lady Sarab. Here is the money, then.

Gingham. (*Putting his hand on hers.*) Softly; keep the principal, because you'll both want it, and as to the note, I'll keep that, lest somebody else should want it! (*putting it in his pocket.*) you brought me up to the trade, and if I haven't learnt a trick or two, Mr. Flush, it's no fault of yours.

Flush. What! would you turn swindler, you rascal?

Lady Sarab. Ay, this is a new mode of getting money.

Gingham. No—not so very new—is it Mr. Flush?—however, as the wife is the only person that ought to have a pow'r over the husband,
I'll

I'll e'en go instantly to Mrs. Darnley, and give it her.—

Enter DARNLEY.

Darnley. (fiercely.) What, fir ?

Gingham. A note for two hundred pounds, fir, —have you any objections ? never mind the loss of the premium, Mr. Flush—you can afford it, you know—adieu !—Mr. Bluff, (*To Darnley, who is frowning.*) your servant—it wouldn't do—you comical dog, it wouldn't do !—

(*Shewing Lady Sarah Savage the note, and exit.*)

Darnley. (To Lady Sarah Savage.) 'Sdeath !—this is the very man you told me of.

Lady Sarah. Ay, now can you want further proof of his attachment to your wife ?—I'll leave it to any body :—isn't it evident, Mr. Flush ?

Flush. His giving her two hundred pounds is a strong circumstance, to be sure—but then, when I recollect the money is mine, and not his—

Darnley. What then, fir ?

Flush. Why then, I think, the lady ought to be in love with me, and not him, 'fir.

Darnley. I'll set out for London, and never see her more—yet no—I'll be satisfied—I'll know the worst.—I'll instantly pursue this new found idol of her heart, and if I catch him in her presence—

Lady Sarah. Kill him—for a wretch, who can't distinguish the human species, isn't fit to live—come—I'll go with you.

Flush. So will I—but pray don't kill him, till I've got my papers.

Lady

Lady Sarah. Nay, don't fret about it, Mr. Darnley—you shall return with me to Savage-house—come—never think of going to London at this time of year—it's so thin—all the great houses are lock'd up, and there's no making a fashionable party; is there, Mr. Flush?

Flush. Your pardon, ma'am—I and my attorney can always collect a fashionable party, and if the great houses are lock'd up, why there are great people in lock-up houses, so don't be afraid of finding good company, Mr. Darnley!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Library in Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET'S House.*

Sir GEORGE, and a servant, meeting.

Servant. Sir, Sir! Mrs. Darnley is coming here to look for some books.

Sir George. That's fortunate: did you deliver my message to her, and her husband?

Servant. I did, sir; I told them you were gone out of town, and would not return till to-morrow.

Sir George. Very well! then, in case of accident, leave open the private door that leads behind the library. (*Servant opens a door that leads behind the library.*) A man of intrigue should always have a place to lay snug in, and where is he so little likely to be discover'd, as amongst works of study and reflection? Here she is!
mind

mind we're not interrupted. (*Servant exit—Sir George retires towards the Library.*)

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Mrs. Darnley. Will Mr. Darnley never be convinc'd of this friend's hypocrisy? he is so credulous, that he even now places more confidence in him, than ever: I'm glad Sir George is out of town—I can at least pass another hour in peace, and—(*going towards the Library, Sir George meets her.*)

Sir George. Don't be alarm'd, Mrs. Darnley; I'm only a living volume, and if you will peruse my thoughts, you'll read of nothing but yourself—you are engraved here in indelible letters, upon my honour.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, I was inform'd—but this is no time for parleying—alone and unprotected! (*going; Sir George stands in her way.*)

Sir George. Nay, you know I have long professed a regard for you; long thought you the finest woman on earth! and as a proof, didn't I offer you my hand, before my friend——

Mrs. Darnley. Friend! call him by some other name, Sir George, and don't profane such honourable terms.

Sir George. Why, isn't he my friend? haven't I so completely gain'd his affections, that he wishes me to win yours? does he not bring you here—to my house?—leave me tête-a-tête with you? and in every respect prove so kind, so obliging——

Mrs. Darnley. Hold, sir—if he has expos'd me to insults, I am the person to accuse him—not
K you.

you. I know his heart, and I know yours—one has my love—my esteem—the other——

Sir George. Has what, my sweet creature?

Mrs. Darnley. My scorn.

Sir George. Nay then—I must tell you, that when I condescend to love a woman, I always insist on making her happy; and therefore, with opportunity on my side, and the whole world to lay the blame on your husband——

Mrs. Darnley. On him! the world is not so easily deceiv'd: but lest it should, I'll vindicate his fame—I'll proclaim the falsehood of his friend—his perfidy——

Sir George. Gently—gently—I see I must take advantage now or never! (*goes to the door.*)

Mrs. Darnley. What do you mean, sir?

Sir George. First to fasten the door, and then, my angel—(*As he opens it to fasten it closely, Gingham enters and pushes by him.*)

Gingham. And then, my angel—to give you two hundred pounds—this note, ma'am, is Mr. Darnley's—it accidentally fell into my hands, and I designedly place it in yours—put it up, ma'am—keep it tight in your pocket; for what with one having a rage for disguises—another having a rage for swindling—a third—(*Seeing Sir George.*)—ha! my judge of good breeding, is it you?

Sir George. This blockhead has ruin'd one scheme already, I see.

Gingham. I'll tell you a secret, Sir George; you *fashionable* people are very *vulgar*---it is your fine clothes, gay equipages, and superb houses that are well bred, and not yourselves, egad! now only pull off that spangled coat---itick yourself behind a counter, and——

Sir

Sir George. Sir, don't you see I'm busy?

Gingham. To be sure I do.

Sir George. Why don't you leave the room, then?

Gingham. Because I've no where else to go.

Sir George. Then I command you: this lady and I are engag'd.

Mrs. Darnley. Engag'd, Sir George!—Sir, (*to Gingham.*) if you'll conduct me to Mr. Darnley, I shall think myself a second time indebted to your gallantry.

Sir George. Madam, I insist—(*Crossing Mrs. D. and taking her by the hand.*)—retire this instant, Sir—retire——

Gingham. Oh, I perceive—he detains her for base purposes! Oh fie, fie!—fie for shame, Sir George—is this your good breeding—your hand, ma'am—(*Trying to pass Sir George.*)

Sir George. 'Sdeath—obey me, or this sword, with which I've so often fought——

Gingham. Often fought! what, in earnest?

Sir George. Rascal! draw.

Gingham. No—I'd rather not.

Sir George. What! you don't like to fight!

Gingham. No—who the devil does? but you call me rascal, sir—now I've been long in doubt whether I am one or not—but if I was half as clear on the subject as you must be, I'd own it publicly—I'd say, “I, Sir George Gauntlet, am “such a rude—ill bred—vulgar——”

Sir George. Coward!—come on—(*Drawing his sword.*)

Gingham. Come on!—Well! why shouldn't I? I may be alarm'd at masculine women, but I don't care that—(*snapping his fingers.*)—for ef-

feminate men ! so, though I never learnt to fence in all my life—though I don't know whether to hold my sword in my right hand or my left, have at thee !—ha !—ha !——

Sir GEORGE and GINGHAM make two or three passes, when loud knocking at the door interrupts them.

Sir George. Zounds !—if this should be Darnley—*(looks out.)*—it is ! I'm ruin'd—undone !

Gingham. Ay, ay, I must take lessons—I'm touch'd—pink'd—*(shaking his hand, which is slightly wounded.)*

Sir George. If I stir, I meet Darnley—hark'ye, Sir—*(aside to Gingham.)* that lady's husband is now on the stairs, and your present wound is only a slight one ; but if you hint or speak one word against my honour——

Gingham. You'll run me through the body, I suppose—well ! as I can't fence—mum !

Sir George. I shall not leave the room—I shall be conceal'd, and on the slightest insinuation, by heaven ! I'll come forth and cut you into atoms : promise—or you know my way——

Gingham. I do—I'll live and fight another day.

Sir GEORGE goes behind the Library unperceiv'd by GINGHAM or by Mrs. DARNLEY.

Gingham. I wish I knew the name of Sir George's fencing-master—*(Mrs. Darnley comes to him.)*—My dear ma'am, don't be uneasy—it's only graz'd, and if they don't send doctors and apothecaries to me, I shall live to pink him, again and again.

Mrs.

* *Mrs. Darnley.* Let me bind your hand, with my handkerchief. (*Darnley enters behind.*) Indeed—indeed, I owe you much.

Darnley. (*still behind.*) 'Tis now beyond a doubt—Oh woman ! woman !

Gingham. (*to Mrs. Darnley.*) You haven't got the rage—no, you are what a woman ought to be ; mild, gentle, affectionate—an angel, by all that's sacred.

Darnley. How ! make love before my face !—(*advances.*) So, Mrs. Darnley——

Mrs. Darnley. Oh, my dear !—I'm so glad you're come—this gallant, generous young man——

Darnley. Generous young man !

Mrs. Darnley. Has been wounded in my cause, and——

Darnley. And you bound up his arm, with your handkerchief !—nay, don't deny it, madam—with my own eyes, I saw it—well, fir ! what have you to say, fir ? to that handkerchief, fir ?

Gingham. Say, fir !—why, I say, the handkerchief is as fine cambrick as ever was sold—twelve shillings a yard, fir !—at least I used to sell such for a guinea—a guinea, Mr. Bluff——as to any thing else, if you are the lady's husband——

Darnley. I am her husband, fir !—who has long lov'd—long ador'd her !—and now comes here to witness her falsehood and his own dishonour.

Mrs. Darnley. What does he say ?—dishonour !

Darnley. Yes, madam—with him ! with this gallant, generous young man ! did he not last night accompany you from the play, and now do I not find you praising each other to my very face ?

face ? observe me, Maria—as you have found me tender in my affections, so you shall find me severe in my resentment.

Mrs. Darnley. I know not what he means, but I thought they'd make him hate me—I guilty of falsehood ! dishonour to my husband ! Oh, Harry ! if you believe me so debas'd, take up that weapon, and pierce me to the heart !—in pity do !—I cannot live and know that you condemn me.

Darnley. (taking her hand.) Do you not love him ?

Mrs. Darnley. Whom ?

Darnley. (pointing to Gingham.) Him.

Gingham. Me !—love me !— I wish she did, for if I didn't use her better than you do, I'd cut my jealous head off !—look'ye, great lord and master :—she is more faithful to you, than you deserve---I know it, because just before you enter'd the room, Sir George Gauntlet, like a vile seducer as he is, was attempting to—
(*here a book falls from the library.*) *crau---au---au !*
(*checking himself.*) I shall be a dead man before I know it.

Darnley. Sir George Gauntlet !—paltry evasions !—he is out of town, and has so often prov'd himself a friend——

Mrs. Darnley. Friend !—Oh, Mr. Darnley ! at last I am compell'd to tell you, he is your enemy and mine—it is that very friend, who would destroy your domestic peace ; who would rob you of a heart, that is, and ever shall be all your own ! and that, even now might have triumph'd o'er a helpless woman, had not his friendly arm been stretch'd to serve me.

Gingham.

Gingham. It's true—I'll swear it!—I'll——
(*another book falls.*) crau—au—au!

Darnley. I'll not believe it—he is above such arts, and I would have you, madam, not encrease your guilt, by daring to abuse my best of friends.

Gingham. Best of friends!—upon my soul, you've a rare set of acquaintance then.—Sir! I always had a knack at speaking what comes uppermost, and I say, Sir George wanted to turn me out, in order to lock her in—I say, he gave me this wound, in trying to defend her from his insolence—I say he is now conceal'd in this room!

(*Books fall from the Library, and leave an open space.*)

GINGHAM looks round, and sees Sir *GEORGE'S* face frowning at him through the aperture.)

Gingham. No—I don't say he is in the room—I don't because—because—(*looking round again*) it's better to be choak'd than kill'd.

Darnley. See how he prevaricates: and therefore, that my friend may be slander'd and I deceiv'd no longer, 'tis time I should decide—Maria!—It almost kills me to pronounce it—(*aside.*) we meet no more—— (*going.*)

Mrs. Darnley. (*Holding him.*) Stay—spare me but a moment—I cannot—will not lose him; Harry, think of our love—our children.—

Gingham. Sir! fir!—let me ask you two questions—(*Another book falls, and Sir George frowns at him.*) Ay, grin away you—Sir, can you fence, and will you fight?

Darnley. Perhaps, you'll find, I can, fir.

Gingham.

Gingham. And if I prove that Sir George hid himself to avoid you, will you stand by, and see a poor fellow cut to atoms?

Darnley. No—on the contrary, I shall be so convinc'd of the truth of your story——

Gingham. Say you so? then come out you black infernal seducer!

(Runs up to the Library—forces open the front doors, and amidst the falling of all the books, Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET is discovered!)

Gingham. There—there he is! and now come on, if you dare—here's a pair of the best fencers in Europe? *(Snatching up a sword and placing himself by Darnley.)*

Darnley. 'Tis all unravel'd—detested hypocrite!

Sir George. Ah, Darnley!—how d'y'e do?—this is a droll circumstance, isn't it!—but I hope you are convinc'd.

Darnley. Yes, sir, I am convinc'd.

Gingham. We're all convinc'd, sir.

Darnley. That you and Lady Sarah have join'd in a conspiracy to deceive me and betray my wife; that you have meanly put on the mask of friendship, to conceal the blackest artifices, and that if you had come to my house and boldly plunder'd me of all my fortune——

Gingham. He'd only have been hang'd!—but now he shall be cut to atoms.

Sir George. Be cautious in your language, Mr. Darnley—you know my disposition.

Darnley. I do—I know you well: and henceforth if you dare, either by action, word, or look; mark me, sir—raise but a blush in her unfullied cheek,

cheek, I will resent it—I'll inflict a punishment great as your arrogance deserves!

Sir George. Arrogance!

Gingham. Ay, arrogance!—are you deaf?

Sir George. Sir, this requires an explanation; you shall hear from me.

Gingham. Pooh!

Darnley. Delay not then, for I shall leave your house this moment. (*Sir George exit.*)—Come, Maria, to you and this gentleman I have a thousand apologies——

Gingham. Bless you! I'm amply paid in letting my tongue wag—and as to any thing else, allow me once more to speak my mind to your sweet cousin, Clara.—Come, let's go to her—Oh, you well-bred ruffian!—to be first pink'd, and then nearly choak'd by such a ———; on the whole, though, I never fought better in all my life!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Tavern—Dinner under covers—DARNLEY discover'd sitting at the Table—Waiter attending.*

Darnley. Tell Sir George Gauntlet, Mr. Darnley is waiting.—What's o'clock?

Waiter. Six, sir.

Darnley. The time draws near—I wonder where my friend can be? put some wine on the table and leave me.

Waiter. Sir George is below, in close conversation with a gentleman, who seems anxious to see you, sir.

Darnley. His second, I suppose—tell him, I am here—(*Waiter exit.*) 'Sdeath!—to what have I reduc'd myself?—I that had every joy this world can give—a peaceful home—a wife that lov'd, and children that rever'd me!—I to be now in a tavern, on the eve of meeting with a profess'd duellist! to be about to commit murder, or else to live dishonour'd and disgrac'd—Oh, Maria!—when thou shalt hear thy husband is no more, wilt thou forgive me?—wilt thou—but my fate determines hers, and if I fall she is for ever lost!

Re-enter the Waiter.

Waiter. The gentleman from Sir George Gauntlet, sir.

Darnley.

Darnley. Admit him—now then for the event!

Enter GINGHAM, hastily.

Gingham. I'm so fag'd—so completely knock'd up: (*sees the dinner.*) ha, ha! what's here!—the very thing to revive me.

Darnley. I hope, fir, you haven't been talking to Sir George.

Gingham. Yes, but I have though—you employ'd me as second, and if you're shot, it shall be in the way I like best. (*sitting down.*) Waiter! waiter!

Waiter. (*To Gingham, who is going to pull off a cover of one of the dishes.*) Sir! fir!—Sir George order'd that dish not to be touch'd till he came.

Gingham. Did he?—then it's the pick'd thing, I suppose, so I'll eat it all up directly, (*uncovers it, and sees a brace of pistols laying 'midst powder and ball.*) here—it's quite at his service, and I wish the whole were in his stomach, with all my soul!—(*giving the dish to the waiter, and uncovering another.*) Ah! here's something that I can swallow. (*begins eating.*) Well, after hunting every where for Sir George, I found him below stairs at last—"so" says I "my little Librarian"—alluding to the book-case you know—"when are you and this jealous husband"—alluding to you, you know—"to fight this foolish duel?" (*drinks a glass of wine.*) Clara! my dear Clara Sedley!

Darnley. Well, fir.

Gingham. Says I "the fact is this; one will be kill'd, the other be hang'd, and the world get rid of two hot-headed fellows:" says he, "Will

Darnley make me an apology?" says I "he might as well."

Darnley. You did not!

Gingham. Ah, but I did though: "it's very well for fashionable husbands, to leave their wives with friends, in hopes of getting divorces and damages; but what right," says I, "has a country 'squire to quit his farm, and trust his wife with baronets, fools, and coxcombs?—to plant his own horns," says I! (*drinks.*) "Success to trade."

Darnley. And how did this end, sir?

Gingham. How!—why the other second interfer'd—said Sir George could'nt fire at you, and advised him to apologize—he hesitated—I put my hand on my sword—reminded him of my fine fencing—he sign'd this paper—I've already shewn it to Mrs. Darnley, and so—(*drinks.*) Here's the child that has two fathers!

Darnley. (*Reading the paper.*) 'Tis ample, final satisfaction—wasn't my Maria happy?

Gingham. She was—but with women, grief soon follows joy, you know—she says, your uncle, whoever he is, has order'd you to quit Bath, and go abroad—that she is to be left behind, and as your fortune is exhausted, she fears you must consent—I'm sorry I'm pinch'd too—however—(*drinks.*) Here's confusion to your stingy old uncle!

Darnley. Unfeeling, persecuting man!—separate me from all I love—I know the motive for this barbarous conduct—he has found a son, on whom he means to lavish all his favours, and while he rolls in luxury, I and my family may starve—may—but he comes.

Enter

Enter Sir PAUL PERPETUAL.

Sir Paul. So, Mr. Darnley: how dare you intrude into the houses of great people, and thus repeatedly disgrace me?—look'ye, fir—I have made up my mind—you must seek your fortune abroad—I'll pay your expences to the continent, and lest your family should be a burthen to you, I'll provide for your wife at home.

Darnley. Oh, fir! do not part us!

Sir Paul. I will!—I'm resolv'd! (*seeing Gingham.*) hah!—what do I see?—my boy!—my darling!—how came you here, you rogue?

Gingham. Father, you're come in time—just in time to finish the bottle! (*filling him a bumper, and putting it in his hand*) drink! drink the last toast!

Sir Paul. Ay, what is it?

Gingham. “Confusion to Darnley's”——

Sir Paul. With all my heart—“Confusion to Darnley's”——

Gingham. “Stingy old uncle!”

Sir Paul. (*spitting out the wine.*) Stingy old uncle!—why that's confusion to myself, you dog!

Gingham. What! is it you—well! hang me if I didn't think it was my father—that is my other father, the money-lender—cousin—relation—how are you? (*shaking Darnley by the hand.*)

Sir Paul. Nonsense! never mind him—I've brought you your commission—a company in a regiment serving in Ireland.

Gingham. Have you? (*to Sir Paul.*) who'd have thought my father was your miserly uncle, heh! (*to Darnley.*)

Sir

Sir Paul. It's three hundred a-year, my boy ! psha ! don't mind him, I tell you, (*pulling him away from Darnley.*) I reserve every thing for you—I always meant to give all I could to my son.

Gingham. Did you !—Oh then it comes to the same point ; why, perhaps, you'll give me two hundred pounds.

Sir Paul. Ay, that I will.

Gingham. What ! and the commission too !

Sir Paul. Yes, and the commission too ! here they are both—and some ten years hence, I'll join the regiment, and serve under you ; under my brave son !

Gingham. No—under your brave nephew, if you like—I don't understand the exercise, and Darnley does ! and therefore, as we're all relations—all in a family, I'll e'en give him the commission—Nay, don't be shy, cousin—it makes no difference, father, does it ?

Sir Paul. Death and fire ! it does, fir, it makes all the difference, and I swear——

Gingham. Softly—you can make me a hero in another way—as I was brought up to trade, pop 'me into the train-bands—then I can be kill'd in the Artillery Ground in one day, and be alive in the shop the next ! so keep the commission, cousin ; keep it—(*Forcing it into Darnley's hand.*) and here—here's the money to take you, your wife and children to Ireland—(*giving the Bank notes.*)—there ! now moderate your joy, father ! you've done a kind, generous action to be sure : but why !—why in such an ecstasy ?

Sir Paul. Ecstasy ! agony, you puppy !

Gingham. Gently, gently ; at the public breakfast I shall sound forth your praises—come,
cousin

cousin—the best of the joke is, I've another father; and though he won't lend you a shilling, I'll make him send you linen enough to shirt your whole regiment.—Farewell, thou liberal man!—look!—Self gratification has brought tears of joy into his eyes. *(Exit with Darnley.)*

Sir Paul. Tears of joy!—if being cheated out of my money, makes me cry for pleasure, what shall I do, if I get it back again?—was there ever such a fellow?—however the commission is of no use to Darnley—but then the two hundred pounds—and the ease with which he did it.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. A letter from your ward, Sir Paul. It requires an immediate answer.

Sir Paul. (Reading it.) “Sir, I am now at
“the Public Breakfast, where Miss Savage ac-
“tually insisted on my coming. I have discover-
“ed a deep plot of Mr. Savage's, and when I tell
“you, I am in danger of being run away with,
“without my consent, I'm sure you will fly to
“the relief of your——Affectionate ward,
“CLARA SEDLEY.”

Sir Paul. I'll come directly—*(Servant exit.)*—So—So—they have heard of her sudden acquisition of fortune—of the Copper Mines being discovered on her estate, and now like, true savages, they mean to paw the property—but I've a husband for her in my eye. She has formed an affection for this liberal son of mine, and the dog can't take her for a man in woman's clothes.

Enter

Enter FLUSH.

Flush. You knave!—if I catch you—how, has he left the tavern?—Ah, Sir Paul!—pray, Sir, have you seen any thing of my son?

Sir Paul. I know nothing of your son, sir.

Flush. He has been distributing my property—giving away my money, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. 'Gad! My son has been doing me the same favour.

Flush. Ay, sir; but my son has swindled me out of two hundred pounds.

Sir Paul. That's the exact sum my son has swindled me out of—so let's shake hands and cry for joy!

Flush. Well, well—I can afford it—but, Sir Paul, there is only one way he can make me retribution—you've heard of our ward's copper mines, and though you have only known me as a private gentleman, and I you as joint guardian—yet I think you will consent to her marrying the man I propose.

Sir Paul. And pray, who may the gentleman be?—not the Honourable Mr. Savage, I hope, for he has no property but my two racers.

Flush. No—no—my son—my rogue of a son!—will you agree?

Sir Paul. Why I would with pleasure, only—

Flush. What, brother guardian?

Sir Paul. I mean to propose my rogue of a son.

Flush. Your son!—why how came you by a son?—but to the point—my boy has won her heart, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. So has mine too, Mr. Flush.

Flush.

Flush. Yours too!—'Sdeath, Sir Paul—this racing has turned your brain.

Sir Paul. Racing!—I've done with it, fir—I hate it—I'm above the turf now.

Flush. Above the turf!—I wish you were under it!—do you pretend she loves both our sons?—two men at the same time, fir?

Sir Paul. To be sure—she's not the first woman that has lov'd twenty at the same time, fir—but as she can't marry without our joint consent, and is now in great distress at Lady Sarah Savage's public breakfast, let's adjourn there directly.

Flush. With all my heart—I can afford it—Public breakfast!—why this is later than usual—*(Looking at his watch.)*—Nine o'clock at night!

Sir Paul. Ah, these are late hours! but what need we care, Mr. Flush?—we that have health, youth, spirits—do you know there is only one house in England that affects my constitution?

Flush. And what house is that?

Sir Paul. *(Whispers him.)* I never was there but twice—the first time there was a motion about relieving poor insolvent debtors, and the house was so empty I got an ague. The next time, somebody mov'd to remove the hackney coaches from Bond-Street, and the benches were so cram'd that I was thrown into a fever!—So hey for the breakfast.—Youth's the season made for joy!

Flush. Love is then our duty! &c.

(Exeunt singing together.)

SCENE II.—*A garden at Mr. Savage's on Lansdown Hill—a marquee at the upper wing, in which is seen a table full of fruits, wine, meat, tea urns, coffee pots, &c. A distant view of Bath—moon rising.—Long flourish of clarinets.*

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE and a Servant.

Lady Sarah. Call Miss Clara—(*Servant enters marquee.*)—I have given this party in order to secure this young creature and her fortune, for my brutish brother has so lessen'd our gold, that only her copper can save us from sinking—if her guardians refuse, we are prepar'd for bolder schemes.

Enter CLARA.

Well: my dear girl, how do you like our breakfast?—breakfast by moonlight? isn't it quite charming—so nouvelle?

Clara. Quite—and in addition to tea and coffee, here are fowls, fruit, and wine; so that you may breakfast, dine, drink tea, and sup all in the same meal—nouvelle!—surely nobody else is so singular.

Lady Sarah. I don't know—I never copy—the world's so very ignorant—that only act unlike other people, and you're pretty sure of being right. But, didn't you like the music—the singing?—

Clara. No; I don't much like these fine fingers—it's a long time before you prevail on them to sing, and then when they once begin—faith! they never stop. I declare I only saw one person I liked amongst the party.

Lady

Lady Sarab. And who was that—the dear Signor?

Clara. No—the dear creature, my guardian's son.

Lady Sarab. What! that monster? I wonder who invited such a heterogeneous animal, and you to prefer him——

Clara. Even to your brother, ma'am—I know Mr. Savage designs me his hand; but, if my guardians will agree—and why they leave me in this scene of danger when I wrote to Sir Paul——

Lady Sarab. Here they are both—I'll go call my brother, and by the time I return, I hope I shall call you, sister—adieu!—Gingham, indeed! [Exit.]

Enter Sir PAUL and FLUSH.

Flush. Here she is—here's the girl to answer for herself—now be cool, Sir Paul—compose yourself, and I'll fairly put the question to her. Clara, haven't you fix'd your affections?

Clara. To confess the truth, I have, sir.

Flush. Very well—softly, Sir Paul! and now, what is the gentleman's name?

Sir Paul. Ay, what is his name, Clary?

Clara. Gingham, sir.

Flush. There! I told you so—it's my son!

Sir Paul. Why there! I told you so—it's my son!

Flush. Your son!—In the first place I don't believe you have a son; and in the next, do you pretend that this Gingham——

Sir Paul. Is my boy! my own darling child!—and I'll prove it.

Flusb. Well, well, if this is the case I'll make you a fair proposition, let's call in both our sons, and let the one she prefers be her husband.

Sir Paul. Agreed—and I'll bet you a hundred pounds she chooses mine.

Flusb. Done—I'll bet you a hundred she chooses mine.

Gingham. (*within the marquee.*) My life! my love! my Clara!

Flusb. Here he comes! (*rubbing his hands.*)

Sir Paul. Here he comes! (*rubbing his hands.*)

Gingham. (*within the marquee.*) I cannot live a moment from thee—I——

GINGHAM enters from the Marquee, and, seeing his two fathers together, pauses and starts.

Flusb. Now, Clara—Silence, Sir Paul!—don't you choose him!—him!—for your husband?

Clara. I do, sir.

Flusb. Huzza! I've won my bet!

Sir Paul. Here is a father don't know his own child.

Gingham. (*Coming between them.*) And here's a child don't know his own father! upon my soul, gentlemen, I cannot tell which of you had the honour of inventing me; but here I am, and if you have more property to distribute—if either of you has another two hundred pounds, I'll dispose of it so neatly, that tears of joy shall trickle down your cheeks!

Flusb. (*After looking some time at Sir Paul.*) Sir Paul!

Sir Paul. Mr. Flusb—We were joint guardians just now, and——

Flusb. And now we're joint fathers, it seems,
Sir

Sir Paul. This must be the tradesman—a word in private if you please, sir. (*They enter the marquee.*)

Gingham. Lay your heads together ; settle it as you please ; for while Clara smiles on me, I care not whether I'm son to a haberdasher, or heir to the Grand Turk.

Clara. I hope they won't quarrel—I fear Mr Flush will insist——

Gingham. He insist !—bless you, he'd sell me for half a crown !

Re-enter FLUSH and Sir PAUL.

Sir Paul. He's mine ! he's mine ! the father knows his own child at last—I never suspected Flush was clerk to a Lottery Office, and consequently little thought he was the tradesman who married my Nelly—'gad ! I always took him for a gentleman.

Gingham. Did you ?—that was very good natur'd of you——and so you give me up, Mr. Flush ?

Flush. Yes, I can afford it.—The Tunbridge story is perfectly explain'd, and I have done with you, you rogue—Your *wife* father here has promis'd to restore my papers, so now you may speak truth till you're black in the face.

Gingham. May I ?—then I won't ; lest other faces should be of the same complexion—but, gentlemen, since you've found out who I belong to, will you inform me who this lady is to belong to ?

Clara. Ay, Mr. Flush—I'm sure I shall have your consent---you are a monied man, and have lived with people of rank.

Flush.

Flush. Your pardon, ma'am, if I had lived with people of rank, I had not been a monied man—the fact is, I touch cash wherever I can, and Sir Paul has brib'd me so handsomely, that I have sold my consent—I have sold my ward as well as my son, and for this plain reason—I can afford it.

Sir Paul. Clary, take his hand, my girl. (*Giving her to Gingham.*) The dog has an odd way of speaking his mind, but instead of checking him, encourage him; many a man only wants to be told of his errors to correct them, and that is my case——

Gingham. Your case, Sir?

Sir Paul. Yes, my boy—since you talked of self-gratification bringing tears of pleasure into my eyes, I resolv'd to try the experiment—I determin'd to retrench my expences, to sell my hounds, dispose of my stud, and see if I could not lay out my money on rational and solid pleasures; in bestowing happiness on two as innocent and injur'd creatures as ever existed!

Enter Mr. and Mrs. DARNLEY.

Sir Paul. Niece, your hand—Darnley, forgive what's past, and henceforth if I don't prove a friend to you, tell that son of mine to speak his mind to me—tell him to take another two hundred pounds out of my pocket; nay, disperse my whole property—any thing, so you don't drink “Confusion to a stingy old uncle!”

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, we owe every thing to your son—he has been our pilot through the storms of fashion, and if he now secures to us independence and our cottage——

Sir

Sir Paul. Independence and a cottage! 'Slife! you shall have affluence, and a farm as large as Salisbury Plain—I'll come and see you every summer! ay, for sixty years to come!—odsheart! they say I'm like an old Volcano, burnt out! but it's a mistake—I'm like an Egyptian lamp that flames for ever!—A'nt I, my boy?

Gingham. Must I speak truth father?—mum!

Darnley. (*To Sir Paul.*) You have made me the happiest of men, Sir Paul; but you must excuse me when I say, that your son has the first and greatest claim——

Gingham. Nay, cousin; if you knew me half as well as I know myself, you would find I have as many faults as any of you.—But come, let's adjourn from this vulgar fashionable scene, and while they drink one toast, we'll give another—

—May manners masculine no more deface
The charms that constitute each female grace.
To man be bold and daring schemes confin'd,
Woman for softer passions was design'd,
And by meek virtue—to subdue mankind!

FINIS.

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SPECULATION:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, NO. 39,
PATERNOSTER-ROW,

1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TANJORE	Mr. Lewis.
PROJECT	Mr. Munden.
ALDERMAN ARABLE	Mr. Quick.
CAPTAIN ARABLE	Mr. Middleton.
JACK ARABLE	Mr. Fawcett.
SIR FRED. FAINTLY	Mr. Claremont.
VICKERY	Mr. Farley.

LADY PROJECT	Mrs. Mattocks.
EMMELINE	Miss Wallis.
CECILIA	Mrs. Mountain.

Printed, by T. Crowder, at the Anti-Jacobin Press,
Peterborough Court, Fleet Street.

SPECULATION.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in PROJECT's Country House. A Door in Flat.*

CECILIA *discovered trying to unlock the Door.*

CECILIA.

SO, nobody being near, I'll make use of the attendant's key, and for the second time converse with my dear Emmeline. We were yesterday interrupted by Sir Frederick, and I had only time to say a few words to my old friend and school-fellow, but now—how! Sir Frederick again!

Enter Sir FREDERICK FAINTLY.

Cecil. Sir, I beg I may not be thus constantly disturb'd.

Sir Fred. Disturb'd! I would request the same favour, Miss Cecilia, but that nothing on earth ever disturbs me; and indeed nothing ever pleases me—I'm in a perfect state of happy *nonchalance*—I fancy though we're both on the same errand—that door, heh?

Cecil. I told you yesterday, sir, I know nothing about that door.

Sir Fred. Oh, for shame!—what! do you pretend not to know that it leads to that part of the
A house

house where Emmeline is lock'd up? come, come, Miss—you remember I caught you bribing the attendant to lend you the key—*Cecilia walks about in agitation*) now why be affronted? nothing ever affronts me—no, if you were a man, and chose to say I had caused all Emmeline's sufferings—that I had behaved like a rascal to her—then send me a challenge—then cane—then kick me—why, I shouldn't be affronted—no, I've too much good breeding and good temper.

Cecil. Very likely, sir; but as a visitor at Mr. Project's house here in the country, I pry into no family secrets—if I did, I believe the story of this young lady——

Sir Fred. Ah, poor girl! she and all her large fortune had been mine if she hadn't—you understand—love touch'd her brain.

Cecil. How do you mean, sir?

Sir Fred. Why, that's the cause of her present confinement: to be sure she has lately recovered her senses—indeed is quite restored; but her guardian and physician think her entering too suddenly on the world again might occasion a relapse—therefore she is kept quiet and close in that part of the house—Would you believe it, ma'am, she preferr'd another man to me?

Cecil. Indeed! and who could be so accomplish'd as to out-rival a lover like sir Frederick?

Sir Fred. A cousin of her's, one Captain Arable, whose father, being averse to the match, sent him to Gibraltar, where ever since—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lady Project desires to see you immediately.

Cecil. There now—you need not be mortified—
there's

there's your equivalent: I'm sure her ladyship prefers you to another man, even to her husband.

Sir Fred. She does, so shew me to her. Miss, if you should get a peep at Emmeline, tell her as I'm always in love in the country——

Cecil. In the country! Why not in London?

Sir Fred. Oh, that depends on the part of the town I'm in—I constantly adapt myself, and in every street I'm a different man—for instance now: in the Temple I'm a lawyer; in St. James's-street a lounge; in St. George's church I'm a married man; in Doctors' Commons a bachelor; Guildhall gives me an appetite: the Alley makes me waddle; in the Squares I'm not worth a farthing; and in Lombard-street I've as many plumbs as a banker—So tell Emmeline I still love her and will still be her husband. [Exit.]

Cecil. Now then for my charming recluse—
(*Opens a door in flat.*) Emmeline, it is your friend Cecilia! [She leads in Emmeline.]

Emme. Oh, forgive me, 'tis so long since I have seen a friend.

Cecil. Come, as we were interrupted yesterday, pray sit down and proceed with your story: the little I have heard makes me anxious to hear more—
(*They sit*)—now, my sweet friend, proceed.

Emme. I will when I am able—First then, did you ever hear the name of Edward Ara——? you see my weakness; I have not power to proceed.

Cecil. Nay, nay; unbosom your feelings: pray go on.

Emme. I will, I will—the name of Edward Arable—it is enough to say we lov'd and were divided—My father chose Sir Frederick for my husband, and on the morn of our intended marriage, they falsely told me Edward was no more. What was to be

be done? my lover dead! about to be united to his rival! my health long worn by grief and disappointment! Oh my friend! I had not strength to combat against such complicated misery: a fever seiz'd me; my harass'd brain was heated to delirium, and merciful forgetfulness gave me that comfort, my friends and father had denied me!

Cecil. Poor Emmeline! and during your malady your father died.

Emme. He did, bequeathing me his whole fortune in case of recovery, and appointing Mr. Project my guardian. Now mark what follows: two months ago the physician, who had the care of me, proclaim'd my health restor'd, and I came to this house in the full hope of taking possession of my fortune, and sharing it with the man who best deserves it---but what is the reverse? I am confin'd to those rooms; not suffer'd to be seen or spoken to; my letters intercepted and destroy'd, and when I ask the reason for all this, they say, "Your health's precarious, it requires peace and quiet, and if you mix too suddenly with the world the joy may occasion a relapse"---the joy! What joy, my friend? What pleasure can there be in mixing with that world that hitherto has only robbed me of my senses, and thwarted me in my affections?

Cecil. True, Emmeline; and now I see the motive for your guardian's conduct---He is an enterprising man---has involv'd your fortune in his schemes; and at present not being able to give you a fair account, he keeps you close, till by some lucky speculation he is enabled to repay you---but is there no way to extricate you? no means of escaping?

Emme. None; impossible.

Cecil. I have contrived to unlock one door in your room,

room, you see; why can't I get the key of the other?

Emme. Because it leads to a pagoda that adjoins the house, and which has not been opened since my confinement. Oh Cecilia! is it not hard to wake as from a long and frightful dream, and find all true? no cheering friend to dissipate your terrors? nay, even he whose very smiles would clear the clouds around me! he to be absent! he not near to soothe me!

Cecil. He knows not of your recovery---your letters have not reach'd him, else---hush! somebody's coming! (*Looks out.*) it is your guardian! I cannot leave you so unsatisfied---let me go with you---we'll plan some letters that may recall his sensibility---his heart was once humane; and had he not ruin'd himself by living beyond his income---

Emme. Ah! there's the fountain of all modern evil! when once a man exceeds the limits of his fortune, the barrier of honour as well as prudence is thrown down---money is borrowed never to be repaid---friends are dup'd and become enemies---the gaming table is flown to as a last effort---till imperceptibly, step by step, the mind, originally virtuous, becomes desperate, harden'd, and unprincipled! and for these errors I am doom'd to suffer! but he's here---Oh my father! why was I left to be the sacrifice of another's dissipation and extravagance?

[*EMMELINE and CECILIA exeunt at door in flat.*]

Enter PROJECT followed by a Servant.

Project. I tell you, go directly to Portsmouth; take my own carriage and horses, and, when the packet arrives from the East Indies, ask for Mr. Tanjore,

Tanjore, and give him this letter---stop, let me read it once more.——

“ *My dear Cousin,*

“ My house in town is magnificently fitted
 “ up to receive you--to my house in the country
 “ I have added two wings, built in the eastern
 “ style to make it more worthy your acceptance;
 “ my carriage, horses, and servants are waiting
 “ to conduct you to London; and I have got a
 “ bride for you, young, beautiful, and rich.”

There, that will please the young Nabob; to be sure it was unlucky my shutting my doors against him before he went to India, but these attentions, and bringing his sister Cecilia to my house, will remove former prejudices, and make it a most successful speculation---there, dispatch.

[*Giving letter to the Servant.*

Serv. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Project. Then by marrying him to my ward Emmeline, I shall prevent any overhawling of accounts, and if I keep her close till he arrives——here comes my wife in a rage at my refusing her money this morning---the miserly spendthrift! to be saving farthings in the comforts and necessaries of life, and wasting hundreds in luxuries and superfluities.

Enter Lady KATHARINE PROJECT.

Lady Pro. So, Mr. Project, how dare you refuse me money when I condescend to send for it?

Project. Because 'tis time to grow prudent, madam. Wait the event of my speculations before you let folly and extravagance again undo us.

Lady Pro.

Lady Pro. Extravagance!—Sir, 'tis your speculations that have undone us—haven't they all fail'd?—did'nt the first wise bubble burst into air?

Project. The first, madam!

Lady Pro. Yes: didn't you give two thousand pounds for a picture gallery? think the pictures all originals? call it the Asiatic Asiphusicon, and say you should make a fortune by its exhibition?—very well, sir, and didn't the famous picture that you advertis'd, as the “celebrated champion of England, by Rembrant,” turn out to be nothing more than an old sign of St. George and the Dragon, blown down from an alehouse in Leadenhall Market? was'nt the boasted beech tree, by Claude Lorraine, daub'd out a week before by a glasier's boy, in Cheapside?—

Project. No, no, Madam. Besides if it was, didn't the speculation on bark make me ample amends?—did'nt I, by the monopoly of that medicine, dispose of it at my own price?

Lady Pro. No: for the doctors and apothecaries, finding they could get no profit by it, swore bark was unwholesome physic, and nobody took it.---Then didn't you run up so many new houses at Paddington that many of them were built without stair-cases; and by the time one part was finish'd, didn't another fall all to pieces?---wasn't—

Project. Zounds! have you done, ma'am?---I say it is your false œconomy that has hurt my fortune: saving trifles and squandering thousands.

Lady Pro. Squandering!---What, sir, do you pretend I don't consult cheapness?

Project. Yes; but how, madam? you will lame my best horses by sending them to a cheap blacksmith, and then give a hundred pounds for a ham-mercloth---you will quarrel with your maid for

burning two candles instead of one; and the same night lose a thousand pounds at *faro*---and, answer me fairly, that you might use otto of roses instead of lavender, haven't you sent me to bed supperless for a whole month?

Lady Pro. Well: and what then, sir?

Project. Then you stint the servants in meat and drink, only to dress them with bags and nosebags---and once when you gave one hundred and fifty pounds for a curricule, didn't you want me to drive two miles over impassable roads, only to avoid paying a turnpike?---another time when you and your favourite Sir Frederick---

Lady Pro. There he always strikes me dumb---Oh! if I could recriminate! (*aside*) Well, sir: what of Sir Frederick? I'm sure there's no impropriety in our intimacy: we are never tête à tête---At the theatre, the opera, all public places, my grandmother is always present; and if ever Sir Frederick kist the tip of my finger, the old lady saw it---

Project. That's impossible: for the old lady's as blind as Cupid.---However, it isn't our interest to quarrel; and if my schemes on the Alderman and the Nabob turn out as I expect, you shall have what money you desire---come, shake hands,---and now walk with me towards Aldgate farm, and I'll explain to you all my plans.

Lady Pro. Aldgate farm! there again! pray, sir, to whom do you owe the power you have over the Alderman? By whose means is that lump of agriculture become an annuity to you?---have not my charms lur'd him?

Project. To be sure: he too has a blindness; and by his own affectations of intrigue, and your flattering his vanity---

Lady Pro. He is become so attach'd to the wife,
that

that the husband may speculate him out of all his property. Well, sir, since you confess the obligation, I'll walk with you, and see how this curious gentleman farmer goes on. Saturday is the day, I think, the rustick comes from London.

Project. It is: and as usual he only comes to paint his outhouses and neglect his land.---The farm is mine, and he thinks I shall give him a long lease; but when I find he has finish'd his improvements, I'll let it over his head.---Oh, Eliza! this is the age for speculation---People love delusion---ay, so much that the more you dupe them, the better they like you, and while a rich citizen shall propose a fair scheme which nobody adopts, a dashing west-end of the town gentlemen shall start a visionary one, and, hey! presto!--every body meets him in full cry---This is my plan, and so the Nabob and the gentleman farmer shall find it. [Exeunt.

SCENE---*A view of the Alderman's Farm—Barn with painted doors—Carts, waggons, &c. of different colours—Hay-stack cover'd with an elegant awning—White rails, &c.*

VICKERY discovered with a basket in his hand.

Vickery. Here are alterations!--The vulgar clod who kept this farm before my master, said he built every thing for use; he minded the value not the look of a thing:—now I think the Alderman has shewn him the difference.---Here he comes, and I must be off to his dear Lady Project with this basket full of choice garden-stuff, and haunches of Nova Scotia mutton. I wish the Alderman may succeed better as a lover than as a farmer; though

between you and I, master Vickery, I believe he knows as much of the one as of the other. [*Exit.*]

Enter PROJECT and Alderman ARABLE.

Ald. Ar. There, there are improvements!—Welcome to Aldgate farm, my friend.

Project. Thank'ye, Alderman, thank'ye.—Any news in London?

Ald. Ar. That for London,—that for trade! (*snapping his fingers.*) here's the spot to make a fortune in. Look, my dear friend: is'nt every thing so tasty? so neat? so clean? you see at once this is none of your rough dirty farms: it belongs to a gentleman; not to a farmer.

Project. True: all the outhouses so new, so neat! ay, common farmers never think of these things.

Ald. Ar. No: plodding blockheads! they think of nothing but ploughing, sowing, and reaping: they look to the inside of their barns; I to the out! that pretty team now; (*pointing to one.*) it carries all the ashes and other manure to a neighbouring farmer's, for you must know I'm too cleanly to have any dust or dirt thrown on my land: a little chalk makes it look light and pretty.—Then the piggery! what do you think of the piggery? there! why there it is.

Project. Mercy on me! in high varnish! Why, its very elegant. But pray, Alderman, haven't you found that the pigs spoil the paint?

Ald. Ar. Yes, and that the paint spoils the pigs; so I've got an excellent remedy---I keep none.

Project. That's one way to be sure.---But with regard to the more essential parts of farming,---how goes on your cabbage plantation? your speculation on butter? what have been your profits?

Ald. Ar. Profit! ask my bailiff about that. The fact

fact is, Project, I have had a curst unlucky year: the seasons have been against me: a hot winter---a frosty summer---flies, blights, and grubs, in all the corn---sheep, calves, and horses, all with the staggers---foxes eating up my chickens---cocknies shooting my geese---and as for the speculation you mention, why, the cows eat me forty load of hay, and I only made thirty pounds of butter;---“ Debtor for hay one hundred forty five pounds, twelve shillings and eight pence. Per contra, creditor for butter, one pound, seventeen shillings, and ten pence halfpenny farthing!”

Project. Ah! I see it don't answer so well as I expected; but about the plantation?

Ald Ar. Oh! the cabbages.---Ay: there I've been fortunate.---I tell you what---that plantation and my Nova Scotia sheep will make up for all my losses.

JACK ARABLE. (*without.*)

Father---Where are you father?

Project. Here's your son. I'm told since he left Oxford and went to study under a special pleader, that he's much improv'd.---Why his education must have cost you a great sum of money, Alderman?

Ald Ar. Thousands, thousands! But he'll repay me.---Hark'ye; he is now a Batchelor of Arts---by and by King's Counsel---hereafter member for the county---then great Orator---the Seals---the Cabinet! Oh! there's no doubt but Jack will make his own fortune and mine too.

Project. How do you mean?---why don't you allow him an income?

Ald. Ar. Not a shilling.---I have given him a most glorious education and that's fortune enough now-a-days.---Now he starts fair, and he's like my field of cabbages;

cabbages ; so well cultivated that there's no doubt of a fine crop.

Enter JACK ARABLE.

Jack Ar. O father, I've been hunting for you every where. The Novia Scotia Sheep,—pheugh.
puffing himself.

Ald. Ar. Well, what of the dear animals ?

Jack. Why, they have broken into the plantation and are eating up the cabbages as fast as they can—I dare say I saw them devour one third before I came away.

Ald. Ar. You did ! did you ?—where's the bailiff ?—oh ! this is an old manœuvre—the farmers are in a combination against me, and whenever their cattle want food, they send them to breakfast, dine, and sup on my crops—they're not my sheep, so I'll go and pound them—in the mean time, Jack, do you give my friend, Mr. Project, a specimen of your talents. *[Exit.*

Jack Ar. My talents !—Lord ! they speak for themselves I'm sure—don't they Mr. —

Project. How long is it since you left college, sir ?—and pray what was your chief study there ?

Jack Ar. Study, heh ?—come—that's fair, very fair. Why, my study was to shoot without missing : leap five barr'd gates full speed—get drunk—make love to my laundress—break lamps with my mathematical instruments, and knock down the proctors with the classics—famous, heh ?—oh ! I finished my education in a most capital style.

Project. So I perceive, sir—but how do you like the Temple, sir ?—how does Special Pleading agree with you ?

Jack Ar. Special Pleading !---I'm above that---mum :---don't tell father, and I'll let you into a
secret---

secret---I've been two years with a Special Pleader and never saw his fat face in all my life---fair, heh !
---very fair !---no, no :---I know---

Project. What do you know, sir ?

Jack Ar. That Westminster Hall won't do for Jack Arable---the market's over-stocked---there's such a croud of black cattle, and so few buyers, that one half must be returned on the owner's hand, at prime cost.---O !---besides, if one did get a brief, the King's Bench is like other courts, so crouded, that there's no getting a place in it---and there's the case---I must come back to father---and what then ?---he won't give me the Spanish.

Project. The Spanish !---now what the devil's that ?

Jack Ar. Why, ready money, not credit or paper. When I ask him for a few guineas he reminds me of my education---refers me to Westminster Hall---says I shall be call'd next term and make thousands. Thousands ! plague on't !---after being three years a Barrister, attending the courts, and going the circuits ; I dare say, I shan't fetch the price of my gown and wig !---so you see, Mr. Project, here am I with a finish'd education in the high road to a jail.

Project. No, no---your marriage with Cecilia will prevent that.

Jack Ar. Ay, I shall be glad to have her.

Project. What ! you love her, do you ?

Jack Ar. No, but I love her fortune, and if I could marry her to-morrow, I'd touch the Spanish, and be off to London directly---to Epsom Races---the grand Cricket Match---zounds !---in making me a Special Pleader, they'd spoil one of the most dashing dogs in Europe.

Re-enter

Re-enter Alderman ARABLE.

Ald. Ar. I've secur'd the gormandizers, and there's an end of that business. Well, my friend, how have you found him?—isn't his head like my land?

Project. Exactly—so barren that no cultivation can improve it—(*aside.*) but since you agree to the match with Cecilia, the sooner he pays his addressee the better. What say you? will you go and have the first interview now?

Ald. Ar. With all my heart; her brother is a Nabob, so let's go directly—

Jack. Ar. Stop, stop—when we get to Mr. Project's house, you must both of you grant me a favour, you must let me see my brother Edward's friend.

Project. Who is that, sir?

Jack. Ar. Why, the lady that's lock'd up—my cousin Emmeline---nay, don't be angry; I only want her to pay me twenty pounds she owes me.

Ald. Ar. My niece Emmeline owe you twenty pounds!--how do you make out that?

Jack Ar. I'll tell you: two years ago I ask'd her to lend me fifty pounds, she had only thirty in her pocket, which she generously gave me---now you know she owes me the odd twenty---fair, very fair, isn't it?

Ald. Ar. Nonsense!--she is under the care of my best friend here, who don't chuse she should be disturb'd in her seclusion: he does every thing that is right with regard to that unhappy girl.

Project. I thank you for your approbation---but come; let's to Cecilia.

Ald. Ar. Ay, come by boy; odsheart! strike her with your talents at once, and if she asks about a marriage settlement, put your hand to your head;
hit

hit it hard ; it won't hurt it, Jack—say, “ here it is,” here's the place, like the Alderman's granary—
so full——

Jack Ar. Full, father !

Ald. Ar. Faith ! I forgot—it's empty. However, don't despair, for three such lads as we are will make a match, or be a match for any woman in the world !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in Mr. Project's House.*

Enter PROJECT, and CECILIA.

Cecilia. I tell you, it's all settled—I've seen young Arable: he propos'd marriage, and I gave him as warm a reception as you could wish. But, Lady Katharine Project, fir; she tires me with her insinuations—she says, I come here to seduce her husband's affections, when you know, Mr. Project, he's the last man on the earth I should fix on for a gallant.

Project. Mr. Project's very much oblig'd to you: but the truth is this, Cecilia—she knows I see her partiality for fir Frederick: this makes her all obedience—but if she could once recriminate; only prove I have my gallantries (and I have had them beyond a doubt) why then snap goes the rod I hold over her, and all the money I spent in patching up her reputation——

Cecilia. Money, in patching up reputation!—how do you mean, coz?

Project. Mean! that when certain people lose their character, they spend half their fortune in attempting to retrieve it—keep open house, give public entertainments—suppers, balls, concerts, galas—then every body comes; for if Belzebub himself gave a dinner, there are people who would go to it!—every body comes, I say—eat, drink, dance, and retire; and while the host and hostess fancy they are sounding their praises, egad! they're only cutting up their reputation, and laughing at them more and more for their folly.

Cecilia.

Cecilia. Are they? then I wish lady Project would recriminate, for I'm very fond of balls, concerts, and galas; and if you're expos'd you must give them to patch up your own reputation, you know—so adieu!—oh, I forgot, though—lend me the key of the Pagoda, will you?

Project. The Pagoda!

Cecilia. Ay, there's an eclipse to night, and it will be a charming place to see it from—come give it me—foolish man!—I dare say, now, you're thinking this may lead to some plot about Emmeline; but you forget there are other doors and other keys, Mr. Cerberus, and as I've given the Bridegroom such a warm reception—

Project. Well—your kindness to young Arable deserves a reward, and as I've no reason to suppose you mean to make a bad use of the key, take it—heh!—here's the gentleman himself! and I declare looking as melancholy as if the honey moon was over—nay—don't leave us.

Cecilia. If I don't, I shall be too late for the eclipse—so good evening—spouse will describe our interview to you—he'll tell you what pretty things I said of him and his father: upon my word they're a charming pair, and though a namesake of mine had long since won my affections; yet, when I saw young Arable—Oh! who can resist a man of his education. [Exit.

Enter JACK ARABLE.

Project. Joy! I give you joy, sir,—she has consented!—you'll be brother-in-law to a Nabob, and I, bringing about the match, shall touch a thousand pounds from the Alderman. Come, sit down, my boy, and tell me all about it—(they sit.)—who had the first word? you or Cecilia?

Jack Ar. I had the first: she the last.

Project. Ah! that's one of the sex's privileges; but how did she conclude? with recommending you to go to a parson, and finish the marriage?

Jack Ar. No: she concluded with recommending me to go to school again and finish my education!—Mr. Project, you'll hardly believe it, but she call'd me Master Jacky: laugh'd at my learning; ridicul'd my manners; and when I reminded her that I had been made a scholar, and a gentleman, she said I might as well say one of my father's cows had been made to translate Greek, or dance the minuet de la Cour.

Project. Why this is a warm reception indeed! well: what was your answer?

Jack Ar. Says I, ma'am!—ma'am! I'm a Bachelor of Arts, and a Student at Law; I can solve a Problem, draw a Demurrer, and read a Latin Ovid.

Project. A Latin Ovid!—what not a translation?

Jack Ar. No: a real Latin Ovid, says I, ma'am! that was fair, was'nt it? had her there—famous, heh?

Project. Was ever time and money so wasted on a blockhead's education? (*aside*)—you should have told her you were shortly to be call'd to the bar; that you were now at a Special Pleader's: if I mistake not, she is a great admirer of the profession.

Jack Ar. No, no: she's not so bad as that either; for when by way of a joke, I said that Westminster Hall would be a knowing place to give a masquerade in—"a masquerade!" says she—"there's one there every day in Term time!—famous, heh? had me there: but there's father just awoke from his after dinner nap—'gad! he shall have his share——"

Enter

Enter ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Jack Ar. Father, I'm come from my intended wife: she speaks so highly of you.

Ald. Ar. Does she? that makes out my dream then: I dreamt she gave you her hand, because she said your father understood farming better than any man in England. Oh! the dear creature!-- how was it?

Jack Ar. She said, that while you were planting shrubberies, building outhouses, and painting the pig-stye, your bailiff was cheating you of the small crops your neglected fields produced; that in a month you would spend more money in fattening a single wether, than would supply the Court of Aldermen with turtle and venison for a year; that your garden is as expensive as your farm, for that every Monday morning, when your coach is cram'd with hampers of garden stuff, there isn't a turnip top within them but costs more than all the pine apples in Covent Garden market---that was fair, wasn't it?---very fair.

Ald. Ar. I'll hear no more---it's a libel, and if she wasn't a sister to a Nabob---a wether cost me more than venison; and turnip tops more than pine apples! I'll be reveng'd.

Jack Ar. So will I--but how father?

Ald. Ar. How! by making her your wife, whether she will or no---I'm determin'd to have a pow'r over her; and Mr. Project I will give you all my crops in and out of the ground---all my live and dead stock---ay, an additional thousand pounds only to make me father to this Jezabel, and then---leave me to manage her education.

Project. If she won't consent, Alderman, what can I do?

Jack Ar.

Jack Ar. What! a college for that; we classics know a trick or two, and give me an opportunity, and five to four but I make her Mrs. Jack Arable before to-morrow morning. Zounds! I'll carry her off, then touch the Spanish, and away to Epsom and cricket---(*aside*)---come, what say you to the two thousand pounds.

Project. That it's a nice Speculation, and as there can be no harm in getting a girl a good husband, I will give you an opportunity: hark ye, she is, now in my garden, in the pagoda; come with me, directly and——but hold, hold, where will you carry her to?

Jack Ar. To Aldgate farm to be sure, where we've a parson waiting, and where we'll convince her, that we can make a match, or be a match for any woman in the world: come---

Ald. Ar. Ay, away with you; and when she's my daughter, instead of being fashionable and impertinent, she shall be humble and industrious: she shall give up the harpsicord for the spinning wheel; faro and archery for the hen-house and the dairy; and, instead of parading *a la militaire* on a high bred hunter, she shall carry eggs to market on broken-knee'd Dobbin, and be a pattern for all the farmer's wives and daughters in the land! away my boys!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.-----*Another Apartment in Project's Country House---A Door in Flat.*

Enter CECILIA.

Cecil. So, I've, tric'd him out of the key, and now for my dear Emmeline (*Opens the door in flat*

Enter

Enter EMMELINE.

Emme. Oh my friend! you come most opportunely---at the very moment when most I needed consolation and support. Look there (*giving a letter*) 'tis my guardian's answer to the letter we plan'd together.

Cecilia reads :

“ You are kept here to recruit your health---
“ your fortune shall be paid you on the day of
“ your marriage---in the mean time don't trouble
“ me any more with unreasonable requests, lest
“ I should imagine you have relaps'd---you un-
“ derstand-----”

This is beyond all bearing---I cannot endure such---

Emme. How then can I? Oh, Cecilia! when dissipation and ruin deprives the thoughtless profligate of his senses, there is little cause for lamenting a disorder that bereaves him of all memory of his vices; but when a poor sufferer like myself, whose only error has been virtuous love, who has done no wrong but that of cherishing an honest passion, and that passion for a time deprived her of her reason, what is to be her fate? is she to be pitied, or thus for ever punished?

Cecil. Don't be unhappy, Emmeline; I feel for you---pity you sincerely.

Emme. I need it, for if I were, as they insinuate, I should not have the sense to feel my sorrows so acutely. My heart has long been breaking, and but for your humanity, the struggle had been past---would it were! and yet Cecilia---

Cecil. What, my friend?

Emme.

Emme. If I could see and bless the lovely cause of all——

Cecil. Be comforted, you shall see him; come, cheer up, for sunshine breaks in upon you, Emmeline; look, this key will secure your escape---ay, 'tis the pagoda key, your guardian gave it me, and in my lodgings in London, you may be safely concealed, till Edward comes to punish him and to reward your sufferings.

Emme. Is there a hope then for our meeting? Oh! joy will now distract me, but think what difficulties---

Cecil. None but what we can surmount: the servant who brings a chaise near the garden, will unlock the gate outside; I'll go give him orders directly, and that no time may be lost, do you retire instantly into the pagoda (*gives Emmeline the key,*) wait till I come, or you hear the gate unbarred---nay, no more melancholy looks; henceforth you must smile and be cheerful, and some years hence, you, I, and Edward will sit over a winter fire, and laugh at our cunning, in outwitting that first of schemers my cousin Project.

Emme. Kind generous girl? I will do all that you desire---till we meet, farewell! how I tremble for the event, yet why? if I'am brought back, they cannot persecute me more, and if I 'scape their snares, the sight of Edward——Oh! the thought revives me! and since my guardian is so bold in guilt, wherefore should innocence be fearful? no, I've a virtuous cause, and I will nobly fall or triumph in the conflict!

[*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.---PROJECT's Garden: a Pagoda at the Wing---moon-light.

Enter PROJECT and JACK ARABLE.

Jack Ar. So was she caught in her own snare, heh? Well, this is the place with the foreign name, the pagoda as you call it, pray what put it into your head to build such an out-of-the-way thing?

Project. Speculation, sir, speculation: the house stood on my hands, so by running up a pair of wings after the eastern fashion, I thought to catch some thoughtless Nabob, but it wou'dn't do, they were obstinate; however, my rich cousin is coming home---

Jack Ar. And he pays for their obstinacy---fair, that's very fair; but about this Miss Cecilia---she is coming here to see an eclipse you say.

Project. Yes, she has herself given you a fair opportunity, and if you don't carry her to your father's where a parson and a licence is ready---stop, I think I saw a light, perhaps she's there already (*looks through the key-hole*) she is! I see her petticoat.

Jack Ar. Do you? that's famous---an eclipse, heh? gad! she shall see a constellation. Go, squire go, tell the alderman to look out for me and my wife---

Project. No, I must go and look out for my own wife, for if she finds me and Cecilia out of the house at this time of night, she'll talk of recrimination for ever; so success to you, and remember, she's an angel, my young lawyer.

Jack Ar. Why, as I'm a lawyer I'd better forget it, for we and angels don't exactly suit each other. You manage your wife, I'll take care of mine. (PRO-

D

JECT

JECT *exit.*) now for it---now to coax her into the garden---(*opens the door of the pagoda*)---Ma'am! hadn't you better come out, ma'am? don't be frightened, there's nobody here but me---she's coming by all that's tender, classical, and famous!

Enter EMMELINE from the Pagoda.

Emme. This is my friend's servant, I suppose, with the carriage---where can she be herself? she promised to follow me instantly; however, I'll ask him---Heavens! what do I see? my cousin Arable! then I am deceived, and am undone for ever.

Jack Ar. (not knowing her.) Yes, it's master Jacky! he's not gone to school you see; however, I'll first secure the gate, that nobody may come from the house and disturb us---(*he bars the gate of the pagoda.*)--come Miss Cecilia, come to Aldgate-farm, and teach the cows to translate Greek and dance minuets. What, sulkey, heh? let's look in your face---how! why, it is not you, is it? no, egad! 'tis cousin Emmeline.

Emme. Yet, that Emmeline who was once your friend and favourite, who being deserted by her family, and persecuted by her guardian, meant to escape from confinement, but is disappointed; you have discovered my intentions, sir, and I confess myself completely in your power.

Jack Ar. What! it's a trick, is it?---You stole out instead of the other---come, that's fair, very fair. Well! and how d'you do, coz? do you know I've finished my education since I saw you---I have famously, but you've been very ill, Emmeline? however, we won't talk about that, you're recover'd, and I'm glad on't with all my heart! yet, you used me most kindly, coz.

Emme.

Emme. It seems I have used every body so, else I think I should not have been so hardly treated. I have been amply punished, sir.

Jack Ar. You have, you have, Emmeline; but you should have kept your promise about the Spanish—I always kept my word with you, and once you know when we were boys and girls and you and my brother Edward quarrelled about your little tame fawn, did not you cry and ask me to make it up between you! and didn't I bid him kiss the fawn and kiss you, and ever after wasn't he so fond of you——

Emme. Let me beseech you, sir, name not your brother: lead not my mind to thoughts, that, whilst they charm, distract me. I'm sorry I forgot my promise, but you should remember, I also forgot myself;—remind me, and perhaps——

Jack Ar. I've a great mind——I will!—why the fact is, Emmeline, you offer'd to lend me fifty pounds, and you only gave me thirty: now you know you owe me the odd twenty.—I'm the last person on earth to dun people for money, but really when it has been owing so long; upon my soul I beg your pardon, but the Alderman cuts so close: he has educated me so like a gentleman, and keeps me so like a beggar, that here I am with a head full of the notions of life and dissipation, and a pocket as empty as Oxford in the vacation.

Emme. I regret that my guardian has not left me the means of fulfilling my promise, but when I see my friend Cecilia, I've no doubt but she'll procure what you desire.—And now, sir, let me know my fate: am I to go back to my prison?

Jack. Ar. Go to prison! what! when we've Spanish to keep us out of it? no, that's not fair.—We'll go to London, to Epsom to the grand-match; or if, as is most likely, you prefer Miss Ceci-

lia's company to mine, I'll call her to take care of you; for if I leave you till you're safe out of your guardian's clutches, may I lose the long odds, and be flogg'd round the race-course like a blackleg.

Emme. Now, indeed, you are the brother of my Edward:—then call Cecilia: I dare say by this time she is arriv'd in the pagoda; and yonder is a carriage waiting to conduct us to London: there I shall remain till your brother arrives, and then make an appeal to the laws of my country.

Jack Ar. Never, never go to law; leave the whole business to arbitration, for if you don't at first, the lawyers, after emptying your pockets, will only do it at last.—However, I'll unbar the gate, (*goes to pagoda.*) gad! this is famous!—how Project and the Alderman will be bother'd?—Zounds! what do I see?—your guardian!—(*runs to EMMELINE.*) don't, don't agitate yourself: pull down your veil and I'll——

EMMELINE pulls down her veil and PROJECT enters.

Project. As I thought.—My wife suspects an assignation between me and Cecilia, and is now coming to detect me. Mr. Arable: a word if you please. (*JACK leaves, EMMELINE, and comes to PROJECT.*) If you don't get her off,—and, I see how it is?—you can't persuade her——

Jack Ar. Can't I? um? ecce signum, as we great scholars say. (*goes to EMMELINE*) Come, Miss, will you go with Master Jacky, and be made daughter-in-law to an Alderman? (*EMMELINE gives him her hand and nods assent.*) there! haven't I a rare granary? Why, I'll back my head at a scheme against your's, Little Project.

Project. No, you mustn't do that; for this lucky scheme was all my planning, you know.

Jack Ar.

Jack Ar. So it was; and you shall have the full credit of it, my boy!—The chaise will take us to the nearest inn, and I'll return for Cecilia. (*aside to EMMELINE.*) Bid her good by; give her your sanction. (*PROJECT bows and kisses his hand.*) There; now you do as he orders you.—You see, squire, you see,—this is both famous and fair, isn't it?

[*Exit, handing off EMMELINE.*]

Project. It is! it is! (*looks out.*) He hands her into the carriage! the postillion shuts the door!—mounts his horses!—away they go!—Huzza! Huzza!

Enter Alderman ARABLE, running against him.

Ald. Ar. Huzza! huzza he has her! he has her!—Joy! I give you joy, my friend.

Project. This is reaping the harvest, farmer.

Ald. Ar. Ay; we're in clover now!—But Project, I met that good and sweet woman your wife, in such a jealous rage——

Project. That's a better joke than t'other.---She thinks to detect me in assignation with Cecilia; but the bird is flown, you see.

Enter Lady KATHARINE PROJECT.

Lady Pro. So, Mr. Project; where have you conceal'd Cecilia?—Mr. Arable, he brings this young lady to my house,---entertains her in the most expensive style,---gives her the most extravagant suppers, and having decoy'd her into an assignation, he now comes here to carry her off.

Ald. Ar. That's impossible, your ladyship, because Jack has carried her off already.---She is by this time as safe at Aldgate farm, as Emmeline is in your house, and I dare say they and the parson
are

are setting down to a haunch of my Novia Scotia mutton.---Do you know, my lady, I always kill my own mutton and milk my own cows?

Lady Pro. At Aldgate farm indeed!--more like? she's in that Pagoda.---Ar'n't I right, my life.

Project. You are, my foul.---Hark'ye,---did Sir Frederic teach you this?

Lady Pro. There now! I'm always to be choak'd at the moment of recrimination! I believe Cecilia's innocent, but to know my husband's falshood, and never be able to prove it.---I can't bear his triumph---I (*taking out her handkerchief*) am the most unhappy, ill-treated wife. (*Crying*)

CECILIA taps at the door with inside the Pagoda.

Ald. Ar. What the devil's that?

Project. What, indeed!--hush!

Cecilia. (within) Why don't you open the door? 'tis I! 'tis Cecilia!

Lady Pro. Oh! it is, is it?---then come out and--- (*Opens the door of the pagoda, and leads out CECILIA.*) I say Mr. Alderman, they're setting down to a haunch of Novia Scotia mutton, are they?

Ald. Ar. Project, this is reaping the harvest indeed.

Project. Ay: we're in clover now with a vengeance. Cecilia, what does this mean?

Cecil. Why as all concealment will now be useless, I may venture to inform you that by some accident Emmeline has escap'd, I find; and I came here in search of her, and not to meet your husband ma'am, upon my honour.

Project. Emmeline escap'd!--that was her then that the well-educated blockhead handing off, saying, you

“ you see ! this is both famous and fair !” ’Sdeath ! I’ve out-schem’d myself.—I’ll pursue her instantly. Alderman, will you go with me ?

Ald. Ar. Ay ; that I will ; my son, Captain Edward, is arriv’d, and if he and Emmeline should meet,—I tell you what,—as Jack has made two fools of us, I’ll persuade the East Indian to let Edward marry his sister, Cecilia. Come along. Odsheart ! I won’t wait to order my carriage or have garden stuff—(*Cecilia laughs.*) now there again ! I only wish I had you at the farm.—I’d-----

Project. Come ; I know what your going to say.

Ald. Ar. Do you ? then you know more than I do myself ; for plague on the girls, they’ll drive me out of my senses ! [*Exit with PROJECT.*

Lady Pro. My dear Cecilia, I never doubted your innocence.—Come ; let’s go and prepare for London. I long to see your brother the young Nabod. I dare say, he’ll bring over the most charming presents.

Cecil. Very likely : but my mind is all on Emmeline. Poor Girl ! May she escape the persecution of her enemies, and be rewarded as her virtue and her sufferings deserve !

Exeunt.

ACT III.

*An elegant Apartment at PROJECT's House, in
London.*

Enter PROJECT, and SIR FREDERICK.

Project. Not find her! Emmeline not to be found! tell me, sir Frederick, have you been at young Arable's chambers?

Sir Fred. I have—and he is out of town, at Epsom: positively, I can hear nothing of Emmeline—but what then? fretting won't find her; and if it did, I dare say you'd find something else to fret you---I'm her lover, and you see I'm not uneasy.

Project. No: you havn't the reason I have---she may fall into the hands of some enemy, who may say, I have entangled her fortune; confin'd her after her health was restor'd; and at last convince her uncle, the alderman, that I have wrong'd her---then her friend, captain Arable, is in town, you say.

Sir Fred. Yes, he arriv'd last night from Gibraltar---receiving a letter that inform'd him of Emmeline's recovery; he quitted the regiment at the risk of offending his father---leave me to manage him: let me see---(*looking at his watch.*) I am now going to meet him.

Project. Are you? then tell him of her escape: the necessity of restoring her to my power---hint at a relapse, and persuade him to join in searching for her: I would go with you; but I'm waiting here to receive my cousin Tanjore.

Flourish

Flourish of clarinets without.

Project. That's him ! that's the young Nabob--- I order'd the band to strike up as he pass'd through the hall ; and as he's been accusom'd to be surrounded with slaves. I've hir'd those blacks and other attendants to give him a sort of pompous entrée.

Sir Fred. Ay, there's the East Indian : I wonder whether Mr. Tanjore's as easy and familiar as ever : I remember when he had neither cash nor credit, he used to call the greatest men by their Christian names ; and though he hadn't a coat to his own back, he was always remarking on the dress of other people.

Project. Ah ! he was no Nabob then : now I fear he's as haughty and reserv'd as he was before free and familiar : good day, sir Frederick : I shall rely on your making captain Arable my friend. (*Sir Frederick exit.*) now for it : now for my best scheme ! to be sure, my tricking him and turning my back on him before he went to Madras, was rather unlucky ; but his coming to my house, proves he don't think the worse of me---no, no : I have him : and when I've fairly strip'd him ; I'll send him to India again, there to make another fortune, for the benefit of me and my Speculations !

Another Flourish.---Enters Blacks with Music, servants in superb liveries preceding Tanjore and Cecilia,---other attendants following.

Tan. Billy, your hand---where's Betsy ? well : here we are you see : hot from Madras : warm as Lucifer---rich as Croesus, my boy !

E

Project

Project. 'Tis as I thought! (*aside*) I hope you found my carriages and horses all ready: I should have been miserable if you hadn't condescended to make use of them.

Tan. Should you? then be happy, coz; for I'll make use of them for ever: the carriages and horses are mine, Billy.

Project. They are, you do me great honour in accepting them!--he has forgot our old quarrel---and I shall finger every farthing!--(*aside.*) Well: but about India, cousin---you made your fortune very rapidly.

Tan. Yes: the princess Nundomoree took a fancy to my person and dress---introduc'd me to the Nabob of Begumboree: he to the Rajah of Seringapatoree; and so amongst them you see---but, Billy, what makes you so civil? before I sail'd, you wouldn't pay the fare of a hackney coach for me, and now you give me all your carriages and horses: well, well: I take it very kind of you; and so hark'ye---a few westerly winds will bring round the homeward bound fleet, and then hire all the strongest waggons you can get: bullion! pearls! diamonds!--oh, damme, coz, this house shall never hold them.

Project. I hope this house will hold them though: oh! for a westerly wind!--in return, my dear friend, the wife I design for you has five thousand a year---to be sure it's very little; but---

Tan. A little's better than nothing, you know; and if I like her person and manners, why, five thousand a year will be very pretty pin money: but what's here, Billy?---(*looking at his coat,*) is this a dress for a cousin of a Nabob?

Project. What! at the old work?---pssha! what signifies dress?

Tan.

Tan. Every thing, now-a-days---a good coat is tantamount to a good character; and if the World be a Stage, it's as necessary to dress as to act your part well: then consider the effect---why, when I landed from the Packet in my old blue coat, shabby red waistcoat, and decay'd kerseymeres, I cut through the alleys, and was push'd and smok'd by every apprentice and shopkeeper I met: but, the moment I put on these smart cloathes that you sent, I swagger'd through the most public streets---jostled all the men of fashion---cock'd my eye at all the lords, and receiv'd the homage and bows of the very shopkeepers and apprentices that had before sneer'd at me. Oh! in this age of false appearances, there's nothing like a shewy outside; and a taylor is a man of more consequence than you imagine.

Project. Well, but after the fatigue of travelling, don't you want some refreshment: pray do here as if you were at home.

Tan. That I do every where: I never stood on ceremony in my life; but as to refreshment, that depends on our hostess, who, if I recollect, is rather close---short commons---heh, Billy?

Project. Worse and worse: she has almost starv'd me since you went: you haven't yet seen her though: John, call Lady Project.

Tan. No, no: call her yourself: in India, I was always waited upon by the master of the house, and therefore, go, Billy---go---besides, I wish to speak to my sister: stop, though---I shall want some ready money.

Project. What the Spanish?

Tan. Oh, nothing else---go, send your wife, and pray—

Project. For a westerly wind! you shall have what

what money you require ; so—here's Speculation !—
Oh ! for a westerly wind !

[*Exit. The servants follow him.*]

Cecilia. My dear brother let me once more congratulate you : why, who'd have thought of your coming home so rich ?

Tan. Ah ! who indeed ?—you didn't expect it : did you Cecily ?

Cecilia. No ; I expected you'd return as you went. I thought you'd come and say, “ here's a Nabob without a shilling, Cecily !”

Tan. Did you ? then you thought exactly right, for “ here's a Nabob without a shilling, Cecily !”

Cecilia. Nonsense !—Mr. Project says, you have brought over money enough to buy him new houses : new——

Tan. Not enough to buy him a new coat.

Cecilia. Nay, now you're joking : I know you must be rich, by the style you kept up in India : you liv'd in a palace, my dear brother.

Tan. I liv'd in a jail, my dear sister.

Cecilia. Come, come ; havn't I heard that your furniture was emboss'd with gold ? that your dinners were more expensive than the governor's.

Tan. My furniture was the bare walls, and my dinner bread and water ; the fact is, a man may starve in India, as well as in England ; and, instead of finding gold like dirt, or diamonds like pebbles, I found a sort of gentlemen that must be attended to in all countries : I mean a bailiff ! 'tis true, they didn't visit me on my arrival ; but, in the course of a twelvemonth, they whip'd me into one of their hospitable mansions, and there I should have been at this moment, had not the captain of the Packet assisted me in my escape, and landed me generously in old England ! I say generously, for curse me, if I am Nabob enough to pay for my passage.

Cecilia.

Cecilia. Amazing! if Mr. Project knew this, he wouldn't be so friendly—

Tan. He friendly! no: when he and the club had schem'd me out of all the money I had left; they shut the doors against me, while Sir Charles Stanley---I shall never forget his liberality! befriended me, and sent me to India: I guess how the mistake has happened—there is a man of my name, at Madras: an old lover of yours.

Cecilia. Mr. Henry Tanjore—my friend as well as lover.

Tan. Well: he's now as rich as I'm poor; is coming home in the next ships; and scheming Billy, with his usual perspicuity, takes me for him, and determines to make the most of me; and he shall make the most of me: there's no favour he can offer, but I'll have the condescension to accept: and to begin, I'll marry this five thousand pound lady.

Cecilia. Don't—don't think of her: there are a thousand reasons against it.

Tan. Ay; but there are five thousand for it: no more bare walls, and bread and water.

Cecil. Poor Emmeline! then I must conceal from him where she is? [*aside.*]

Tan. See! our hostess, lady Stingy! To poor Tanjore she has often refused a dinner, but to the rich Nabob, I suppose---mum! mark how I'll—

Enter Lady PROJECT.

Lady Pro. Joy! joy on your success, my ever dear cousin.

Tan. Thanks, thanks, my ever dear Kitty.

Lady Pro. Kitty! familiar as ever I see—Well coz! ar'n't you glad to set foot in Old England again? once more to see London and the fashions?

Tan.

Tan. Why, as to the fashions, coz, they fly so fast one can't be quick enough to catch them—nothing lasts above a day. Before I went to India the whole town was running after the Goddess of Health; she died, I'm told, and the learned Pig came to life; he went the graad tour, and the balloon came into power; that bubble burst, and boxing bore down all before it: then came the varieties of dress, such as short skirts, short hair, short sticks, and short great coats! in short, if the world didn't turn round of its own accord, people of fashion would make it, for the moon, whose votaries they are, isn't half so fickle or so changeable!

Lady Pro. Very true; then don't you observe the alterations in buildings? my husband and other speculatists, have built so many new streets, and London is so absolutely gone into the country, that a citizen coming to a rout at Marybone, must be at the expence of changing horses, and paying turn-pikes!—but, I understand, you want some little refreshment.

Tan. Little refreshment! now mind Cecily.—Yes, any thing will do, some turtle and venison, a great deal of game, a quantity of pine apples, and plenty of burgundy and champagne. Then about my bed; at the Rajah of Seringapatoree's I always slept under a canopy empanelled with looking-glass, and covered with gold and silver tissue---didn't I, Cecily? you'll get such a bed Kitty. So now for dinner.

Lady Pro. Turtle, venison, canopies, and gold and silver tissue! Mr. Tanjore, you don't intend to live here in the same style you did in India.

Tan. No, that I don't. I hope neither my furniture nor my dinners will be the same, heh, Cecily? then my wedding-day, coz; I shall celebrate my
nuptials

nuptials at your house, and we'll have such a ball and supper! between ourselves, it shan't be overcrowded though; I'll only ask about three hundred people.

Lady Pro. Three hundred people! Sir, I must tell you, no fortune can support this extravagance, and if you give us every farthing you've brought over—

Tan. Why, I shall, every farthing is your's upon my honour; and by way of specimen to-morrow I'll send you a large chest of shawls, pearls, china, chintzes---

Lady Pro. Will you? Can you be so obliging? Oh! I doat on pearls and shawls, and then for china and chintzes---my dear, dear cousin, come to dinner, and order whatever you like.

Tan. (*aside to CECILIA.*) There now! and I haven't brought over a rag or an empty trunk; however Kitty shall have the presents. There are Indian goods in England, and I'll buy them with Billy's own money. Come, sister! come, hostess! [Exeunt.

SCENE---*Lincolns Inn.*

Enter Captain ARABLE, and Sir FREDERICK.

Sir Fred. Nay, but reflect Captain Arable, reflect.

Capt. Ar. I do reflect, and there's my cause for grief. Have I not quitted my regiment and offended my father? is he not now in search of me, to send me abroad again? and when I expected to meet Emmeline in happiness and health, do you not tell

tell me that her malady has returned, that she has escaped from her guardian, and is not to be found?

Sir Fred. I do, but I hope you don't blame me or Project.

Capt. Ar. No, far from it; I believe he has been more a parent than a guardian to her, and you have sunk the name of rival in that of friend—but my brother to aid in her escape, and now not to be heard of! What is to be done? I dare not meet my father, and if I leave England till I see Emmeline restored to her asylum I shall well merit the anguish that awaits me.

Sir Fred. Psha! you're talking about anguish too—now nothing gives me pain, and why? because I'm so cool and placid, that not even death—death! no, that pain must be over, for hang me, if I think I've been alive these last ten years—but, where are we to find her, Captain?

Capt. Ar. Ah! where indeed? poor Emmeline! without friends, without assistance, and with the loss of that fine sense which now might best support thee, where? where art thou wandering? let us be gone—let us search every where—

Enter TANJORE.

Tan. My cousin to say he has a wife for me, and then not tell me her name or residence! however, I've found out she's at Cecily's lodgings, and so while dinner's getting ready---

Sir Fred. Mr. Tanjore I am happy to see you--- what! don't you know me? have you forgot Sir Frederick Faintly, a member of Bubble's club?

Tan, Sir Frederick! my old acquaintance! how d'ye

d'ye do, Fred? how are you Fred? never saw Fred. before in all my life. *[aside.]*

Sir Fred. This is a particular friend of mine, Mr. Edward Arable.

Tan. Psha! hang ceremony; Ned, your hand Ned—by the bye, Fred. is your friend a riding master?

Sir Fred. Why?

Tan. Cock'd hat and boots! curst vulgar—you too! never wear a cravat with a full dress'd coat, its like a tooth-drawer. Well! what's the news, my boys?

Sir Fred. I know of none, but that you werela might re-elected a member of Bubble's.

Tan. Was I? only observe, Ned—my cousin Billy brought me into this club, and when they had fleec'd me of all my cash, they kick'd me out as a pigeon quite bare—now I return from India with my feathers fresh moulted, they re-elect me, in the hopes of having another pluck—Ay, it's the way at all your fashionable gaming-houses. “Mr. President, who is the new member proposed?” “A great fool, but very rich!” pop, in goes a white ball.—“Who is the next, Mr. President?” “A great genius, but very poor!” “Here waiter! drop in a black ball.”—Your servant though—I can't stay, I must go take a peep at my wife.

Sir Fred. Your wife!

Tan. Yes, gad! it's a most curious business; my cousin says I'm to be married to a lady worth five thousand a year, but he either won't or can't tell me who or where she is! however, I overlooked a letter my sister was just now writing, and I suspect spouse is conceal'd in her lodgings—mum! shan't I delight and astonish her! in India I was such a favourite with the women, that one day six prin-

cesses came to prison to see me——Prison did I say? Oh, ay, that was when I fought against Tippoo, had six horses shot under me, and was at last taken prisoner by——

Capt. Ar. Pray, sir, what is this lady's name?

Tan. Emmeline is her christian name, as to surnames, I never knew but two in my life. Sir Charles Stanmore, and your humble servant Tom Tanjore, two as fine fellows as ever handled rupees and pagodas. Fare-you-well. I shall marry this Emmeline to-morrow.

Capt. Ar. You marry Emmeline, sir?

Tan. Yes, I Ned! and what's more, I invite you to our wedding-dinner, and you also, Fred. and all your friends, and your friend's friends!——Lady Project desired me to ask the whole town, and I'll take care the nuptials shall be celebrated in the true eastern style of magnificence; here's my card, and if you wish to be asked again, come well dress'd; nothing like a good coat, and so farewell, Fred. and Ned! [Exit.

Capt. Ar. It must be her; let's follow him directly.

Sir Fred. Stay, suppose you should meet the Alderman there, and I know he has business with this Mr. Tanjore.

Capt. Ar. Why then, and not till then, let's think what's to be done? come, lose not a moment——in his sister's lodgings, and he about to marry her! 'tis dark, mysterious! mark me, Sir Frederick. I'd traverse half the world to thank the man that has befriended Emmeline! but if I find she has been wrong'd, if there should live a villain that has added to her sorrows, I pledge my honour to avenge her cause——my life or his must answer the event.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

SCENE—CECILIA'S Lodgings.

Enter TANJORE and ALDERMAN ARABLE.

Tan. Walk in, Sir, walk in; your christian name is Obadiah, you say, and your business is concerning a marriage between your son and my sister---did I never see you before?

Ald. Ar. Only once: if you remember, sir, it was in Mr. Project's park, when the dear Lady Project had fainted away and you caught her in your arms. I'm not censorious, Mr. Tanjore, but if her grandmother hadn't come up at the instant---

Tan. You'd have been jealous, heh? Well! but about your son---

Ald. Ar. Why, sir; I wish your sister to become the wife of my son, Captain Arable; the reprobate has quitted his regiment to pursue an unhappy young lady, that I'm determined he shall never be united to. Now, sir, by the recommendation of that worthy man, Mr. Project---

Tanjore. Pray Obadiah, where did you get that curious waistcoat?—positively, it's only fit for an alderman.

Ald. Ar. Then it's fit for me, Mr. Tanjore; for I am an alderman.---Ay, and a farmer too, and if I could find my son, and Cecilia would consent, we'd whisk down to Aldgate farm to night: tack them together to-morrow, and in the course of a month, you can get them out to India, and there you know they're snug and comfortable for life. To a man of your interest, I suppose eight thousand a year will be-----

Tanjore. Nothing---a mere trifle.

Ald. Ar. So I thought.---Oh! when the captain

SPECULATION.

gets to Madras, I only wish he may be provided for as you were Mr. Tanjore.

Tanjore. Provided for as I was! that's what I wish myself: for curse me if I know or care about you or the captain. (*half aside.*) Yonder's Emmeline I fancy.—I must get rid of this rustic.---Good bye Obadiah; go look for the captain, and if you find him, bring him to my wedding dinner. Lady Project keeps open house while I stay; so bring all your city and rural friends---carters and common-councilmen-----

Ald. Ar. Sir, you delight me, and Aldgate farm and all its produce is at your service. Are you fond of Novia Scotia mutton, sir?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Captain Arable below.

Ald. Ar. Oh! there is, is there? now then I'll go and detain him till we meet at the charming Lady Project's. Show me to him, firrah. Once more I thank you, Mr. Tanjore, and if you think eight thousand a year too much, you may reduce it to half; that is, to the exact profits I clear, or mean to clear, by Aldgate farm! [*Exit.*]

Tanjore. Good day, Obadiah. Now this it is to be a Nabob! I'm as much sought after here as in India, and exactly from the same motive---friends want money here, and the bailiffs there. Here she is! An angel, by the Ganges! I'll marry her before I leave the house.---Soft; what letter is she reading?---no doubt, the one my sister wrote to her.—I'll observe. [*stands back,*]

Enter

Enter EMMELINE with a letter in her hand.

Emme. What has my escape avail'd me? this letter renews my sufferings with tenfold force.—
Married! to whom? [*Reads.*

“My brother Tanjore agrees to your guardian’s proposals, and determines to marry you: I must regret this, while I know there is one who so much better deserves you.”

Tanjore. (behind.) “Indeed!—He must be a very clever fellow, then.

Emme. (reading.) “I have conceal’d from Tanjore your present residence, yet I think if he knew that you had escap’d from your guardian, because he made a prisoner of you, and embarrass’d your fortune”——

What then?—he is weak enough to think him honest.

Tanjore. (behind.) No; he’s not such a fool as that either.

Emme. (reading.) “If he knew that Edward Arable has won your heart—that your uncle the Alderman deserts you—that a marriage under these circumstances will be death to you and misery to him;”——

Tanjore. (behind.) Misery indeed!—this is more like a funeral than a wedding.

Emme. (reading.) “And lastly, if you were to inform him, that your father, Sir Charles Stanmore was the man who befriended him in the hour of misfortune, I think he is not so void of gratitude and humanity, but he would assist rather than distress you.”

Tanjore. (coming forward.) That he would—well said, sister; you have done your part, now let your brother do his.—Ma’am, my name is Tanjore:
your

your father got me out to India, when I hadn't a house to pop my head in; and though the habitation I pop'd my head into there wasn't altogether so comfortable, that was no fault of Sir Charles's.--- He was my benefactor---I am your friend.

Emme. Is it possible? Will you not force me to accept your hand?

Tanjore. Accept my hand! I'll cut it off first. I wouldn't marry you for all the bullion in Bengal! Not but what I could love you Emmeline: and but for Ned---ah, but for Ned! we might have been a very happy, handsome couple!

Emme. Can this be the man I was taught to expect? Can this be the haughty East Indian, whose riches---

Tanjore. Riches! that's your guardian's story: he insists upon it, I've brought home millions, and as he must know better than I do, it would be rude to contradict him, you know---but enough of myself, ---Tell me how I can serve you? My poverty shall not prevent me going instantly to this speculatist and commanding him to do you justice. Zounds! I wish I had him in Calcutta: I'd march an army against him, as black as his own heart---cram him into the hot hole and smother him, if he didn't give you your fortune, and the man that deserves you!

Emme. Sir, I insist you run no hazard on my account. I have form'd a determination which I shall now execute: it is, to go instantly and make one more appeal to my uncle---to Alderman Arable---

Tanjore. What Obadiah! he was here just now and seems so fond of your guardian---

Emme. I know it; he has the highest opinion of his honour and veracity; but as the Alderman is the nearest relation I have left, he is the most proper person

person to protect me; and therefore I shall make this last effort to undeceive him. Yonder is your sister, I see: she will conduct me.

Tanjore. Allow me to attend you—heigho!-- I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel such new emotions, and there's such a warm glow about my heart, that, gad! it fancies itself in India. Can you tell me what it means, ma'am?

Emme. Indeed, I cannot, sir; but very likely it results from the satisfaction of having done a generous action, and the emotion is new, because like too many others, you have perhaps sacrific'd your time and happiness at the shrine of fashion.

Tanjore. That's it ma'am---you have hit it exactly---Oh! what I have suffer'd by keeping up the appearance of a fine gentleman!--Horses I never rode---carriages I never saw---Houses I never enter'd---frequenting clubs, routs, operas, and in short doing every thing I disliked, because I was told, it was what I ought to like:---but now I've done with it---henceforth I'll live to please myself; and while I don't suffer in my own opinion, what need I care for that of other people. Come, sweet Emmeline; you shall be happy still.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

An Apartment in the Alderman's House.

Enter PROJECT and CAPTAIN ARABLE.

Capt. Ar. Yes, sir, I am most happy in the opportunity of thanking you for the care you have taken of this unfortunate girl—her escape proves she has relaps'd.

Project. It does: for had she been herself, she would have scorn'd to elope from the care of her guardian—you say she has left Cecilia's lodgings.

Capt. Ar. Not an hour ago she and Cecilia went away together, but where I know not.—

Project. Well—well---I'll go send the young Nabob after them, and I'll likewise consult with her old physician about the best mode of securing her for the future---good day Captain, and remember, whoever first discovers her, gives information to the other.

Capt. Ar. Agreed.

Project. Oh! I forgot—if you should see her first, don't let your wishes get the better of your judgment---she may perhaps have a lucid interval, and talk with apparent rationality---but be on your guard---be convinc'd she has relaps'd, and don't leave her till you see her safe in my custody.

Capt. Ar. Rest assur'd I shall do every thing her unhappy situation demands---good evening---(*exit Project*)---Oh my lost Emmeline!---three tedious years are past since last I saw thee, and in that time we've both endur'd so much, that I did hope our meeting

meeting might be happy—but 'tis denied—if we should meet—'tis but to divide with added grief—well, I'm prepar'd—let me restore the hapless wanderer to her friends, and then once more abroad—in the heat of war, I may forget the treasure I have lost; or in a glorious death, bury at once my love and misery!— (*sits down in great agitation.*)

Enter EMMELINE and VICKERY.

Vickery. The Alderman is in the next room ma'am.

Emme. Then tell him that a relation who was once dear to him requests an interview. (*exit Vickery.*) Is every moment to bring new affliction?—but now I heard, that he who charmed my heart, and stole away my senses—that he was coming home to wed Cecilia—can falsehood be so—I'll not suspect him—in this very room Edward first proffer'd me his love, and no tongue but Edward's shall make me think him faithless.

Capt. Ar. (*having observed her, rises.*) Sure I'm not mistaken—it is herself!—Emmeline!

Emme. I am discover'd—who can it be?—perhaps some agent of my Guardian's sent to secure me— (*as she is going he stands before her.*)

Capt. Ar. What avoid me Emmeline!—have you forgot—

Emme. Edward! my long lost only friend!— (*puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)—pardon me—my prospects have so long been darken'd, that the least flash of light quite blinds me.

Capt. Ar. You must not weep—I came not to encrease your sorrow.

Emme. What I have suffer'd since we parted last—a heated brain—painful confinement—merciless

ciless keepers---and if an interval of reason came, to bring your form before me, and then remember that our love was hopeless---Oh! but now I've found you, and we'll ne'er part again---(*Edward turns away from her.*)---why that averted look?---why those tears?---speak!---you are not chang'd!---I have not forfeited your love?

Capt. Ar. No---it is not that, but I could wish---

Emme. Name it and I will fly---

Capt. Ar. That during those lucid moments, I could persuade you to accompany me to your Guardian's---to return to an asylum form'd to relieve, to succour, and restore you.

Emme. What! does he conspire against me?---he that hath caus'd all this?---sir, I was told the motive for this conduct, but I disdain'd suspicion!---nay---ask not an explanation---I shall not condescend to answer you.

Capt. Ar. You cut me to the soul---what motives can I have but those of pity and humanity.

Emme. Humanity!---is it humanity to harass a mind already shatter'd and impair'd?---to encrease rather than remove the fever you have occasion'd?---to combine with enemies in cloistering me in a shameful seclusion, while false and unfeeling as you are, you *humanely* give your hand to another!---Oh my poor brain!---why did your sense return, only to make you feel encreasing injuries?

Capt. Ar. To another!---hear me Emmeline---

Emme. No sir,---'tis now too late---I shall go instantly to your father and throw myself under his protection---farewell, sir!

Capt. Ar. (*holding her*). Stay---you know not what you do---by heaven you shall not leave me thus---think of our past love---

Emme.

Emme. I do fir: I remember in the hours of happiness and prosperity we exchange'd hearts, and you have now set me an example which I scorn to imitate---my heart is still your own! I shall banish this last conversation from my memory, and think of Edward, only as he was---the friend of Emmeline---the foe to those who wrong'd her---this will be my best solace in retirement, and cheer a mind that has not long to struggle.

Capt. Ar. I cannot part with you; and to prove no other for a moment can engross my thoughts, I'll henceforth watch you in your malady---weep as you weep, and nurse each smile that waits you---and if but one day in the year, returning reason should adorn your mind, I will forego all other women's charms, to pass that day with Emmeline---Oh! I have suffer'd in my turn, and were you always thus---

Emme. Why still so credulous?---why now believe!-----

Capt. Ar. I do not! will not! or if you are the sufferer they describe, there is a charm about your malady so far exceeding all their boasted sense, that it enhances, doubles my affection! (*embraces her*) in losing you I knew what I had lost, and I have caus'd a wound which it shall be the business of my life to heal.

Emme. Shall we be happy then?---I am most grateful---my Guardian has deceiv'd you---he has involv'd my fortune.

Capt. Ar. This I heard, and that by marriage with his East Indian cousin, the debt was to be cancel'd---but I'll know all hereafter---at present I am lost in joy.

SPECULATION,

Re-enter VICKERY.

Vickery. Madam, the Alderman desires to see you in the next room.

Emme. What shall we do?---to separate so soon?-----

Capt. Ar. 'Tis hard my Emmeline, but to secure our union, you *must* persuade your Uncle to befriend you—

Emme. I know it, and he is so bigotted to my Guardian---but since you desire it---shew me the way---(to *Vickery*)---adieu my generous friend! Should but the father imitate the son, my sufferings will be recompenc'd at last---adieu! [*Exit.*

Capt. Ar. Fool that I was to credit what they told me; but they shall answer sorely for their guilt---here comes the fop who was to be her husband---how the empty coxcomb kisses his hand to her!---I'll humble him---I'll-----

Enter TANJORE.

Tanjore. (*speaking as he enters.*) Success sweet Emmeline, and if Obadiah don't take pity on you, Tom Tanjore will!---if she succeeds I'll give her such a kiss---ah Ned!---how's Fred?

Capt. Ar. Be more respectful I insist, sir.

Tanjore. Respectful!---what makes you so proud Neddy?---Oh! oh! I see---better dressed!---and you think that new coat and waistcoat makes you look like a gentleman!---heh?

Capt. Ar. Answer me, sir---what brings you here?

Tanjore. To see your sweetheart, Ned, and if the Princess Nuncomoree was to know that she prefer'd your tragic Scowl to my comic grin-----

Capt.

Capt. Ar. Hear me, sir—I'll tell you a secret—your friend Mr. Project is a villain.

Tanjore. What that's a secret?—why I've known it these ten years.

Capt. Ar. Tell him I say it—but 'tis of no avail—I'll answer for it, he is so void of courage, that he can't persuade himself to fight any man living.

Tanjore. Now there you're wrong; for he is so void of character, that he can't persuade any man living to fight him—therefore have the goodness to tell him he's a villain, and retrieve his reputation—my friendship and his depends on the weathercock, and the moment that points westerly, up blows a breeze that oversets it for ever.

Re-enter VICKERY, crossing the stage with his hat on.

Capt. Ar. Vickery, where are you going in such haste?

Vickery. I can hardly tell, sir—my master was in such agitation when he gave me his orders, and he particularly desired me not to inform you.

Capt. Ar. Not inform me!—speak this instant, firrah.

(laying hold of him.)

Tanjore. Ay, speak this instant, firrah.

(laying hold of him.)

Vickery. Then the truth is, the Alderman has lock'd up Miss Emmeline, and sent me for her Guardian, to whom she is to be deliver'd and confin'd for life---there, now you know the fact, and I take my leave.

[Exit.

Capt. Ar. Send for her Guardian and confine her for life!—what's to be done?—while my father is attach'd to this hypocrite, there is no way to extricate or save her.

Tanjore.

Tanjore. Yes, there is one—you seem a fine fighting fellow—Tom Tanjore's another, and as her father once sav'd me from being confin'd, while I can cock a pistol, or brandish a cane, I won't see his daughter expos'd to a similar predicament—come along Ned---we'll trip up Obadiah and carry her off.

Capt. Ar. What! are you the friend of Emmeline?

Tanjore. Yes, and your's because you are hers---come let's have at them---what! do you shrink?

Capt. Ar. I dare not go.

Tanjore. Dare not!---now this is always the way with your fighting gentlemen---but perhaps it's constitutional, and the poor fellow's conscience is a little tender---ay, ay, some of us Nabobs have very weak nerves.

Capt. Ar. You misconceive---her Uncle is my father---he has forbid me his presence, and would you have me lift my arm against a parent.

Tanjore. No Ned: but as he is no father of mine, and Emmeline is in danger, there can be no harm in my trying trick, stratagem, or force, to protect her; therefore I'll start alone; and may I go to India or to prison---and one will of course follow the other---if I don't snatch her from Obadiah, and restore her to my dear Ned!

Capt. Ar. The attempt is hopeless; but be it as it may---I request on knowing how I can return your kindness?

Tanjore. Why, there are two ways---the first is that you patch up your quarrel with Project, in order that you may celebrate your nuptials at his house, and the next is, that as Emmeline will like you the better for resembling me, you marry her in the fellow coat to that I now wear---its a pretty
hymeneal

hymeneal colour isn't it?---fo huzza!---now for the onset!—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE---*An apartment in the ALDERMAN'S house hung with pictures, a portrait of the ALDERMAN in his gown and full dressed wig---leaning on a Plough---A round table---Two chairs and wine on the Table.*

The ALDERMAN discovered asleep.

Ald. Ar. So there you are my dear niece till your guardian comes for you---locks the door and takes out the key.---I'll place the key by me and---(*puts the key on the round table and sits down*)---plague take the girl!---to wake me out of my afternoon's nap, and the sweetest agricultural dreams---however, she is now as safe as the Rats in my granary, and Edward shall marry Cecilia directly---that being settled, I'll renew my pastoral and delicious dreams!
(*dozes in his chair.*)

Enter TANJORE hastily.

Tanjore. Where is she?---I don't see her--she's in this room perhaps---(*trying to open the stage door*) the door lock'd!--ha Obadiah!--how are you Obadiah!--(*waking him*)---what still in the same drefs?---damme, that waistcoat will be the ruin of you.

Ald. Ar. What the devil do you want, sir?

Tanjore. I want Emmeline, Obadiah---cousin Billy has sent me to conduct her to his house---where is she?---dispatch, and tell your servant to get a coach, for it rains as hard as it can pour.

(*rain heard here.*)

Ald.

Ald. Ar. So it does!--oh!--my cabbages will grow as tall and thick as a wilderness—as to Emmeline, Mr. Tanjore, I shall deliver her to no person but her guardian himself.

Tanjore. Won't you?---then I'll give you a toast---come fill---nay, do exactly as if you were at home Obadiah---here's "success to the next harvest!"

Ald. Ar. I rise to drink that---"success to the next harvest."---Ah Mr. Tanjore---if all farmers were so easily satisfied as I am---but they're always grumbling---railing at the weather---(*rain stopt*)---zounds, the rain stopt!--the cabbages will be burnt to a cinder.

Tanjore. (*aside, taking up the key.*) What's here? no doubt the key of the prison house---death!--why did I wake him?---however, if I get him off his favourite topic, he'll soon go to sleep again---come Obadiah!--one more bumper, Obadiah!--and now I'll tell you a long story.

Ald. Ar. Will you?---au---au--- (*yauning.*)

Tanjore. A very long story Obadiah---in the East or West Indies, or somewhere thereabouts, there was a fine young fellow drinking wine with a grunting old Alderman---Alderman I beg pardon---I mean Bramin---well! after a glass or two the Bramin yawn'd---then doz'd---then clos'd his eyes, and at last, fell fast asleep, (*Alderman sleeps, and Tanjore rises,*) then this fine young fellow took a key off the table, and stealing to the prison door, unlock'd it, and led forth one of the loveliest---

(*as he is opening the door, Vickery enters hastily.*)

Tanjore. What's the matter, sir?

Vickery. Mr. Project is below, sir.

(*Vickery takes up the bottle and glasses and proceeds to wake the Alderman.*)

Tanjore.

Tanjore. Then let him stay there—zounds!—what are you at?

Vickery. Going to wake my master, sir—there is a physician in Mr. Project's carriage, to whom Miss Emmeline is to be deliver'd, and as he is in a hurry---

Tanjore. Don't touch him---I'll wake him, or the devil, or his own conscience will wake him---begone sirrah, or---(*exit Vickery with bottle and glasses*)---pheugh!---what's to be done now?---if I can't get this guardian out of the house without seeing the Alderman, murder will be the consequence, for sooner than give her up, curse me if I don't shoot Billy, choak Obadiah, and poison the doctor!---pheugh!--- (*walking about in agitation*).

Project. (*without*) He's in this room is he?---very well---I shall see him---

Tanjore. See him!---no you shan't---if I can prevent their meeting at this moment, I may secure Emmeline's escape, and---how can I hide the old farmer?---I'll stand before him, and spread my coat---no---curse these short skirts---what can I devise?---Project at the door! the poor girl's fate depending on the event---I have it.---(*Turns up the round table, which completely covers the Alderman.*)---There---now he's as snug as if he was at Aldgate-Farm.

Enter PROJECT with his hat on.

Project. What cousin!---how came you here?---well!---how's the wind?

Tanjore. Southerly, Billy---by the heat southerly---don't wear your hat in the room though---(*pulls it off*)---it's like a citizen left off business---pheugh!---

H

Project.

Project. Why, where's the Alderman?---he has sent for me about Emmeline.

Tanjore. The Alderman's not at home---he's just gone to his farm, to sow turnips, plant potatoes, and cut eabbages---if you want him, follow him---go---go Billy.

Project. Pooh!---I dare say he's in the next room---(*Alderman snores.*)---I hear him---at the old word!---asleep and snoring.

Tanjore. No---it's not him---it's some of his live stock---

Project. Not him!---I'll swear to both the tune and the instrument, so come out Alderman---nay: stand by---I must see him---so wake and come out Alderman---(*opens stage door and leads on Emmeline*) Emmeline!-- ha!--have I at last recover'd you?---come madam---without wasting time by recapitulating your past misconduct, answer me this question---will you return to your asylum or accept the hand of this gentleman?

Tanjore. Accept the hand of the gentleman, to be sure---take it Emmeline and we'll go get a parson directly---there---now you can escape.

(*aside.*)

Emme. No, sir: I will no longer fly to artifice and subterfuge for safety---I have too long been passive and submissive, and my cause is not so weak but I may boldly bring it to decision---call in my uncle, and when he hears our charges face to face, then let him say who is most fit to be confin'd?---Emmeline for the errors of the head, or her Guardian for the vices of the heart!

Tanjore. Well spoken my heroine---I'll give him a volley myself presently.

Project.

Project. Call in your uncle!--he will not believe you---besides where is your evidence---who will stand up?

Tanjore. I will—I'm always ready to shew a good face in a good cause; and the cause and the face are the two best that ever came before a court---I love your ward and may I double the Cape only to get once more doubled in a jail---jail did I say?---oh ay:---that was a nickname for one of my palaces---it was a castle so surrounded with walls, bastions---in short, it was so superb, Billy, that I wish you were in it at this moment with all my heart.

Project. You love her do you?—then the business is settled at once---there---I join your hands.

Emme. No, sir; I insist my uncle may be call'd---he thinks you honest, me derang'd, and I'd convince him---(*Project smiles*)---what! is't a cause for triumph?—is malady to be derided, not lamented?---weak thoughtless man!—be thankful that your own poor reason is not lost, and pray that it may soothe, and not insult misfortune.

Project. You mistake, Emmeline---I smil'd to think you could convince your uncle, when I and my wife can turn him round our fingers just as we please---hark'ye, coz---come here---nearer the table, if you take part against me at this moment, I'm ruin'd.

Tanjore. Are you? I've a great mind to twitch Obadiah and wake him. (*aside.*)

Project. The fact is, I've embezzl'd her fortune, and if you marry her there'll be no over-hawling of accounts---I'll make you amends by assigning over to you the Alderman's farm.

Tanjore. Oh! that Obadiah heard this? (*Here the Alderman puts his head over the table, Tanjore nods*

to him: Alderman remains conceal'd.) Oh, ho!—
So, Billy, you confin'd Emmeline because you had
involv'd her fortune! (*very loudly.*)

Project. Softly---if you speak so loud the Alderman will hear you---it is as you say, her health is quite restor'd, but I have so embark'd her fortune in my schemes---

Tanjore. Say no more, make me over Aldgate-farm, and she shall be a Nabob's wife to-morrow. Yonder's pen and ink, we'll sign directly; and now Billy I think I shall repay you for all your kindness. (*goes up the stage.*)

Project. You will! you will! oh my dear, dear coz! you've secur'd me my best Speculation---so, madam, the tables are turn'd you see.

Emme. He too desert me! my firmness then forsakes me! my uncle still prejudiced, Edward about to be lost for ever, what hope have I but in my Guardian's humanity?---Oh sir! behold me once again imploring your protection.

Tanjore. (*coming down the stage with pen, ink, and paper.*) Here coz, let's sign---why Obadiah thinks he has a long lease, don't he?

Project. Oh the poor clodpole!---he knows as much about security, as he does about a farm; and as he is wasting hundreds on rotten sheep and blighted cabbages, I'll kindly give you the means of turning him out at a moment's warning: here---now for my best Speculation! (*Pulls down the table to write upon it. Alderman leans across the table and stares Project full in the face. Project pushes down the chair he was going to sit upon, and stands aghast.*)

Ald. Ar. (*with his arms on the Table.*) Oh you consummate scoundrel!---this is your Speculation is it?

Tanjore.

Tanjore. Why Billy, the tables are turn'd indeed!

Project. They are—did the Alderman hear?

Ald. Ar. He did; the Alderman heard that the farm was to be let over his head, that he was wasting hundreds on rotten sheep and blighted cabbages; and what's more, the Alderman heard of this poor girl's persecution. Niece, give me your hand, henceforth, I'll be a friend, a comforter, a father to you.

Project. Cousin, I wish I was in your Indian palace.

Tanjore. Don't be afraid, you'll be there sooner than you expect.

Ald. Ar. Sir, I desire you'll quit my house directly---stop though---(*takes Project aside*)---in three hours time repay me and this lady all the money you have schem'd us out of, or—you think I don't understand farming, Mr. Project; but this I know, that when stray cattle are found eating up other people's property, they are secur'd; and the King's Bench shall be your pound, you interloper.

Project. Cousin, stay and try to compose him,---then follow me, and---ah!---now my only hope is a westerly wind! [*Exit.*]

Emme. Generous young man! I perceive why you took part against me—uncle you know not half his kindness.

Ald. Ar. I do though---the sly rogue cock'd his eye to me behind the table, and I suppose whisk'd it up on purpose---well! come with me to my lawyers---Oh the scheming scoundrel! he has made such dupes of us, Emmeline, that I'd give up farming to find any body that has trick'd him.---I tell

tell you what Mr. Tanjore, don't give him any of the treasures of the East.

Tanjore. No, that I won't; for so far from having the treasures of the East to give, I expect my taylor will send me to the King's Bench every moment:---you take the joke Obadiah, don't you?

Ald. Ar. I do! Oh the poor clodpole!---come--- I'm glad you've outchem'd him.

Tanjore. So am I: and when Speculators and monopolists, from sordid selfish motives, distress their fellow creatures, and bring odium on their country, may they be caught in their own snare, and, like Project, have the tables turn'd upon them!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE---*An elegant Room in the King's Bench.*

Enter PROJECT, and PROMPTLY.

Project. Ay, ay: this room will do very well for the little time I shall stay: get it ready, and in the mean time I'll return and finish my conversation with Sir George. Why, you have very good company here, in the King's Bench. Oh! I beg pardon---College, I think you call it.

Prom. Yes, College is the polite name for Prison, sir: pray, won't you pull off your boots?

Project. No, as I shall soon get my discharge, I remain booted and spur'd ready to ride away, you see---though sir George has been telling me, that a fox-hunter, who has been a prisoner here these ten years, has been so sure of getting out every moment, that he has been booted and spur'd the whole time: however, I've written to my cousin Tanjore, told him the alderman has arrested me: and there's no doubt but he'll come instantly and pay the debt---so get the room ready.

Prom. Yes, sir: but about the chum.

Project. The chum!---what's that?

Prom. Your companion, sir: every room in the King's Bench has two tenants; and unless you buy the other gentleman---

Project. (*giving him money*) There then, I buy the other gentleman: there's for the chum; and now, when Mr. Tanjore comes, call me---(*looks round*)

round the room.) um! hah! handsome room, good furniture; and if all fails, perhaps this is as good a place for Speculation as any other. *(Exit.*

Enter MEANWELL, *shewing in* TANJORE.

Mean. Nay, look up, sir: Mr. Promptly, here's a prisoner just arriv'd, who is so melancholy, that I've brought him to your gay apartments to raise his spirits: were you never in jail before, sir.

Tan. Yes: in India, sir---heigho!

Prom. Come, look around you, and be cheerful: why, what are you? and who arrested you?

Tan. I'm a Nabob, and my taylor arrested me for thirty pounds, *(looks up)* heh! how? egad! this is not like the Indian palace: pray, sir, inform me; are all the rooms like this?

Mean. No: I wish they were: mine is a wretched one; but having been all my life at sea, I know nothing about the town: the last tenant of this room was a Blackleg.

Prom. And the present one is a Swindler, I fancy, for he came here in a coach and four.

Tan. Came to jail in a coach and four! ah! I see how it is: 'tis here as elsewhere---the fraudulent debtor rolls in luxury: the unfortunate one starves; and while a gallant seaman is in one room freezing without fire or food, a dashing money-lender is in the next, quaffing champagne, and drinking "confusion to his creditors!"---but no matter: they hang themselves, or the law hangs them; for the Devil will have his own.

Prom. Ay, ay, we have but three or four of them.

Tan. So much the better: but as I shall certainly be out in a few minutes---what do you smile at.

at? I've sent to my cousin Project; and I'm sure he won't suffer me to be confin'd for the paltry sum of thirty pounds—no, no: my getting out is a certainty; and as I wish to see this coach and four gentleman, before I go, I'll, with your leave, sit down here till he comes.

Prom. With all my heart: I'm glad we leave you in better spirits. [*Exit with Meanwell.*]

Tan. (solus) Being alone, I get nervous again: this now, is the end of dissipation! of losing large sums at Bubble's club, and wasting others on houses, horses, carriages—and where was the gratification? when I us'd to dash through the streets in my phaeton, every body was envying, sneering—nobody seem'd pleas'd: nobody! yes? hang it, the bailiffs us'd to smile: they us'd to think it a fine sight; and nod and wink, as much as to say—"Ah, Master! those horses heads will be turn'd tow'rds our lock-up houses at last:" oh! I hope Billy won't forsake me!

Re-enter PROJECT. (Tanjore is sitting with his back to him.)

Project. I'm quite uneasy at Tanjore's not coming: what are a few thousands to a man of his fortune—(*sits down with his back turn'd to Tanjore.*) I hope he won't desert me:—heigho!

Tan. Heigho!

Project. This is the chum, I suppose: he don't know I've bought him. [*aside.*]

Tan. Here's the Swindler, I imagine: he seems as miserable as myself: I'll condole with him—(*aside.*) Pray, sir, what first induc'd you to keep a coach and four?

Project. Zounds! what's that to you, sir: I
I have

have bought you, and—(*here they both look round, and meet face to face*) what do I see? my dear, dear cousin!

Tan. Is't possible? oh, my kind, kind Billy!—(*they embrace, and then rise.*)

Project. I thought he wouldn't forsake me at this moment.

Tan. I said, I should be out to a certainty.

Project. Well, here we are, coz.

Tan. Yes, here we are, coz.

Project. I knew I should have the pleasure of seeing you here to day.

Tan. Did you? it was a pleasure I didn't know of myself; but I sha'nt stay now: the sooner we go out the better, I say; come along, Billy.

Project. Ay, come along, Nabob—(*they go to the stage door, and stop.*) have you paid the debt costs though?

Tan. No, but you have, and that's the same thing you know: come—

Project. Come—-you forget, coz: how can a man, that's in limbo, as they call it, come and---

Tan. What!

Project. How can I, that am a prisoner in the College here?

Tan. Are you a prisoner?

Project. To be sure I am: I'm not like you: I can't walk in and out.

Tan. Ha! ha! ha!

Project. What's the matter with you?

Tan. Ha! ha! ha!

Project. What the devil do you laugh at? why don't you go and discharge the debt?

Tan. I can't, I can't: (*still laughing.*) because I'm in limbo too! I'm a prisoner myself: so give me your hand—here we are to a certainty!—lord!
it's

it's nothing when your'e us'd to it; and if you'd been in an Indian College as long as I was—zounds! what have I said?

Project. How's that? what did you say? imprison'd in India!

Tan. Well: it's in vain to conceal it: the truth must come out at last, so the fact is, cousin, the ships are arriv'd: they have brought over the rich Mr. Tanjore, with bullion, pearls, and diamonds; but I'm sorry to say, in their hurry, they left all my treasure behind.

Project. Then curse me, if one of my speculations have succeeded: I'll give up scheming: I'll—answer me, sir: how dare you waste a gentleman's fortune, when you knew you could never repay him?

Tan. And how came you to waste a lady's fortune, when you knew you could never repay her?

Project. But you talked of your riches, sir: said my house could never hold them.

Tan. Well; and havn't I kept my word? look-ye, sir: when I left this country, ruin'd by you and the club; you refus'd even to shake hands with me at parting: I'm indebted to you for your hospitality, and for that, I thank you—down to the very ground; you made me welcome in your apartments: I beg you'll be at no ceremony in mine: sit down, Billy.

Project. If I could only get free and leave him—What do I see? the Alderman! no doubt, his regard for my wife has induced him to come and settle my affairs.—(*Enter Alderman ARABLE*)—Ah, my old generous friend, I thought you'd forgive me; I knew you'd procure a discharge.

Ald. Ar. You thought right; I have procured the discharge.

Tan. Why, Obadiah, are you too in limbo? What the devil brings you here?---(*looks at his dress*)---Ah! ah! didn't I say, that waistcoat would be the ruin of you?

Project. Mr. Nabob, I leave you to the misery you deserve, never mind though, while you stay in the college here, you needn't pay your debts, and nothing is so comfortable as to have a good warm house over your head, so good bye, chum.

Tan. What have you brought his discharge, Obadiah, and—

Ald. Ar. No, but I've brought yours, here it is, my boy; I heard you were pounded, and I came as eagerly to get you out, as if you'd been part of my own live stock; come along though, I want you to go directly and find my son Jack; he's either at his own chambers or Bubble's club; you must find him and tell him I want Emmeline's marriage settlement drawn directly.

Tan. Emmeline's marriage-settlement! with whom, sir?

Ald. Ar. Hark ye, come here—(*takes TANJORE aside*)---Lady Project has at last consented to an assignation; her passion for the pastoral virtues of her sweet shepherd, as she calls me, has induced her to meet me *tête a tête* in her dressing-room; now, in an hour's time—Oh! I know my person and the Nova Scotia mutton would make an impression at last! therefore, at her intercession (*turning to P.*) I've determin'd that Emmeline shall marry her old suitor, Sir Frederick; he was her father's choice, and as Edward has offended me, he shall be mine.

Project. Say you so? then I've an iron in the fire yet.

[*aside.*
Tan.

Tan. What are you at, Obadiah? Lady Stingy will make as great a dupe of you as her husband has; she is a woman of design, one of those half-and-half ladies whose reputation depends on keeping open house; and entertainment, or no entertainment, makes or mars her reputation—don't you remember her fainting in my arms?

Ald. Ar. I do, but her grandmother was close at hand; yes, I am the idol of her heart, and she is to receive me in her dressing-room, that sacred temple that not even her husband ever entered. Good day, Mr. Project; I've already quitted Aldgate farm, and taken a snug profitable one near Islington, where you'll always be welcome to—the rotten sheep and blighted cabbages—come, Nabob.

Tan. We'll talk further about this Lady Project—Chum, good bye! while you stay in the College you needn't pay your debts you know, and nothing is so comfortable as to have a good warm house over your head, particularly when the wind is high and westerly! hem! come along, Obadiah!

(Exit with Alderman.)

Project. (rubbing his hands.) Bravo! if Sir Frederick marries Emmeline, he takes her with the fortune in its entangled state, and consequently I shall be discharged—*(Enter a Servant who gives him a letter)*—from my wife!—*Reads:*

“ My dear Husband,

“ I've only time to say, that if you hear of
 “ an assignation between me and the Alderman,
 “ be convinc'd it is to secure the marriage be-

“ tween Emmeline and Sir Frederick, and thus
 “ restore you to your

affectionate wife,

KATHARINE PROJECT.”

Kind wife and kind Sir Frederick! I'll go and communicate the good news to Sir George ———— Oh! this is a safe speculation! and not like the Indian one—fool! blockhead that I was, to take that broken-down prodigal, for the rich Mr. Tanjore, however, this is a different scheme—yes, yes, it depends on my wife's prudence, and Heaven be praised, not on ships, water, Nabobs, or westerly winds! [Exit.

SCENE.—BUBBLE's Club. *A Flat with two Doors.*

Enter from one Door JACK ARABLE and a Servant.

Jack. Curse my bad luck, or rather curse my bad management, to be at Epsom only ten minutes and lose all the Spanish; I thought to make an excellent hedge, when plague on't, I found I had betted the long odds both ways; then to borrow thirty of the man at the coffee-house and take a dash here at Bubble's, to lose that too, and then be bothered by one's clerk about law business. [Well, sir, what——

Serv. The special Pleader has sent you these declarations, sir.

Jack Ar. Why, is it term time?

Serv. Term began four days ago, sir.

Jack Ar. And I on a race ground the whole time! come, that's fair, very fair. (*sits.*) I don't think

think my education so finished as I thought, for if it was I never could be so ignorant, as to bet the long odds both ways; I wonder who wins? for when I complain of my losses, every body else says they have lost too; hang me! if ever I saw a man that had won in my life.

Enter TANJORE. (from the other door).

Tan. Done it at last! huzza! here's retribution, Jack, retribution!

Jack Ar. Why, what is this? Who are you, sir?

Tan. The luckiest dog in Europe, Jack. Your father Obadiah sent me to look after you here at Bubble's, and not seeing you I put my hand in my pocket where I found five guineas my sister had lent me, "I'll have a touch," says I, "this Faro Bank dished me formerly, now I'll try to dish them"---down went the five guineas on your namesake the knave of clubs, Jack, the knave in my favour! I cock't it---once more in my favour!---cock'd it again, till it had won so often, that I thought the ships were arrived, and I was a Nabob in reality.

Jack. Ar. And what's all this to me? what do I care for your luck?

Tan. (*Putting Rouleaus, Guineas and Bank notes on the table.*) Here they are; look, you rogue, look! how I feel for the poor devils that lost them! I always pity the unlucky ones, don't you, Jack?

Jack. Ar. Zounds, sir, I am an unlucky one; that was my Poney and that was my Bank note.

Tan. Was it? then take it again and go and put it on the knave; I'm serious, Jack, take it, and
—by

—by the Ganges! that's a neat Nisi Prius dress; What! you prefer a scarlet coat to a black one?

Jack Ar. Ay, and cards to briefs; so give me the Spanish and let me be off.

Enter Captain ARABLE, hastily.

Capt. Ar. Stay, and grant a brother's last request, nay; I must and will be heard; by my father's orders, are you not going to draw a settlement between Emmeline and Sir Frederick?

Jack. Ar. Me going to draw a settlement!---No, I'm going to cock the knave; and as to father, he can't blame me, because he once play'd himself, you know. I'll tell you how it was, sir; (*to TANJORE.*) he was sent for, as magistrate, to put down a hazard table---in he came with the constables---push'd down the groom porter---seiz'd the caster---laid hold of the dice-box, when lo! as if there was magic in the wood, he cast his eyes at the guineas on the table, and avarice so completely got the better of justice, that he hallowed out, "seven's the main---at all in the ring, my jolly boys."

Tan. Well! and they cheated him, gave him loaded dice.

Jack. Ar. No, that wasn't worth while; they saw what a flat he was, so picked his pocket at once! famous, heh? adieu, brother; farewell, benefactor! here's the Spanish once more!

[*Exit looking at the Bank note.*]

Tan. (To Captain.) Don't stop him, Ned; let him go, I say; if he's out of the way, the settlement can't be drawn; I gave him the money on purpose.—

Capt. Ar. This is but temporary consolation, while the Alderman's absurd vanity attaches him

to Lady Project, there is no hope of saving Emmeline; and to lose her after all the conflicts we have suffered! to see her given to another, at the moment when I thought her mine for ever; then perhaps to see her mind but late restored, again involved;—by Heaven! that thought will madden mine.

Tan. So it ought, if you will talk of your own sufferings and forget her's, poor girl! did you tell her?

Capt. Ar. I did, and when she heard she was to wed Sir Frederick, there was a wild emotion in her countenance portending that her fever would return—she said, “they’d rob her of all hope, and once more steal her senses; yet they should not, I would not let them, would I?” then with a sigh she left me; Oh, my friend! I am not used to sink beneath misfortune, but this last scene has quite unman’d me.

Tan. More shame for you, it only animates me, misfortunes always rouse me, and if ever you should be in prison at Madras, the gaolers there will tell you so. I’ve already exposed the husband; now I’ll try to manage the wife; she loves money; here’s plenty, so I’ll go directly and bribe her.

Capt. Ar. That will be hopeless, nothing but exciting the Alderman’s jealousy.

Tan. I’ll try that too, Obadiah half suspects me at present, so wait for your brother and come together to Lady Project’s, and by the time you arrive if all isn’t to your wishes, may the monsoon deluge me! may Tippoo torture me! may the Marattha’s—but this is no time for fine speeches—follow me to Lady Project’s,—(*going, returns.*)

d’ye hear, Ned, bring your wedding coat along with you, for damme, but you shall be Emmeline’s husband this very night!

[*Exeunt separately.*]

K

SCENE

SCENE—*Lady PROJECT's dressing room.*

Enter Lady PROJECT with a paper in her hand, follow'd by a servant.

Lady Pro. When the Alderman comes, shew him up stairs. (*exit servant.*) I have honour'd him with this tête à tête in my dressing room, to secure the marriage; and he sha'n't leave the room, till he signs this agreement; which binds him in a penalty of ten thousand pounds to give Emmeline to Sir Frederick. Thus by œconomy——

Serv. (without.) Sir, you mustn't pass.—This is my lady's dressing room.

Tanjore. (without.) I tell you, I will come up. Stand by, sirrah. (*Tanjore enters.*) So Kitty! here's the Nabob.

Lady Pro. Heavens! Where do you come from, sir?

Tanjore. From the college, coz; where I left Billy so certain of getting out, that he was ready booted and spur'd.

Lady Pro. Sir, I insist you leave the room—I'm engaged—besides I should be sorry to use hard words; but your conduct has been so little short of that of a swindler——

Tanjore. Coz, why so? though I didn't get money in India, I've got it in England—look here!

[*Shewing bank notes.*]

Lady Pro. Hundreds I declare! Who gave you these notes? Some swindling knave, I suppose.

Tanjore. It was a knave, but not a swindling one, upon my honour. Look here, and here! enough to give ten wedding dinners, and buy all the shawls, china, and chintzes in Europe.—Don't the sight charm you?

Lady

Lady Pro. It does; and when a man has money, it don't signify whether he got it in India or England. My dear cousin, my house and table were always open to you; and if I knew how to oblige you——

Tanjore. There is a way Kitty—as you still govern the Alderman, persuade him to let Edward marry Emmeline---do, and half these are yours. (*Putting rouleaus in her hand.*) There,—and I wish from my soul that all who have luck at the gaming table, may dispose of their winnings in so benevolent a manner.

Lady Pro. Impossible!--The only mode of settling my husband's affairs, is by Sir Frederick's marrying Emmeline; and therefore as my pride will not suffer him to remain in prison, and the living there is too expensive, I shall make the Alderman sign this agreement which binds him in a penalty of ten thousand pounds——

Tanjore. Make him sign this agreement---make him renew Emmeline's malady---break his son's heart---separate---curse it! what's the use of winning, when money will not purchase even momentary gratification? Now do Kitty: there's a dear, liberal, generous girl. Think how they love each other: think---here are more rouleaus, here——

[*A knocking at the door.*]

Lady Pro. Bless me! if this should be the Alderman? (*looks out.*) it is! come to keep an assignation and find another man in my dressing room! Go, sir, get out of the way directly---step into the next room---hide yourself——

Tanjore. I say, Kitty; don't you remember when Obadiah caught you fainting in my arms?

Lady Pro. I do: and that's an additional motive for concealing yourself.--Now pray retire. (*Tanjore*

nods assent.) Thanks my kind cousin. (*Tanjore pauses.*) Why, what's the matter with you? What makes you put your hand to your head? Are you ill?—

Tanjore. Softly: it's my old complaint—a giddiness—a vertigo—I'm going—hold me or I shall tumble—Oh, I'm sick, I'm——

Lady PROJECT holds out her arm to support him.

TANJORE rests himself upon it, and the Alderman enters.

Ald. Ar. Where is my life, my love?—Hol-loa! what the devil's all this?

Tanjore. Only the tables turn'd again, you see, Obadiah, you see. (*Comes away from Lady Project.*) Cousin, I'm better.

Ald. Ar. Why, where's her grandmother? Oh! this is beyond her husband's speculation!

Tanjore. (*aside to Ald.*) If you want further proof, look at those rouleaus which she took as a bribe: then read that agreement: then——

Ald. Ar. My eyes are open'd. I was partly convinc'd before I came; but now, I give all my love to the wind—pheugh!—there, it's gone! and the Alderman's himself again! (*Enter a servant.*) Step over the way to Sir Frederick's, and tell him to come here directly, and bring Emmeline and Cecilia along with him. (*Servant exit.*) I left them there in company with the real Nabob, the rich Mr. Tanjore, who seems as fond of your sister as I am of my new farm; and takes as much notice of her person, as you have done of my waistcoat.—It's a match, isn't it?

Tanjore. I hope so. It's an old attachment. Ac's a worthy fellow, and next to being a Nabob myself, I should like to be brother to one.

Enter

Enter Sir FREDERICK, EMMELINE, and CECILIA.

Lady Pro. Ay; now Alderman you can give Emmeline to her husband.

Ald. Ar. So I can, and so I will. Emmeline, give me your hand—nay, don't think to avoid me. I insist you marry the man I have in my eye.

Sir Fred. (advancing to take EMMELINE'S hand.) Alderman, you are all kindness.

Emme. Let me entreat you, sir, hear me—

Ald. Ar. I'll hear nobody. I wouldn't hear the Board of Agriculture if they were going to adjudge me a prize. I tell you, take the man I chuse for your husband. (*Enter Captain and Jack ARABLE.*) there; (*giving EMMELINE to EDWARD.*) now don't interrupt me, for the clouds are chuck full of water, and there's been lately so much bad weather, that sunshine will be welcome to us all.

Tanjore. Emmeline, I give you joy. Ned, your hand. Fred, yours. Obadiah, I shall like you and your waistcoat as long as I live. Kitty, yours. And now let me advise you to order your coach and four. Drive to the college and try to raise the wind ---a westerly one if possible.

Lady Pro. Come, Sir Frederick; I believe we'd better retire: only I beg leave to observe, that if any body defames my character, I shall prosecute them notwithstanding the expences of the law. I'll have my reputation justified if it costs me five pounds. Come, sir.

Tanjore. Ay; that's about the value of it. Go, Fred. go.—Go. (*Lady and Sir FREDERICK exeunt.*) I say, Kitty, my love to your grandmother.

Ald. Ar. Edward, forget and forgive my boy. Though Project has hurt Emmeline's fortune, there's enough left to make you live happy---if not,
take

take a landed estate near mine, and I'll shew you how to make a fortune by farming, you rogue.

Jack. (to Tanjore.) Yes; I cock'd the knave, but I lost all the Spanish---hang it! I'm half tir'd of gambling, and if I won ten thousand a year, I don't think I could tell how to spend it?

Tanjore. Couldn't you? then take a wife, Jack, and she'll tell you how to spend it---enter into the school of matrimony, Mr Batchelor of Arts, and there finish your education.---Cecily here has set you an example: havn't you---

Cecilia. I have from two motives: first because Mr. Henry Tanjore has long won my affections, and secondly because he means to give affluence to his namesake. My dear brother, you may now return to India and live in a palace in reality; for a third of my husband's rupees and pagodas are at your disposal.

Jack Ar. Are they? that's fair, very fair.

Emme. (to Tanjore.) And is there none to share your treasures?---is there no fair one worthy a heart so warm and so benevolent.

Tanjore. (shaking his head.) Hereafter perhaps it may find one like Emmeline's.---Till then, I shall pursue a plan, which had Project follow'd, he had now been happy---that is, not to waste a fortune in dissipation, and try to retrieve it, by false and unjust Speculation.

If we must scheme let us try Projects here.
When they have merit, where's our cause for fear?
If they have not, good humour props our cause;
So make us Nabobs, by your kind applause.

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ.

AND

SPOKEN BY MR. LEWIS.

THE Drama done, proceed we now to say
Something about, or not about the play ;
Fine subject ours—rare times ! when Speculation
Engrosses every subject in the nation ;
To help the State,—Jews, Gentiles, all are willing,
And for the Omnium, venture their last shilling ;
Nay, some subscribe their thousands to the Loan,
Without a single sixpence of their own :

Be that their Speculation—I profess,
To speculate on one thing only—Dress ;
Shew me your garments, Gents, and Ladies fair ;
I'll tell you whence you come, and who you are——
But sportsman like, to hit the game, I'll try,
Charge, prime ; present my glass, and cock my eye.
What a fine Harvest this glad Season yields !
Some Ladies' heads appear like stubble fields ;
Who now of threaten'd famine dare complain ?
When every female forehead teems with Grain ;—
See how the wheat-sheaves nod amid the plumes !
Our Barns are now transferr'd to Drawing-rooms ;
And husbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their Granaries, may thrash their wives ;
Nor wives alone prolific, notice draw,
Old Maids, and young ones, all are in the straw.—
That damsel wrapt in shawls, who looks so blue,
Is a return from India—things wont do——

The

EPILOGUE.

The market's up—she couldn't change her name;
 No rich Rain-Rowws, or Wang jang Wappers came;
 Bad Speculation, Bet, so far to roam;
 Black legs go out, and Jail birds now come home—

Yon stripling there—all trowsers, and cravat,
 No body, and no chin—is call'd a Flat;
 And he beside him, with a square cut frock,
 Button'd before, behind a square cut dock;
 Is, I would bet, nor fear to be a loser,
 Either a man of fashion, or a bruiser:
 A man of fashion! nothing but a quiz—
 I'll shew you what a man of breeding is:
 With back to fire, slouch'd hat, and knowing slang,
 He charms his mistress by this sweet harangue;
 "Well, pretty, lovely Lucy! how d'ye do?"
 "Come, see my puppy!" "No, Harry, to see you."
 "You're vastly welcome, you shall see my stud,
 "And ride my poney,"—"Harry, *your'e too good.*"
 "Zounds! how it freezes! Fly was Sancho's fire—
 "Mifs, can you see?"—"I'd like to see the fire."
 That's your politeness—that's your flaming lover:
 The fair may chill—but he'll be warm all over.

We're an odd medley, we must all confess—
 Strange in our manners, stranger in our dress:
 Whim is the word—droll pantomimic age!
 With true tip-tops of taste, Grotesque's the Rage!
 Beaux in long sleeves, and small cloaths close confin'd,
 Belles bunch'd before, and bundled up behind;
 The flights of fashion bordering on buffoon,
 One looks like Punch, the other Pantaloon:
 But hold—my raillery makes some look gruff—
 So I'll steal off—I think I've said enough.

SPEED THE PLOUGH:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "A CURE FOR THE HEART ACNE,"
"WAY TO GET MARRIED," &c. &c.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN, PRINTERS-STREET;
FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1800.

[Price Two Shillings.]

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PROLOGUE,

Written by W. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

IN ev'ry age, the trump of deathless fame
Proclaims the warrior's and the poet's name;
Painting and sculpture all their pow'rs combine,
And laurels deck the bard's and hero's shrine.
No further can the parallel extend,
The poet's honours on success depend;
While Fortune's frown can ne'er molest the brave,
Nor blast the laurel springing from his grave.
An equal wreath impartial Fame supplies,
To him who conquers, and to him who dies;
For British valor was displayed, not more
On Nile's proud flood, than Helder's barren shore!
The chance of war the bravest may control,
But leaves untouched the courage of the soul;
And England gives her heroes, ever dear!
The shout of triumph, or the starting tear.
Not so the Bard—with him success is all!
When Fortune frowns, his air-built castles fall:
But if she smiles, he sails with prosperous breeze,
Like the small Nautilus o'er Summer seas;
Whose little oars on ocean's bosom sweep,
Fearless of all the monsters of the deep.

(*After a pause.*) Oft at *this Bar*, our Author has been tried,
Where English Judges take the pris'ner's side!
Guilty of faults no doubt he will appear,
But human errors find acquittal here——
Where e'en the friendless always meet support,
From honest Juries, and an upright Court.
Critics, who rule o'er politics and plays,
If you are adverse, vain the poet's lays!
“ You, who with equal hands the balance hold,
“ Whose just decision ne'er was bought or sold,
“ But who to ev'ry candidate dispense
“ His lot of humour, and his share of sense,”
Protect our Author on the coming day,
And though you damn the Prologue—spare the Play:
To your decree each Dramatist must bow,
Give but your aid, and that will “ Speed the Plough!”

The lines marked with inverted commas were omitted.

PROLOGUE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Philip Blandford	-	Mr. POPE.
Morrington	- - -	Mr. MURRAY.
Sir Abel Handy	- - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Bob Handy	- - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Henry	- - -	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Farmer Ashfield	- - -	Mr. KNIGHT.
Evergreen	- - -	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Gerald	- - -	Mr. WADDY.
Postillion	- - -	Mr. ABBOT.
Young Handy's Servant		Mr. KLANERT.
Peter	- - -	Mr. ATKINS.
Miss Blandford	- - -	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Lady Handy	- - -	Mrs. DIEDIN.
Susan Ashfield	- - -	Miss MURRAY.
Dame Ashfield	- - -	Mrs. DAVENPORT.

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*In the fore-ground a Farm House—
A view of a Castle at a distance.*

Farmer ASHFIELD *discovered with his jug and pipe.*

*Enter Dame ASHFIELD in a riding dress, and a
basket under her arm.*

ASHFIELD.

WELL, Dame, welcome whoam. What
news does thee bring vrom market?

Dame. What news, husband? What I always
told you; that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought
five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

Ash. All the better vor he.

Dame. Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose
for him.

Ash. Come, come, Missus, as thee has not the
grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee
grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

Dame. And I assure you Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

Ash. Be quiet, woolye? aleways ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy zay? What will Mrs. Grundy think?—Casn't thee be quiet, let ur alone, and behave thy-zel pratty?

Dame. Certainly I can—I'll tell thee, Tummas, what she said at church last Sunday.

Ash. Canst thee tell what parson zaid? Noa—Then I'll tell thee—A' zaid that envy were as foul a weed as grows, and cankers all wholesome plants that be near it—that's what a'zaid.

Dame. And do you think I envy Mrs. Grundy indeed?

Ash. What dant thee letten her aloane then—I do verily think when thee goest to t'other world, the vurst question thee't ax 'il be, if Mrs. Grundy's there—Zoa be quiet, and behave pratty, do'ye—Has thee brought whoam the Salisbury news?

Dame. No, Tummas; but I have brought a rare wadjet of news with me. First and foremost I saw such a mort of coaches, servants, and wag-gons, all belonging to Sir Abel Handy, and all coming to the Cattle—and a handsome young man, dressed all in lace, pull'd off his hat to me, and said—"Mrs. Ashfield, do me the honour of "presenting that letter to your husband."—So, there he stood without his hat—Oh, Tummas, had you seen how Mrs. Grundy looked!

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy—be quiet, and let I read, woolye? (*reads.*) "My dear Farmer" (*taking off his hat*), Thankye, Zur—zame to you we all my heart and soul—"My dear Farmer"—

Dame. Farmer—Why, you are blind, Tummas; it is—"My dear Father"—'Tis from our own dear Susan.

Ash.

Ash. Odds! dickens and daizeys! zoo it be, zure enow!—"My dear Feyther, you will be surprized"—Zoo I be, he, he! What pretty writing, beant it? all as strait as thof it were ploughed—

"Surprised to hear that in a few hours I shall embrace you—Nelly, who formerly was our servant, has fortunately married Sir Abel Handy Bart."

Dame. Handy Bart—Pugh! Bart, stands for Baronight, mun.

Ash. Likely, likely—Drabbit it, only to think of the zwaps and changes of this world!

Dame. Our Nelly married to a great Baronet! I wonder, Tummas, what Mrs. Grundy will say?

Ash. Now, woolye be quiet, and let I read—"And she has proposed bringing me to see you; an offer, I hope, as acceptable to my dear feyther"—

Dame. "And mother"—

Ash. Bless her, how prettily she do write feyther, dant she?

Dame. And mother.

Ash. Ees, but feyther first, though—"As acceptable to my dear feyther and mother, as to their affectionate daughter—Susan Ashfield"—Now beant that a pratty letter?

Dame. And, Tummas, is not she a pretty girl?

Ash. Ees; and as good as she be pratty—Drabbit it, I do feel zoo happy, and zoo warm,—for all the world like the zun in harvest.

Dame. Oh, Tummas, I shall be so pleased to see her, I shan't know whether I stand on my head or my heels.

Ash. Stand on thy head! vor sheame o'thyzel—behave pratty, do.

Dame. Nay, I meant no harm—Eh, here comes friend Evergreen the gardner, from the Castle. Bless me, what a hurry the old man is in.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Good day, honest Thomas.

Asb. Zame to you, measter Evergreen.

Everg. Have you heard the news?

Dame. Anything about Mrs. Grundy?

Asb. Dame, be quiet, woolye now?

Everg. No, no—The news is, that my master, Sir Philip Blandford, after having been abroad for twenty years, returns this day to the Castle; and that the reason of his coming, is to marry his only daughter to the son of Sir Abel Handy, I think they call him.

Dame. As fure as twopence, that is Nelly's husband,

Everg. Indeed!—Well, Sir Abel and his son will be here immediately; and, Farmer, you must attend them.

Asb. Likely, likely.

Everg. And, mistress, come and lend us a hand at the Castle, will you?—Ah, twenty long years since I have seen Sir Philip—Poor Gentleman! bad, bad health—worn almost to the grave, I am told.—What a lad do I remember him—till that dreadful—(*checking himself.*) But where is Henry? I must see him—must caution him (*a gun is discharged at a distance*). That's his gun, I suppose—he is not far then—Poor Henry!

Dame. Poor Henry! I like that indeed! What, though he be nobody knows who, there is not a girl in the parish that is not ready to pull caps for him

him—The Miss Grundys, genteel as they think themselves, would be glad to snap at him—If he were our own, we could not love him better.

Everg. And he deserves to be loved—Why, he's as handsome as a peach tree in blossom; and his mind is as free from weeds as my favourite carnation bed. But, Thomas, run to the Castle, and receive Sir Abel and his son.

Ash. I wool, I wool—Zo, good day, (*bowing.*) Let every man make his bow, and behave pratty—that's what I say—Missus, do'ye shew un Sue's letter, woolye? Doye letten see how pratty she do write feyther. [*Exit.*

Dame. Now Tummas is gone, I'll tell you such a story about Mrs. Grundy—But come, step in, you must needs be weary; and I am sure a mug of harvest beer, sweetened with a hearty welcome, will refresh you. [*Exeunt into the house.*

SCENE II.—*Outside and Gate of the Castle.—*
Servants cross the Stage, laden with different Packages.

Enter ASHFIELD.

Ash. Drabbit it, the wold castle 'ull be hardly big enow to hold all thic lumber—Who do come here? A do zeem a comical zoart ov a man—Oh, Abel Handy, I suppoze.

Sir Abel Handy (without). Gently there! mind how you go, Robin. [*A crash.*

He enters—SERVANT following.

Zounds and fury! you have killed the whole county, you dog! for you have broke the patent
4 medicine

medicine chest, that was to keep them all alive!—Richard, gently!—take care of the grand Archimedean corkscrews!—Bless my soul! so much to think of! Such wonderful inventions in conception, in concoction, and in completion!

Enter PETER.

Well, Peter, is the carriage much broke?

Peter. Smashed all to pieces. I thought as how, Sir, that your infallible axletree would give way.

Sir Abel. Confound it, it has compelled me to walk so far in the wet, that I declare my waterproof shoes are completely soaked through.

[Exit PETER.]

Now to take a view with my new-invented glass! (*pulls out his glass.*)

Ash. (*loud and bluntly.*) Zarvent, Zur! Zarvent!

Sir Abel (*starting*). What's that? Oh, good day.—Devil take the fellow! (*aside.*)

Ash. Thankye, Zur; zame to you wi' all my heart and zoul.

Sir Abel. Pray, friend, cou'd you contrive gently to inform me, where I can find one Farmer Ashfield.

Ash. Ha, ha, ha! (*laughing loudly.*) Excuse my tittering a bit—but your axing myzel vor I be so domm'd zilly (*bowing and laughing*).—Ah! you stare at I beceas I be bashful and daunted.

Sir Abel. You are very bashful to be sure. I declare I'm quite weary.

Ash. If you'll walk into the Castle, you may zit down, I dare zay.

Sir Abel. May I, indeed! you are a fellow of extraordinary civility.

Asb. There's no denying it, Zur.

Sir Abel. No, I'll sit here.

Asb. What! on the ground? Why, you'll wring your ould withers.—

Sir Abel. On the ground—no, I always carry my seat with me (*spreads a small camp-chair*).—Here I'll sit and examine the surveyor's account of the Castle.

Asb. Dickens and daizeys! what a gentleman you wou'd be to shew at a vair!

Sir Abel. Silence, fellow, and attend—"An account of the castle and domain of Sir Philip Blandford, intended to be settled as a marriage portion on his daughter, and the son of Sir Abel Handy, by Frank Flourish, surveyor.—Imprimis—The premises command an exquisite view of the isle of Wight."—Charming! delightful! I don't see it though (*rising*)—I'll try with my new glass—my own invention—(*he looks through the glass*) Yes, there I caught it—Ah! now I see it plainly——Eh! no—I don't see it, do you?

Asb. Noa, Zur, I doant—but little zweepy do tell I he can zee a bit out from the top of the chimbley—zoa, an you've a mind to crawl up you may zee un too, he, he!

Sir Abel. Thank you—but damn your titter! (*reads*)—"Fish ponds well stocked"—That's a good thing, Farmer.

Asb. Likely, likely—but I doant think the vishes do thrive much in theas ponds.

Sir Abel. No! Why?

Asb. Why, the ponds be always dry i' the summer; and I be tuold that beant wholesome vor the little vishes.

Sir Abel. Not very, I believe—Well said surveyor! "A cool summer-house."

Asb.

Ass. Ees, Zur, quite cool—by reason the roof be tumbled in.

Sir Abel. Better and better—"The whole capable of the greatest improvement."—Come, that seems true however—I shall have plenty to do, that's one comfort—I'll have such contrivances! I'll have a canal run through my kitchen.—I must give this rustic some idea of my consequence (*aside*). You must know, Farmer, you have the honour of conversing with a man who has obtained patents for tweezers, tooth-picks, and tinder-boxes—to a philosopher who has been consulted on the Wapping docks and the Gravesend tunnel; and who has now in hand two inventions which will render him immortal—the one is, converting saw-duft into deal boards, and the other is, a plan of cleaning rooms by a steam engine—and, Farmer, I mean to give prizes for industry—I'll have a ploughing match.

Ass. Will you, Zur?

Sir Abel. Yes; for I consider a healthy young man between the handles of a plough, as one of the noblest illustrations of the prosperity of Britain.

Ass. Faith and troth! there be some tightish hands in theas parts, I promize ye.

Sir Abel. And, farmer, it shall precede the hymeneal festivities——

Ass. Nan!

Sir Abel. Blockhead! the ploughing match shall take place as soon as Sir Philip Blandford and his daughter arrive.

Ass. Oh, likely, likely!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Abel, I beg to say, my master will be here immediately.

Sir

Sir Abel. And, Sir, I beg to ask who possesses the happiness of being your master?

Serv. Your son, Sir, Mr. Robert Handy.

Sir Abel. Indeed! and where is Bob?

Serv. I left him, Sir, in the belfrey of the church.

Sir Abel. Where?

Serv. In the belfrey of the church.

Sir Abel. In the belfrey of the church! What was he doing there?

Serv. Why, Sir, the *natives* were ringing a peal in honour of our arrival—when my master finding they knew nothing of the matter, went up to the steeple to instruct them, and ordered me to proceed to the Castle—I have the honour—

[*Bows and exit.*]

Sir Abel. Wonderful! My Bob, you must know, is an astonishing fellow!—you have heard of the *admirable Crichton*, maybe? Bob's of the same kidney! I contrive, he executes—*Sir Abel invenit, Bob fecit.* He can do everything—everything!

Ash. All the better vor he. Izay, Zur, as he can turn his hand to everything, pray, in what way med he earn his livelihood?

Sir Abel. Earn his livelihood!

Ash. Ees, Zur—How do he gain his bread?

Sir Abel. Bread! Oh, he can't earn his bread. Bless you! he's a genius.

Ash. Genius! Drabbit it, I have got a horze o' thic name, but dom' un he'll never work—never.

Sir Abel. Egad! here comes my boy Bob!—Eh! no—it is not! no.

Enter

Enter POSTBOY with a round Hat and Cane.

Why who the devil are you?

Postb. I am the postboy, your Honour; but the Gem'man said I did not know how to drive, so he mounted my horse, and made me get inside—Here he is.

Enter HANDY, jun. with a postboy's cap and whip.

Handy, jun. Ah, my old Dad, is that you?

Sir Abel. Certainly; the only doubt is, if that be you?

Handy, jun. Oh, I was teaching this fellow to drive—Nothing is so horrible as people pretending to do what they are unequal to—Give me my hat—That's the way to use a whip.

Postb. Sir, you know you have broke the horses knees all to pieces.

Handy, jun. Hush, there's a guinea (*apart*).

Sir Abel (to ASHFIELD). You see Bob can do every thing. But, Sir, when you knew I had arrived from Germany, why did you not pay your duty to me in London?

Handy, jun. Sir, I heard you were but four days married, and I would not interrupt your honeymoon.

Sir Abel. Four days! oh, you might have come (*sighing*).

Handy, jun. I hear you have taken to your arms a simple rustic, unsophisticated by fashionable follies, —a full blown blossom of nature.

Sir Abel. Yes!

Handy, jun. How does it answer?

Sir Abel. So, so!

Handy,

Handy, jun. Any thorns?

Sir Abel. A few!

Handy, jun. I must be introduced—where is she?

Sir Abel. Not within thirty miles; for I don't hear her.

Asb. Ha, ha, ha!

Handy, jun. Who is that?

Sir Abel. Oh, a pretty behaved tittering friend of mine.

Asb. Zarvent, Zur—no offence, I do hope—Could not help tittering a bit at Nelly—when she were zarvent maid wi' I, she had a tightish prattle wi' her, that's vor zartain.

Handy, jun. Oh! so then my honored Mamma was the servant of this tittering gentleman—I say, father, perhaps she has not lost the tightish prattle he speaks of.

Sir Abel. My dear boy, come here—Prattle! I say, did you ever live next door to a pewterer's?—that's all—you understand me—did you ever hear a dozen fire-engines full gallop?—were you ever at Billingsgate in the sprat season?—or——

Handy, jun. Ha, ha!

Sir Abel. Nay, don't laugh, Bob.

Handy, jun. Indeed, Sir, you think of it too seriously. The storm, I dare say, soon blows over.

Sir Abel. Soon! You know what a trade wind is, don't you, Bob? why, she thinks no more of the latter end of her speech, than she does of the latter end of her life——

Handy, jun. Ha, ha!

Sir Abel. But I won't be laughed at--I'll knock any man down that laughs!

Handy,

Handy, jun. I beg your pardon—but how in the name of Babel did she wheedle you into matrimony?

Sir Abel. Why, she dealt with me as the devil deals with a witch—humoured me for a time, that I might be her slave for ever! I thought I was marrying a notable woman, who would have eased my head of part of its burthen:—instead of which——

Handy, jun. She has added to its burthen.

Sir Abel. You know, my dear boy, my aim is to make my head useful—

Handy, jun. And her aim, I suppose, is to make it ornamental.

Sir Abel. Bob, if you can say anything pleasant, I'll trouble you; if not, do what my wife can't—hold your tongue.

Handy, jun. I'll shew you what I can do—I'll amuse you with this native (*apart*).

Sir Abel. Do—do—quiz him—at him, Bob.

Handy, jun. I say, Farmer, you are a set of jolly fellows here, an't you?

Asb. Ees, Zur, deadly jolly—excepting when we be otherwise, and then we beant.

Handy, jun. Play at cricket, don't you?

Asb. Ees, Zur; we Hampshire lads conceat we can bowl a bit or thereabouts.

Handy, jun. And cudgel too, I suppose?

Sir Abel. At him, Bob.

Asb. Ees, Zur, we sometimes break con an-others heads by way of being agreeable, and the like o'that.

Handy, jun. Understand all the guards? (*putting himself in an attitude of cudgelling.*)

Asb. Can't zay I do, Zur.

Handy,

Handy, jun. What, hit in this way, eh? (*makes a hit at ASHFIELD, which he parries, and hits YOUNG HANDY violently.*)

Ash. Noa, Zur, we do hit thic way.

Handy, jun. Zounds and fury!

Sir Abel. Why, Bob, he has broke your head.

Handy, jun. Yes; he rather hit me—he somehow——

Sir Abel. He did indeed, Bob.

Handy, jun. Damn him—The fact is, I am out of practice.

Ash. You need not be, Zur; I'll gi' ye a belly full any day wi' all my heart and soul.

Handy, jun. No, no, thank you—Farmer, what's your name?

Ash. My name be Tummas Ashfield—anything to say against my name? (*threatening.*)

Handy, jun. No, no—Ashfield! shou'd he be the father of my pretty Susan—Pray, have you a daughter?

Ash. Ees, I have—anything to say against she?

Handy, jun. No, no; I think her a charming creature.

Ash. Do ye faith and troth—Come, that be deadly kind o'ye however—Do you zee, I were frightful she were not agreeable.

Handy, jun. Oh, she's extremely agreeable to me, I assure you.

Ash. I vow, it be quite pratty in you to take notice of Sue. I do hope, Zur, breaking your head will break noa squares—She be a coming down to theas parts wi' lady our maid Nelly, as wur—your spouse, Zur.

Handy, jun. The devil she is! that's awkward!

Ash. I do hope you'll be kind to Sue when she do come, woolye, Zur?

Handy, jun. You may depend on it.

Sir Abel. I dare say you may. Come, Farmer, attend us.

Ass. Ees, Zur; wi' all respect—Gentlemen, pray walk thic way, and I'll walk before you.

[*Exit.*

Sir Abel. Now, that's what he calls behaving pretty.

Handy, jun. Susan Ashfield coming here!

Sir Abel. What, Bob, some intrigue, eh?

Handy, jun. Oh fie!

Sir Abel. Consider, Sir, you come here to marry the beautiful and accomplished Miss Blandford—and consider on the other hand, you have already got a slight memorandum of the Farmer's agreeable way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Grove.*

(*MORRINGTON comes down the stage, wrapt in a great coat—He looks about—then at his watch, and whistles—which is answered.*)

Enter GERALD.

Mor. Here, Gerald! Well, my trusty fellow, is Sir Philip arrived?

Ger. No, Sir; but hourly expected.

Mor. Tell me, how does the Castle look?

Ger. Sadly decayed, Sir.

Mor. I hope, Gerald, you were not observed.

Ger. I fear otherwise, Sir: on the skirts of the domain I encountered a stripling with his gun; but

but I darted into that thicket, and so avoided him.

(HENRY appears in the back ground, in a shooting dress, attentively observing them.)

Mor. Have you gained any intelligence?

Ger. None: the report that reached us was false—The infant certainly died with its mother—Hush! conceal yourself—we are observed—this way.

They retreat.—HENRY advances.

Henry. Hold! as a friend, one word!

[*They exeunt, he follows them and returns.*
Again they have escaped me—"The infant died
"with its mother"—This agony of doubt is insupportable.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Henry, well met.

Henry. Have you seen strangers?

Everg. No!

Henry. Two but now have left this place—They spoke of a lost child—My busy fancy led me to think I was the object of their search—I pressed forward, but they avoided me.

Everg. No, no; it could not be you; for no one on earth knows but myself, and——

Henry. Who, Sir Philip Blandford?

Everg. I am sworn, you know, my dear boy; I am solemnly sworn to silence.

Henry. True, my good old friend; and if the knowledge of who I am can only be obtained at

the price of thy perjury; let me for ever remain ignorant—let the corroding thought still haunt my pillow, cross me at every turn, and render me insensible to the blessings of health and liberty—yet, in vain do I suppress the thought—who am I? why thus abandoned? perhaps the despised offspring of guilt—Ah! is it so! (*Seizing him violently.*)

Everg. Henry, do I deserve this?

Henry. Pardon me, good old man! I'll act more reasonably.—I'll deem thy silence mercy.

Everg. That's wisely said.

Henry. Yet it is hard to think that the most detested reptile that Nature forms, or man pursues, has, when he gains his den, a parent's pitying breast to shelter in; but I——

Everg. Come, come, no more of this.

Henry. Well!——I visited to-day that young man who was so grievously bruised by the breaking of his team.

Everg. That was kindly done, Henry.

Henry. I found him suffering under extreme torture, yet a ray of joy shot from his languid eye—for his medicine was administered by a father's hand—it was a mother's precious tear that dropt upon his wound—Oh, how I envied him!

Everg. Still on the same subject—I tell thee, if thou art not acknowledged by thy race, why, then become the noble founder of a new one. The most valuable carnations were once seedlings—and the pride of my flower-bed is now a Henry, which, when known, will be envied by every florist in Britain—Come with me to the Castle for the last time.

Henry. The last time!

Everg.

Everg. Aye, boy; for when Sir Philip arrives, thou must avoid him.

Henry. Not see him! where exists the power that shall prevent me?

Everg. Henry, if you value your own peace of mind—if you value an old man's comfort, avoid the Castle.

Henry (aside). I must dissemble with this honest creature—Well, I am content.

Everg. That's right—that's right, Henry—Be but thou resigned and virtuous, and he who cloaths the lily of the field, will be a parent to thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*A Lodge belonging to the Castle.*(Dame ASHFIELD *discovered making Lace.*)*Enter* HANDY, jun.

HANDY, jun.

ASINGULAR situation this my old Dad has placed me in; brought me here to marry a woman of fashion and beauty, while I have been professing and I've a notion feeling the most ardent love for the pretty Susan Ashfield—Propriety says, take Miss Blandford—Love says, take Susan—Fashion says, take both—but would Susan consent to such an arrangement?—and if she refused, would I consent to part with her? Oh time enough to put that question when the previous one is disposed of—(*seeing DAME*) How do you do? How do you do?—Making lace I perceive—Is it a common employment here?

Dame. Oh! no, Sir, nobody can make it in these parts but myself!—Mrs. Grundy indeed pretends—but, poor woman! she knows no more of it than you do.

Handy,

Handy, jun. Than I do! that's vastly well!—My dear Madam, I passed two months at Mechlin for the exprefs purpose.

Dame. Indeed!

Handy, jun. You don't do it right—now I can do it much better than that. Give me leave, and I'll shew you the true Mechlin method (*turns the cushion round, kneels down and begins working*). First you see, so—then, so—

Enter Sir ABEL and Miss BLANDFORD.

Sir Abel. I vow Miss Blandford, fair as I ever thought you, the air of your native land has given additional lustre to your charms!—(*Aside.*) If my wife looked so—Ah! But where can Bob be—you must know, Miss, my son is a very clever fellow! you won't find him wasting his time in boyish frivolity!—no; you will find him—(*sees him.*)

Miss B. Is that your son, Sir?

Sir Abel (*abashed*). Yes, that's Bob!

Miss B. Pray, Sir, is he making lace, or is he making love?

Sir Abel. Curse me if I can tell (*bits him with his stick*). Get up you dog! don't you see Miss Blandford?

Handy, jun. (*starting up.*) Zounds! how unlucky! Ma'am, your most obedient servant (*endeavours to hide the work*). Curse the cushion! (*throws it off*).

Dame. Oh! he has spoiled my lace!

Handy, jun. Hush! I'll make you a thousand yards another time—You see, Ma'am, I was explaining to this good woman—what—what need

not be explained again—Admirably handsome by Heaven! (*aside.*)

Sir Abel. Is not she, Bob?

Handy, jun. (*to Miss B.*) In your journey from the coast, I conclude you took London in your way? Hush! (*to DAME.*)

Miss B. Oh no, Sir, I could not so soon venture into the *beau monde*, a stranger just arrived from Germany—

Handy, jun. The very reason—the most fashionable introduction possible! but I perceive, Sir, you have here imitated other German importations, and only restored to us our native excellence.

Miss B. I assure you, Sir, I am eager to seize my birth-right, the pure and envied immunities of an English woman!

Handy, jun. Then I trust, Madam, you will be patriot enough to agree with me, that as a nation is poor, whose only wealth is importation—that therefore the humble native artist may ever hope to obtain from his countrymen those fostering smiles, without which genius must sicken and industry decay. But it requires no *valet de place* to conduct you through the purlieus of fashion, for now the way of the world is, for every one to pursue their own way, and following the fashion is differing as much as possible from the rest of your acquaintance.

Miss B. But surely, Sir, there is some distinguishing feature by which the votaries of fashion are known?

Handy, jun. Yes; but that varies extremely,—sometimes fashionable celebrity depends on a high waist—sometimes on a low carriage—sometimes on high play, and sometimes on low breeding—last winter it rested solely on green peas!

Miss

Miss B. Green peas!

Handy, jun. Green peas!—that Lady was the most enchanting who could bring the greatest quantity of green peas to her table at Christmas! the struggle was tremendous! Mrs. Rowley Powley had the best of it by five pecks and a half, but it having been unfortunately proved, that at her ball there was room to dance and eat conveniently—that no lady received a black eye, and no coachman was killed, the thing was voted decent and comfortable, and scouted accordingly.

Miss B. Is comfort then incompatible with fashion?

Handy, jun. Certainly!—Comfort in high life would be as preposterous as a lawyer's bag crammed with truth, or his wig decorated with coquelicot ribbons! No—it is not comfort and selection that is sought, but numbers and confusion! So that a fashionable party resembles Smithfield market, only a good one when plentifully stocked—and ladies are reckoned by the score like sheep, and their husbands by droves like horned cattle!

Miss B. Ha, ha! and the conversation—

Handy, jun. Oh! like the assembly—confused, vapid, and abundant; as “How do, Ma'am!—no accident at the door?—he, he!”—“Only my carriage broke to pieces!”—“I hope you had not your pocket picked!”—“Won't you sit down to faro?”—“Have you many to-night?”—“A few, about six hundred!”—“Were you at Lady Overall's?”—“Oh yes; a delicious crowd and plenty of peas, he, he!”—and thus runs the fashionable race.

Sir Abel. Yes; and a precious run it is—full gallop all the way: first they run on—then their fortune is run through—then bills are run up—
then

then they are run hard—then they've a run of luck—then they run out, and then they run away!—But I'll forgive fashion all it's follies in consideration of one of its blessed laws.

Handy, jun. What may that be?

Sir Abel. That husband and wife must never be seen together.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Miss Blandford, your father expects you.

Miss B. I hope I shall find him more composed.

Handy, jun. Is Sir Philip ill?

Miss B. His spirits are extremely depressed, and since we arrived here this morning his dejection has dreadfully increased.

Handy, jun. But I hope we shall be able to laugh away despondency.

Miss B. Sir, if you are pleased to consider my esteem as an object worthy your possession, I know of no way of obtaining it so certain as by your shewing every attention to my dear father. (*As they are going*)

Enter ASHFIELD.

Ash. Dame! Dame! she be come!

Dame. Who? Susan! our dear Susan?

Ash. Ees—zo come along—Oh, Sir Abel! Lady Nelly! your spouse—do order you to go to her directly!

Handy, jun. Order! you mistake—

Sir Abel. No, he don't—she generally prefers that word.

Miss

Miss B. Adieu! Sir Abel.

[*Exeunt Miss BLANDFORD and HANDY, jun.*

Sir Abel. Oh! if my wife had such a pretty way with her mouth!

Dame. And how does Susan look?

Ash. That's what I do want to know, zoa come along—Woo ye though—Missus, let's behave pratty—Zur, if you please, Dame and I will let you walk along wi' us.

Sir Abel. How condescending! Oh, you are a pretty behaved fellow!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Farmer ASHFIELD's Kitchen.

Enter Lady HANDY and SUSAN.

Susan. My dear home, thrice welcome! what gratitude I feel to your Ladyship for this indulgence.

Lady H. That's right, child!

Susan. And I am sure you partake my pleasure in again visiting a place where you received every protection and kindness my parents could shew you, for I remember while you lived with my father—

Lady H. Child! don't put your memory to any fatigue on my account—you may transfer the remembrance of who I was, to aid your more perfect recollection of who I am.

Susan. Lady Handy!

Lady H. That's right, child! I am not angry.

Susan (looking out). How luxuriantly the honey-suckle has grown that I planted—Ah! I see my dear father and mother coming through the garden.

Lady H. Oh! now I shall be caressed to death; but I must endure the shock of their attentions.

Enter Farmer and Dame with Sir ABEL.

Asb. My dear Susan! (*they run to SUSAN.*)

Dame. My sweet child! give me a kiss.

Asb. Hald thee! Feyther first though—Well, I be as mortal glad to zee thee as never war—and how be'st thee? and how do thee like Lunnun town?—it be a deadly lively place I be tuold.

Dame. Is not she a sweet girl?

Sir Abel. That she is.

Lady H. (*with affected dignity.*) Does it occur to any one present that Lady Handy is in the room?

Sir Abel. Oh, Lud! I'm sure, my dear wife, I never forget that you are in the room.

Asb. Drabbit it! I overlooked Lady Nelly, sure enow; but consider, there be zome difference between thee and our own Susan! I be deadly glad to zee thee however.

Dame. So am I, Lady Handy!

Asb. Don't ye take it unkind I ha'nt a bufs'd thee yet—meant no slight indeed (*kisses her*).

Lady H. Oh! shocking! (*aside.*)

Asb. No harm I do hope, Zur.

Sir Abel. None at all.

Asb. But dash it, Lady Nelly, what do make thee paint thy vace all over we rud ochre zoo? Be it vor thy spouse to knaw thee?—that be the way I do knaw my sheep.

Sir Abel. The flocks of fashion are all marked so, Farmer.

Asb. Likely! Drabbit it! thee do make a tightish kind of a Ladyship zure enow.

Dame.

Dame. That you do, my Lady! you remember the old house?

Ass. Aye; and all about it, doant ye? Nelly! my Lady!

Lady H. Oh! I'm quite shock'd—Susan, child! prepare a room where I may dress before I proceed to the Castle.

[*Exit SUSAN.*]

Enter HANDY, jun.

Handy, jun. I don't see Susan—I say, Dad! Is that my Mamma?

Sir Abel. Yes—speak to her.

Handy, jun. (*chucking her under the chin.*) A fine girl upon my soul!

Lady Handy. Fine girl indeed! Is this behaviour?

Handy, jun. Oh! beg pardon, most honoured parent (*she curtsies*)—that's a damned bad curtsy. I can teach you to make a much better curtsy than that!

Lady H. You teach me, that am old enough to—hem!

Handy, jun. Oh! that toss of the head was very bad indeed—Look at me!—That's the thing!

Lady H. Am I to be insulted? Sir Abel, you know I seldom condescend to talk.

Sir Abel. Don't say so, my Lady; you wrong yourself.

Lady H. But when I do begin, you know not where it will end.

Sir Abel. Indeed I do not (*aside*).

Lady H. I insist on receiving all possible respect from your son.

Handy, jun. And you shall have it, my dear girl!—Madam, I mean.

Lady H. I vow I am agitated to that degree—Sir Abel, my fan!

Sir Abel. Yes, my dear—Bob, look here, a little contrivance of my own. While others carry swords, and such like dreadful weapons in their canes, I more gallantly carry a fan (*removes the head of his cane and draws out a fan*), a pretty thought, isn't it? (*presents it to his Lady.*)

Ash. Some difference between thic stick and mine, beant there, Zur? (*to HANDY, jun.*)

Handy, jun. (*moving away.*) Yes, there is—(*to Lady H.*) Do you call that fanning yourself (*taking the fan*). My dear Ma'am, this is the way to manœuvre a fan.

Lady H. Sir, you shall find (*to HANDY, jun.*) I have power enough to make you repent this behaviour—severely repent it—Susan!

[*Exit, followed by DAME.*]

Handy, jun. Bravo! passion becomes her—She does that vastly well.

Sir Abel. Yes; practice makes perfect.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Did your Ladyship call?—Heavens! Mr. Handy!

Handy, jun. Hush! my angel! be composed! that letter will explain (*giving a letter, noticed by ASHFIELD*). Lady Handy wishes to see you.

Susan. Oh, Robert!

Handy, jun. At present my love, no more.

[*Exit SUSAN, followed by ASHFIELD.*]

Sir

Sir Abel. What were you saying, Sir, to that young woman?

Handy, jun. Nothing particular, Sir. Where is Lady Handy going.

Sir Abel. To dress.

Handy, jun. I suppose she has found out the use of money.

Sir Abel. Yes; I'll do her the justice to say she encourages trade.—Why, do you know, Bob, my best coal-pit won't find her in white muslins—round her neck hangs a hundred acres at least; my noblest oaks have made wigs for her; my fat oxen have dwindled into Dutch pugs, and white mice; my India bonds are transmuted into shawls and otto of roses; and a magnificent mansion has shrunk into a diamond snuff-box.

Enter COUNTRYMAN.

Coun. Gentlemen, the folks be all got together, and the ploughs be ready—and——

Sir Abel. We are coming.

[*Exit SERVANT.*

Handy, jun. Ploughs!

Sir Abel. Yes, Bob, we are going to have a grand agricultural meeting.

Handy, jun. Indeed!

Sir Abel. If I could but find a man able to manage my new invented *curricule* plough, none of them would have a chance.

Handy, jun. My dear Sir, if there be anything on earth I can do, it is that.

Sir Abel. What?

Handy, jun. I rather fancy I can plough better than any man in England.

Sir

Sir Abel. You don't say so! What a clever fellow he is—I say, Bob, if you would—

Handy, jun. No; I can't condescend.

Sir Abel. Condescend! why not?—much more creditable, let me tell you, than galloping a maggot for a thousand; or eating a live cat, or any other fashionable achievement.

Handy, jun. So it is—Egad! I will—I'll carry off the prize of industry.

Sir Abel. But should you lose, Bob.

Handy, jun. I lose! that's vastly well!

Sir Abel. True, with my curricule plough you could hardly fail.

Handy, jun. With my superior skill, Dad—Then, I say; how the newspapers will teem with the account.

Sir Abel. Yes.

Handy, jun. That universal genius, Handy, junior, with a plough——

Sir Abel. Stop—invented by that ingenious machinist, Handy, senior.—

Handy, jun. Gained the prize against the first husbandmen in Hampshire—Let our Bond-street butterflies emulate the example of Handy, junior.—

Sir Abel. And let old City grubs cultivate the field of science, like Handy, senior—Ecod, I am so happy.

Lady Handy (without). Sir Abel.

Sir Abel. Ah! there comes a damper.

Handy, jun. Courage, you have many resources of happiness.

Sir Abel. Have I? I should be very glad to know them.

Handy, jun. In the first place you possess an excellent temper.

Sir

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for if I had a bad one, I should be the better able to conquer hers.

Handy, jun. You enjoy good health—

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for if I were ill she wouldn't come near me.

Handy, jun. Then you are rich—

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for had I been poor she would not have married me. But I say, Bob, if you gain the prize, I'll have a patent for my plough.

Lady Handy (without). Sir Abel, I say.—

Handy, jun. Father, could not you get a patent for stopping that sort of noise?

Sir Abel. If I could, what a sale it would have! —No, Bob, a patent has been obtained for the only thing that will silence her—

Handy, jun. Aye—What's that?

Sir Abel (in a whisper). A coffin! hush!—I'm coming my dear.

Handy, jun. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Parlour in ASHFIELD'S House.*

Enter ASHFIELD and WIFE.

Ash. I tell ye, I zee'd un gi' Susan a letter, an' I dan't like it a bit.

Dame. Nor I: if shame should come to the poor child—I say, Tummas, what would Mrs. Grundy say then?

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy; what wou'd my poor wold heart zay? but I be bound it be all innocence.

Enter HENRY.

Dame. Ah! Henry, we have not seen thee at home all day.

Asb. And I do zomehow fanzie things dan't go zo clever when thee'rt away from farm.

Henry. My mind has been greatly agitated.

Asb. Well, won't thee go and zee the ploughing match?

Henry. Tell me, will not those who obtain prizes be introduced to the Castle?

Asb. Ees, and feasted in the great hall.

Henry. My good friend, I wish to become a candidate.

Dame. You, Henry!

Henry. It is time I exerted the faculties heaven has bestowed on me; and though my heavy fate crushes the proud hopes this heart conceives, still let me prove myself worthy of the place Providence has assigned me.—(*Aside*) Should I succeed, it will bring me to the presence of that man, who (I know not why) seems the dictator of my fate.—(*To them*) Will you furnish me with the means?

Asb. Will I!—Thou shalt ha' the best plough in the parish—I wish it were all gould for thy zake—and better cattle there can't be noowhere.

Henry. Thanks, my good friend—my benefactor—I have little time for preparation—So receive my gratitude, and farewell. [*Exit.*]

Dame. A blessing go with thee!

Asb. I zay, Henry, take Jolly, and Smiler, and Captain, but dan't ye take thic lazy beast Genius—I'll be shot if having vive load an acre on my wheat land cou'd please me more.

Dame.

Dame. Tummas, here comes Susan reading the letter.

Ash. How pale she do look, dan't she?

Dame. Ah! poor thing!—If——

Ash. Hauld thy tongue, woolye? [*They retire.*]

Enter SUSAN, reading the letter.

Susan. Is it possible? Can the man to whom I've given my heart write thus:—"I am compelled to marry Miss Blandford; but my love for my Susan is unalterable—I hope she will not, for an act of necessity, cease to think with tenderness on her faithful Robert."——Oh man! ungrateful man! it is from our bosoms alone you derive your power; how cruel then to use it, in fixing in those bosoms endless sorrow and despair.——"Still think with tenderness"—Base, dishonorable insinuation—He might have allowed me to esteem him. [*Locks up the letter in a box on the table, and exit weeping.*]

(*ASHFIELD and DAME come forward.*)

Ash. Poor thing!—What can be the matter—She lock'd up the letter in thic box, and then bursted into tears (*looks at the box*).

Dame. Yes, Tummas, she locked it in that box sure enough (*shakes a bunch of keys that hangs at her side*).

Ash. What be doing, Dame? what be doing?

Dame (*with affected indifference*). Nothing; I was only touching these keys.

(*They look at the box and keys significantly.*)

Ash. A good tightish bunch!

Dame. Yes; they are of all sizes (*they look as before*).

Asb. Indeed!—Well—Eh!—Dame, why dan't ye speak; thou can't chatter vast enow zometimes.

Dame. Nay, Tummas—I dare say—if—you know best—but I think I could find——

Asb. Well, Eh!—you can just try you know (*greatly agitated*). You can try, just vor the vun on't; but mind, dan't ye make a noise (*she opens it*). Why, thee hasn't open'd it?

Dame. Nay, Tummas, you told me!

Asb. Did I?

Dame. There's the letter!

Asb. Well, why do ye gi't to I?—I dan't want it, I'm zure (*taking it—he turns it over—she eyes it eagerly—he is about to open it*)—She's coming! she's coming! (*he conceals the letter, they tremble violently.*) No, she's gone into t'other room (*they bang their heads dejectedly, then look at each other*). What mun that feyther and mother be doing that do blush and treibble at their own dater's coming (*weeps*). Dang it, has she defarv'd it of us—Did she ever deceive us?—Were she not always the most open-hearted, dutifullest, kindest—and thee to goa like a dom'd spy and open her box, poor thing?—

Dame. Nay, Tummas——

Asb. You did—I zaw you do it myzel—you look like a thief, now—you doe—Hush!—no—*Dame*—here be the letter—I won't reead a word on't, put it where thee vound it, and as thee vound it.

Dame. With all my heart (*she returns the letter to the box*).

Asb. (*embraces her.*) Now I can wi' pleasure hug my wold wife, and look my child in the vace again—I'll call her and ax her about it; and if she dan't speak without disguisement, I'll be bound to
be

be shot—Dame, be the colour of sheame off my face yet?—I never zeed thee look ugly before—
 Susan, my dear Sue, come here-abit, woolye?

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Yes, my dear father.

Ash. Sue, we do wish to gi' thee a bit of admonishing and parent-like konzultation.

Susan. I hope I have ever attended to your admonitions.

Ash. Ees, blefs thee, I do believe thee hast, lamb; but we all want our memories jogg'd abit, or why else do parson preach us all to sleep every Zunday—Zo thic be the topic—Dame and I, Sue, did zee a letter gi'd to thee, and thee—burst'd into tears, and lock'd un up in thic box—and then Dame and I—we—that's all.

Susan. My dear father, if I concealed the contents of that letter from your knowledge, it was because I did not wish your heart to share in the pain mine feels.

Ash. Dang it, didn't I tell thee zoo? (*to his Wife.*)

Dame. Nay, Tummas, did I say otherwise?

Susan. Believe me, my dear parents, my heart never gave birth to a thought my tongue feared to utter.

Ash. There, the very words I zaid!

Susan. If you wish to see the letter I will shew it to you (*she searches for the key*).

Dame. Here's a key will open it.

Ash. Drabbit it, hold thy tongue, thou wold fool! (*aside.*) No, Susan, I'll not zee it—I'll believe my child.

Susan. You shall not find your confidence ill-placed—it is true the gentleman has declared he

loved me ; it is equally true that declaration was not unpleasing to me—Alas ! it is also true, that his letter contains sentiments disgraceful to himself, and insulting to me !

Ash. Drabbit it, if I'd knaw'd that, when we were cudgelling abit, I wou'd ha' lapt my stick about his ribs pratty tightish, I wou'd.

Susan. Pray, father, don't you resent his conduct to me.

Ash. What, mayn't I leather un abit ?

Susan. Oh, no ! I have the strongest reasons to the contrary !

Ash. Well, Sue, I won't—I'll behave as pratty as I always do—but it be time to go to the green, and zee the fine zights—How I do hate the noise of thic dom'd bunch of keys—But bless thee, my child—dan't forget that vartue to a young woman be vor all the world like—like—Dang it, I ha' gotten it all in my head ; but zomehow—I can't talk it—but vartue be to a young woman what corn be to a blade o'wheat, do ye zee ; for while the corn be there it be glorious to the eye, and it be call'd the staff of life ; but take that treasure away, and what do remain ? why naught but this worthless straw, that man and beast do tread upon. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*An extensive View of a cultivated Country—A ploughed Field in the centre, in which are seen six different Ploughs and Horses—At one side a handsome Tent—a number of country People assembled.*

Enter ASHFIELD and DAME.

Ash. Make way ! make way for the gentry ; and do ye hear, behave pratty, as I do—Dang thee stond back, or I'll knack thee down, I wool.

Enter

Enter Sir ABEL and Miss BLANDFORD with Servants.

Sir Abel. It is very kind of you to honour our rustic festivities with your presence.

Miss B. Pray, Sir Abel, where is your son?

Sir Abel. What, Bob? Oh, you'll see him presently. (*nodding significantly*). Here are the prize medals; and if you will condescend to present them, I'm sure they'll be worn with additional pleasure.—I say, you'll see Bob presently—Well, Farmer, is it all over?

Ash. Ees, Zur; the acres be plough'd and the ground judg'd; and the young lads be coming down to receive their reward—Heartily welcome, Miss, to your native land; hope you be as pleas'd to zee we as we be to zee you, and the like o'that.—Mortal beautizome to be zure—I declare, Miss, it do make I quite warm zomehow to look at ye,

(*A shout without.*)

They be coming—Now, Henry!

Sir Abel. Now you'll see Bob—now my dear boy, Bob—here he comes (*Huzza*).

Enter HENRY and two young Husbandmen.

Ash. 'Tis he, he has don't—Dang you all, why dan't ye shout? Huzza!

Sir Abel. Why, zounds, where's Bob?—I don't see Bob—Bless me, what has become of Bob and my plough? (*retires and takes out his glass.*)

Ash. Well, Henry, there be the prize, and there be the fine Lady that will gi' it thee.

Henry. Tell me who is that lovely creature?

Ash. The dater of Sir Philip Blandford.

Henry. What exquisite sweetness! Ah! should the father but resemble her, I shall have but little to fear from his severity!

Ash. Miss, thic be the young man that ha got'n the guolden prize.

Miss B. This; I always thought ploughmen were coarse, vulgar creatures, but he seems handsome and diffident.

Ash. Ees, quite pratty behaved—it were I that teach'd un.

Miss B. What's your name?

Henry. Henry!

Miss B. And your family?

(HENRY, in an agony of grief, turns away, strikes his forehead, and leans on the shoulder of ASHFIELD.)

Dame. (apart to Miss B.) Madam, I beg pardon, but nobody knows about his parentage; and when it is mentioned, poor boy! he takes on sadly—He has lived at our house ever since we had the farm, and we have had an allowance for him—small enough to be sure—but, good lad! he was always welcome to share what we had.

Miss B. I am shocked at my imprudence.—(To HENRY) Pray pardon me; I would not insult an enemy, much less one I am inclined to admire—(giving her hand, then withdraws it)—to esteem—you shall go to the Castle—my father shall protect you.

Henry. Generous creature! to merit his esteem is the fondest wish of my heart—to be your slave, the proudest aim of my ambition!

Miss B. Receive your merited reward (he kneels—she places the medal round his neck—the same to the others).

Sir Abel (advances). I can't see Bob; pray, Sir, do you happen to know what is become of my Bob?

Henry. Sir!

Sir Abel. Did not you see a remarkable clever plough, and a young man—

Henry.

Henry. At the beginning of the contest, I observed a gentleman; his horses, I believe, were unruly, but my attention was too much occupied to allow me to notice more. [*Laughing without.*]

Handy, jun. (without.) How dare you laugh?

Sir Abel. That's Bob's voice! [*Laughing again.*]

Enter HANDY, jun. in a smock frock, cocked hat, and a piece of a plough in his hand.

Handy, jun. Dare to laugh again, and I'll knock you down with this—Ugh! how infernally hot (*walks about*).

Sir Abel. Why, Bob, where have you been?

Handy, jun. I don't know where I've been.

Sir Abel. And what have you got in your hand?

Handy, jun. What? All I could keep of your nonsensical ricketty plough (*walks about, Sir ABEL following*).

Sir Abel. Come, none of that, Sir.—Don't abuse my plough to cover your ignorance, Sir; where is it, Sir? and where are my famous Leicestershire horses, Sir?

Handy, jun. Where! ha, ha, ha! I'll tell you as nearly as I can, ha, ha! What's the name of the next county?

Asb. It be called Wiltshire, Zur.

Handy, jun. Then, Dad, upon the nicest calculation I am able to make, they are at this moment engaged in the very patriotic act of ploughing Salisbury plain, ha, ha! I saw them fairly over that hill, full gallop, with the curricule plough at their heels.

Asb. Ha, ha! a good one, ha, ha!

Handy, jun. But never mind father, you must again set your invention to work, and I my toilet—rather a deranged figure to appear before a lady
in

in (*fiddles*). Hey dey ! What, are you going to dance ?

Asb. Ees, Zur ; I suppose you can sheake a leg abit ?

Handy, jun. I fancy I can dance every possible step, from the *pas ruse* to the war dance of the Catabaws.

Asb. Likely—I do hope, Miss, you'll join your honest neighbours; they'll be deadly hurt an you won't gig it a bit wi' un.

Miss B. With all my heart.

Sir Abel. Bob's an excellent dancer.

Miss B. I dare say he is, Sir ; but on this occasion, I think I ought to dance with the young man who gained the prize—I think it would be most pleasant—most proper, I mean ; and I am glad you agree with me—So, Sir, if you'll accept my hand (*HENRY takes it*).

Sir Abel. Very pleasantly settled upon my soul—Bob, won't you dance ?

Handy, jun. I dance !—No, I'll look at them—I'll quietly look on.

Sir Abel. Egad, now as my wife's away, I'll try to find a pretty girl and make one among them.

Asb. That's hearty—Come, Dame, hang the rheumatics—Now, lads and lasses, behave pratty, and strike up. [*A dance.*]

(*HANDY, jun. looks on a little, and then begins to move his legs—then dashes into the midst of the dance, and endeavours to imitate every one opposite to him ; then being exhausted, he leaves the dance, seizes the fiddle, and plays till the curtain drops*).

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD *discovered on a couch, reading, SERVANTS attending.*

SIR PHILIP.

Is not my daughter yet returned?

Serv. No, Sir Philip.

Sir Philip. Dispatch a servant to her.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, the old gardener is below, and asks to see you.

Sir Philip (rises, and throws away the book). Admit him instantly, and leave me.—

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Enter EVERGREEN, who bows, then looking at Sir PHILIP clasps his hands together and weeps.

Does this desolation affect the old man? Come near me—Time has laid a lenient hand on thee—

Everg. Oh, my dear master! can twenty years have wrought the change I see?

Sir Philip. No (*striking his breast*); 'tis the canker here that hath withered up my trunk;—but are we secure from observation?

Everg. Yes.

Sir Philip. Then tell me, does the boy live?

Everg. He does; and is as fine a youth—

Sir Philip. No comments.

Everg. We named him—

Sir Philip. Be dumb! let me not hear his name. Has care been taken he may not blast me with his presence?

Everg. It has; and he cheerfully complied.

Sir Philip. Enough! Never speak of him more. Have you removed every dreadful vestige from the fatal chamber? (*EVERGREEN hesitates.*) O speak!

Everg. My dear master! I confess my want of duty. Alas! I had not courage to go there.

Sir Philip. Ah!

Everg. Nay, forgive me! wiser than I have felt such terrors!—The apartments have been carefully locked up—the keys not a moment from my possession—here they are.

Sir Philip. Then the task remains with me. Dreadful thought! I can well pardon thy fears, old man—O! could I wipe from my memory that hour, when——

Everg. Hush! your daughter.

Sir Philip. Leave me—we'll speak anon.

[*Exit EVERGREEN.*]

Enter Miss BLANDFORD.

Miss B. Dear father! I came the moment I heard you wished to see me.

Sir

Sir Philip. My good child, thou art the sole support that props my feeble life. I fear my wish for thy company deprives thee of much pleasure.

Miss B. Oh no! What pleasure can be equal to that of giving you happiness? Am I not rewarded in seeing your eyes beam with pleasure on me?

Sir Philip. 'Tis the pale reflection of the lustre I see sparkling there. My love! did you enjoy the scenes you beheld?

Miss B. Greatly. How strongly they contrast with those we witnessed abroad!

Sir Philip. True. Happy country! which, in the midst of direful war can draw out its rustic train to join the festive dance, as securely as if peace again had blessed the world!—But tell me, did your lover gain the prize?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. Few men of his rank—

Miss B. Oh! you mean Mr. Handy?

Sir Philip. Yes.

Miss B. No; he did not.

Sir Philip. Then, who did *you* mean?

Miss B. Did you say lover? I—I mistook—No—a young man called Henry obtained the prize!

Sir Philip. And how did Mr. Handy succeed?

Miss B. Oh, it was so ridiculous! I will tell you, papa, what happened to him.

Sir Philip. To Mr. Handy?

Miss B. Yes; as soon as the contest was over Henry presented himself; I was surprized at seeing a young man so handsome and elegant as Henry is—then I placed the medal round Henry's neck, and I was told that poor Henry—

Sir Philip. Henry!—So, my love! this is your account of Mr. Robert Handy?

Miss

Miss B. Yes, papa—no, papa—he came afterwards, dressed so ridiculously that even Henry could not help smiling.

Sir Philip. Henry again!

Miss B. Then we had a dance.

Sir Philip. Of course you danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. How does Mr. Handy dance?

Miss B. Oh! he did not dance till—

Sir Philip. You danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes—No, papa!—Somebody said (I don't know who) that I ought to dance with Henry, because—

Sir Philip. Still Henry! Oh! some rustic boy. My dear child, you talk as if you loved this Henry.

Miss B. Oh! no, papa—and I am certain he don't love me.

Sir Philip. Indeed!

Miss B. Yes, papa; for when he touched my hand, he trembled as if I terrified him; and instead of looking at me as you do, who I am sure love me, when our eyes met, he withdrew his and cast them on the ground.

Sir Philip. And these are the reasons which make you conclude he does not love you?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. And probably you could adduce proof equally convincing that you don't love him?

Miss B. Oh yes—quite; for in the dance he sometimes paid attention to other young women, and I was so angry with him! Now, you know, papa, I love you—and I am sure I should not have been angry with you, had you done so.

Sir

Sir Philip. But one question more—Do you think Mr. Handy loves you?

Miss B. I have never thought about it, papa.

Sir Philip. I am satisfied.

Miss B. Yes; I knew I should convince you.

Sir Philip. Oh, Love! malign and subtle tyrant, how falsely art thou painted blind! 'Tis thy votaries are so; for what but blindness can prevent their seeing thy poisoned shaft, which is for ever doomed to rankle in the victim's heart.

Miss B. Oh! now I am certain I am not in love; for I feel no rankling at my heart. I feel the softest, sweetest sensation I ever experienced. But, papa, you must come to the lawn. I don't know why, but to-day Nature seems enchanting; the birds sing more sweetly, and the flowers give more perfume.

Sir Philip (aside). Such was the day my youthful fancy pictured! How did it close?

Miss B. I promised Henry your protection.

Sir Philip. Indeed! that was much. Well, I will see your rustic here. This infant passion must be crushed. Poor wench! some artless boy has caught thy infant fancy!—Thy arm, my child!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the Castle.*

Enter HENRY and ASHFIELD.

Ash. Well! here thee'rt going to make thy bow to Sir Philip. I zay, if he should take a fancy to thee, thou'lt come to farm and zee us zometimes, wo'tn't Henry?

Henry

Henry (shaking his hand). Tell me, is that Sir Philip Blandford who leans on that lady's arm?

Asb. I don't know, by reason d'ye zee I never zeed'un. Well, good bye! I declare thee doz look quite grand wi' thic golden prize about thy neck, vor all the world like the lords in their stars, that do come to theas pearts to pickle their skins in the zals zea ocean! Good b'ye, Henry.

[*Exit.*

Henry. He approaches! Why this agitation? I wish, yet dread, to meet him.

Enter Sir PHILIP and Miss BLANDFORD, attended.

Miss B. The joy your tenantry display at seeing you again must be truly grateful to you.

Sir Philip. No, my child; for I feel I do not merit it. Alas! I can see no orphans cloathed with my beneficence, no anguish assuaged by my care.

Miss B. Then I am sure my dear father wishes to shew his kind intentions. So I will begin by placing one under his protection (*goes up the stage and leads down HENRY.* Sir PHILIP, on seeing him, starts, then becomes greatly agitated).

Sir Philip. Ah! do my eyes deceive me? No, it must be him! Such was the face his father wore!

Henry. Spake you of my father?

Sir Philip. His presence brings back recollections which drive me to madness! How came he here? Who have I to curse for this?

Miss B. (falling on his neck). Your daughter.

Henry. Oh, Sir, tell me! on my knees I ask it! do my parents live? Bless me with my father's name, and my days shall pass in active gratitude—

my nights in prayers for you. (Sir PHILIP *views him with severe contempt.*) Do not mock my misery! Have you a heart?

Sir Philip. Yes; of marble. Cold and obdurate to the world—ponderous and painful to myself—Quit my sight for ever!

Miss B. Go, Henry, and save me from my father's curse.

Henry. I obey: cruel as the command is, I obey it—I shall often look at this (*touching the medal*), and think on the blissful moment when your hand placed it there.

Sir Philip. Ah! tear it from his breast. (SERVANT *advances.*)

Henry. Sooner take my life! It is the first honour I have earned, and it is no mean one; for it assigns me the first rank among the sons of industry! This is my claim to the sweet rewards of honest labour! This will give me competence, nay more, enable me to despise your tyranny!

Sir Philip. Rash boy, mark! Avoid me, and be secure—Repeat this intrusion, and my vengeance shall pursue thee——

Henry. I defy its power!—You are in England, Sir, where the man, who bears about him an upright heart, bears a charm too potent for tyranny to humble. Can your frown wither up my youthful vigour? No!—Can your malediction disturb the slumbers of a quiet conscience? No! Can your breath stifle in my heart the adoration it feels for that pitying angel? Oh, no!

Sir Philip. Wretch! you shall be taught the difference between us!

Henry. I feel it now! proudly feel it!—You hate the man that never wronged you—I could
D love

love the man that injures me — You meanly triumph o'er a worm—I make a giant tremble.

Sir Philip. Take him from my sight! Why am I not obeyed?

Miss B. Henry, if you wish my hate should not accompany my father's, instantly begone.

Henry. Oh, pity me! [Exit.

(*Miss BLANFORD looks after him—Sir PHILIP, exhausted, leans on his Servants*).

Sir Philip. Supported by my servants! I thought I had a daughter!

Miss B. (running to him.) O, you have, my father! one that loves you better than her life!

Sir Philip (to SERVANT). Leave us.

[Exit SERVANT.

Emma, if you feel, as I fear you do, love for that youth—mark my words! When the dove woos for its mate the ravenous kite; when Nature's fixed antipathies mingle in sweet concord, then and not till then, hope to be united.

Miss B. O heaven!

Sir Philip. Have you not promised me the disposal of your hand?

Miss B. Alas! my father! I didn't then know the difficulty of obedience!

Sir Philip. Hear, then, the reasons why I demand compliance. You think I hold these rich estates—Alas, the shadow only, not the substance.

Miss B. Explain, my father!

Sir Philip. When I left my native country, I left it with a heart lacerated by every wound that the falsehood of others or my own conscience could inflict. Hateful to myself, I became the victim of dissipation—I rushed to the gaming table, and soon became the dupe of villains.—My ample fortune

was

was lost ; I detected one in the act of fraud, and having brought him to my feet, he confessed a plan had been laid for my ruin ; that he was but an humble instrument ; for that the man who, by his superior genius, stood possessed of all the mortgages and securities I had given, was one Morrington.

Miss B. I have heard you name him before. Did you not know this Morrington ?

Sir Philip. No ; he, like his deeds, avoided the light—Ever dark, subtle, and mysterious. Collecting the scattered remnant of my fortune, I wandered wretched and desolate, till, in a peaceful village, I first beheld thy mother, humble in birth, but exalted in virtue. The morning after our marriage she received a packet, containing these words : “ The reward of virtuous love, presented “ by a repentant villain ; ” and which also contained bills and notes to the high amount of ten thousand pounds.

Miss B. And no name ?

Sir Philip. None ; nor could I ever guess at the generous donor. I need not tell thee what my heart suffered when death deprived me of her. Thus circumstanced, this good man, Sir Abel Handy, proposed to unite our families by marriage ; and in consideration of what he termed the honor of our alliance, agreed to pay off every incumbrance on my estates, and settle them as a portion on you and his son. Yet still another wonder remains.—When I arrive, I find no claim whatever has been made, either by Morrington or his agents. What am I to think ? Can Morrington have perished, and with him his large claims to my property ? Or, does he withhold the blow, to make it fall more heavily ?

Miss B. 'Tis very strange! very mysterious! But my father has not told me what misfortune led him to leave his native country.

Sir Philip (greatly agitated). Ha!

Miss B. May I not know it?

Sir Philip. Oh! never, never, never!

Miss B. I will not ask it—Be composed—Let me wipe away those drops of anguish from your brow.—How cold your cheek is! My father, the evening damps will harm you—Come in—I will be all you wish—indeed I will. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Was ever anything so unlucky! Henry to come to the Castle and meet Sir Philip. He should have consulted me; I shall be blamed—but, thank heaven, I am innocent.

(*Sir ABEL and Lady HANDY without.*)

Lady H. I will be treated with respect.

Sir Abel. You shall, my dear. (*They enter.*)

Lady H. But how! but how! Sir Abel, I repeat it.—

Sir Abel (aside). For the fiftieth time.

Lady H. Your son conducts himself with an insolence I won't endure; but you are ruled by him, you have no will of your own.

Sir Abel. I have not indeed.

Lady H. How contemptible!

Sir Abel. Why, my dear, this is the case—I am like the ass in the fable; and if I am doomed to

carry a pack-saddle, it is not much matter who drives me.

Lady H. To yield your power to those the law allows you to govern!—

Sir Abel. Is very weak indeed.

Everg. Lady Handy, your very humble servant; I heartily congratulate you, Madam, on your marriage this worthy gentleman—Sir, I give you joy.

Abel (aside). Not before 'tis wanted.

Everg. Aye, my Lady; this match makes up for the imprudence of your first.

Lady H. Hem!

Sir Abel. Eh! What!—what's that—Eh! what do you mean?

Everg. I mean, Sir—that Lady Handy's former husband—

Sir Abel. Former husband!—Why, my dear, I never knew—Eh!

Lady H. A mumbling old blockhead!—Didn't you Sir Abel? Yes; I was rather married many years ago; but my husband went abroad and died.

Sir Abel. Died, did he?

Everg. Yes, Sir; he was a servant in the Castle.

Sir Abel. Indeed! So he died—poor fellow!

Lady H. Yes.

Sir Abel. What, you are sure he died, are you?

Lady H. Don't you hear?

Sir Abel. Poor fellow! neglected perhaps—had I known it, he should have had the best advice money could have got.

Lady H. You seem sorry.

Sir Abel. Why you would not have me pleased at the death of your husband, would you?—a good kind of man!

Everg. Yes ; a faithful fellow—rather ruled his wife too severely.

Sir Abel. Did he? (*apart to EVERGREEN.*) Pray do you happen to recollect his manner?—Could you just give a hint of the way he had?

Lady H. Do you want to tyrannize over my poor tender heart?—'Tis too much!

Everg. Bless me! Lady Handy is ill—Salts! salts!

Sir Abel (*producing an essence-box*). Here are salts, or aromatic vinegar, or essence of—

Everg. Any—any.

Sir Abel. Bless me, I can't find the key!

Everg. Pick the lock.

Sir Abel. It can't be picked, it is a patent lock.

Everg. Then break it open, Sir.

Sir Abel. It can't be broke open—it is a contrivance of my own—you see, here comes a horizontal bolt, which acts upon a spring, therefore—

Lady H. I may die while you are describing a horizontal bolt. Do you think you shall close your eyes for a week for this?

Enter Sir PHILIP BLANDFORD:

Sir Philip. What has occasioned this disturbance?

Lady H. Ask that gentleman.

Sir Abel. Sir, I am accused—

Lady H. Convicted! convicted!

Sir Abel. Well, I will not argue with you about words—because I must bow to your superior practice—But, Sir—

Sir Philip. Pshaw! (*apart.*) Lady Handy, some of your people were inquiring for you.

Lady

Lady H. Thank you, Sir. Come, Sir Abel.

[*Exit.*

Sir Abel. Yes, my Lady—I say (*to EVERGREEN*), cou'dn't you give me a hint of the way he had—

Lady (without). Sir Abel!

Sir Abel. Coming, my foul! [*Exit.*

Sir Philip. So! you have well obeyed my orders in keeping this Henry from my presence.

Everg. I was not to blame, Master.

Sir Philip. Has Farmer Ashfield left the Castle?

Everg. No, Sir.

Sir Philip. Send him hither.

[*Exit EVERGREEN.*

That boy must be driven far, far from my sight—but where?—no matter! the world is large enough.

Enter ASHFIELD.

—Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine?

Ash. Ees, Zur, I do, at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. I hope a profitable one?

Ash. Zometimes it be, Zur. But thic year it be all t'other way as 'twur—but I do hope as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir Philip. It is but reasonable—I conclude then you are in my debt.

Ash. Ees, Zur, I be—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. How much!

Ash. Sir, I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. Which you can't pay?

Ash. Not a varthing, Zur—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

Ash. Be you, Zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld Dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your Honour's health any harm—I don't indeed, Zur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then thinks I, the gentleman mayhap be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it—zo, Zur, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should—should not indeed, Zur.

Sir Philip. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

Ash. Ees, Zur.

Sir Philip. On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, Zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

Sir Philip. I am not apt to trifle—send him instantly from you or take the consequences.

Ash. Turn out Henry! I do vow I shou'dn't know how to zet about it—I should not indeed, Zur.

Sir Philip. You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow—I'll leave you to reflect on it. [Exit.]

Ash. Well, Zur, I'll argusfy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. (*makes the motion of turning out*)—I shou'd be deadly awkward at it vor zartain—however, I'll put the case—Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drab-bit it! I shou'dn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I zees Henry zitting by my wife mixing up someit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor

vor I by the vire zide, and zays—"Varmer, the
 "horfes be fed, the sheep be folded, and you have
 "nothing to do but to zit down, smoke your pipe,
 "and be happy!" Very well! (*becomes affected.*)
 Then I zays—"Henry, you be poor and friend-
 "less, zo you must turn out of my houze directly."
 Very well! then my wife stares at I—reaches her
 hand towards the vire place, and throws the poker
 at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind
 of aguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the
 bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like
 a king, zays—"Varmer, I have too long been a
 "burthen to you—Heaven protect you, as you
 "have me—Farewel! I go." Then I says, "If
 "thee doez I'll be domn'd! (*with great energy.*)
 Hollo! you Mifter Sir Philip! you may come
 in.—

Enter Sir PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Zur, I have argufied the topic, and it wou'dn't be
 pratty—zo I can't.

Sir Philip. Can't! absurd!

Asb. Well, Zur, there is but another word—
 I won't.

Sir Philip. Indeed!

Asb. No, Zur, I won't—I'd zee myzelf hang'd
 firft, and you too, Zur—I wou'd indeed (*bowing*).

Sir Philip. You refuse then to obey.

Asb. I do, Zur—at your zarvice (*bowing*).

Sir Philip. Then the law must take its course.

Asb. I be zorry for that too—I be indeed, Zur;
 but if corn wou'dn't grow I cou'dn't help it; it
 wer'n't poison'd by the hand that zow'd it. Thic
 hand, Zur, be as free from guilt as your own.

Sir

Sir Philip. Oh! (*sighing deeply.*)

Asb. It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide wicked world because he be poorish a bit. I be zorry you be offended, Zur, quite—but come what wool, I'll never hit thic hand against here, but when I be zure that zomeit at inzide will jump against it with pleazure (*bowing*). I do hope you'll repent of all your zins—I do indeed, Zur; and if you shou'd, I'll come and zee you again as friendly as ever—I wool indeed, Zur.

Sir Philip. Your repentance will come too late!

[*Exit.*

Asb. Thank ye, Zur—Good morning to you—I do hope I have made myzel agreeable—and so I'll go whoam.

[*Exit.*

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in ASHFIELD'S house.*

Dame ASHFIELD discovered at work with her needle.
HENRY sitting by her.

DAME.

COME, come, Henry, you'll fret yourself ill, child. If Sir Philip will not be kind to you, you are but where you were.

Henry (rising). My peace of mind is gone for ever. Sir Philip may have cause for hate;—spite of his unkindness to me, my heart seeks to find excuses for him—for, oh! that heart doats on his lovely daughter.

Dame (looking out). Here comes Tummas home at last. Heyday! what's the matter with the man? He doesn't seem to know the way into his own house.

Enter ASHFIELD, musing, he stumbles against a chair.

Tummas, my dear Tummas, what's the matter?

Asb. (*not attending*) It be lucky vor he I be's zoo pratty behaved, or dom if I—(*doubling his fist*)

Dame. Who—what?

Asb. Nothing at all, where's Henry?

Henry. Here, farmer.

Asb. Thee woul't leave us, Henry, wou't?

Henry. Leave you! What, leave you now, when by my exertion I can pay off part of the debt of gratitude I owe you? oh, no!

Asb. Nay, it were not vor that I axed, I promise thee; come, gi' us thy hand on't then (*shaking hands*). Now I'll tell ye. Zur Philip did send vor I, about the money I do owe 'un; and said as how he'd make all strait between us—

Dame. That was kind.

Asb. Yes, deadly kind. Make all strait on condition I did turn Henry out o' my doors.

Dame. What!

Henry. Where will his hatred cease?

Dame. And what did you say, Tommas?

Asb. Why, I zivelly tould un, if it were agreeable to he to behave like a brute, it were agreeable to I to behave like a man.

Dame. That was right. I wou'd have told him a great deal more.

Asb. Ah! likely. Then a zaid I shou'd ha a bit of laa vor my pains.

Henry. And do you imagine I will see you suffer on my account? No—I will remove this hated form—(*going.*)

Asb. No, but thee shat'un—thee shat'un—I tell thee. Thee have givun me thy hand on't, and dom'me, if thee shat budge one step out of this house. Drabbit it! what can he do? he can't send

us to jail. Why, I have corn will zell for half the money I do owe 'un—and ha'nt I cattle and sheep? deadly lean to be zure—and ha'nt I a thumping zilver watch, almost as big as thy head? and Dame here a got——How many silk gowns have thee got, Dame?

Dame. Three, Tummas—and sell them all—and I'll go to church in a stuff one—and let Mrs. Grundy turn up her nose as much as she pleases.

Henry. Oh, my friends, my heart is full! Yet a day will come, when this heart will prove its gratitude.

Dame. That day, Henry, is every day.

Asb. Dang it! never be down hearted. I do know as well as can be, zome good luck will turn up. All the way I comed whoam I look'd to vind a purse in the path, but I did'nt though.

(A knocking at the door.)

Dame. Ah! here they are coming to sell I suppose—

Asb. Lettun—lettun, zeize and zell; we ha gotten here *(striking his breast)* what we won't zell, and they can't zell. *(knocking again)* Come in—dang it, don't ye be shy.

Enter MORRINGTON and GERALD.

Henry. Ah! the strangers I saw this morning. These are not officers of law.

Asb. Noa! walk in, Gemmen. Glad to zee ye wi 'all my heart and zoul. Come, Dame, spread a cloth, bring out cold meat, and a mug of beer.

Gerald (to MORRINGTON). That is the boy. *(MORRINGTON nods.)*

Asb.

Asb. Take a chair, Zur.

Mor. I thank, and admire your hospitality. Don't trouble yourself, good woman.—I am not inclined to eat.

Asb. That be the case here. To-day none o'we be auver hungry : misfortin be apt to stay the stomach confoundedly.—

Mor. Has misfortune reached this humble dwelling?

Asb. Ees, Zur. I do think vor my part it do work its way in every where.

Mor. Well, never despair.

Asb. I never do, Zur. It is not my way. When the sun do shine I never think of voul weather, not I; and when it do begin to rain I always think that's a zure zign it will give auver.

Mor. Is that young man your son?

Asb. No, Zur—I do wish he were we all my heart and zoul.

Gerald (to MORRINGTON). Sir, remember.

Mor. Doubt not my prudence. Young man, your appearance interests me;—how can I serve you?

Henry. By informing me who are my parents.

Mor. That I cannot do.

Henry. Then, by removing from me the hatred of Sir Philip Blandford.

Mor. Does Sir Philip hate you?

Henry. With such severity, that even now he is about to ruin these worthy creatures, because they have protected me.

Mor. Indeed! misfortune has made him cruel, That should not be.

Asb. Noa, it should not indeed, Zur.

Mor. It shall not be.

Asb.

Asb. Shan't it, Zur? But how shan't it?

Mor. I will prevent it.

Asb. Wool ye faith and troth? Now, Dame, did not I zay zome good luck would turn up?

Henry. Oh, Sir, did I hear you rightly? Will you preserve my friends;—will you avert the cruel arm of power, and make the virtuous happy? my tears muſt thank you (*taking his hand*).

Mor. (*disengaging his hand*) Young man, you oppreſs me—forbear! I do not merit thanks—pay your gratitude where you are ſure 'tis due—to Heaven. Obſerve me—here is a bond of Sir Philip Blandford's for £.1000—do you preſent it to him, and obtain a diſcharge for the debt of this worthy man. The reſt is at your own diſpoſal—no thanks.

Henry. But, Sir, to whom am I thus highly indebted?

Mor. My name is Morrington. At preſent that information muſt ſuffice.

Henry. Morrington.

Asb. (*bowing*) Zur, if I may be zo bold——

Mor. Nay, friend——

Asb. Don't be angry I had'nt thanked you, Zur, nor I wont.—Only, Zur, I were going to ax when you wou'd call again. You ſhall have my ſtampt note vor the money, you ſhall indeed, Zur. And in the mean time, I do hope you'll take zomeit in way of remembrance as'twere.

Dame. Will your Honor put a couple of turkies in your pocket?

Asb. Or pop a ham under your arm? don't ye zay no, if it's agreeable.

Mor. Farewel, good friends, I ſhall repeat my viſit ſoon.

Dame.

Dame. The sooner the better.

Ash. Good bye to ye, Zur—Dame and I wool go to work as merry as crickets. Good bye, Henry.

Dame. Heaven bless your Honour—and I hope you will carry as much joy away with you, as you leave behind you—I do indeed.

[*Exeunt ASHFIELD and Dame.*

Mor. Young man, proceed to the castle and demand an audience of Sir Philip Blandford. In your way thither I'll instruct you further.—Give me your hand.

[*Exeunt. MORRINGTON, looking stedfastly on HENRY, GERALD following.*]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the castle.*

Sir PHILIP BLANDFORD discovered—Miss BLANDFORD reading.

Miss B. Shall I proceed to the next essay?

Sir Philip. What does it treat of?

Miss B. Love and friendship.

Sir Philip. A satire?

Miss B. No, father;—an eulogy.

Sir Philip. Thus do we find in the imaginations of men, what we in vain look for in their hearts.—Lay it by (*a knocking at the door*). Come in.

Enter

Enter EVERGREEN.

Ever. My dear master, I am a petitioner to you.

Sir Philip (rises). None possesses a better claim to my favour—ask, and receive.

Ever. I thank you, Sir. The unhappy Henry.

Miss B. What of him——

Sir Philip. Emma—go to your apartment.

Miss B. Poor Henry—— [*Exit.*

Sir Philip. Imprudent man——

Ever. (*Sir PHILIP turns from him with resentment*) Nay, be not angry, he is without, and entreats to be admitted.

Sir Philip. I cannot, will not again behold him.

Ever. I am sorry you refuse me, as it compels me to repeat his words: “If,” said he, “Sir Philip denies my humble request, tell him I demand to see him.”

Sir Philip. Demand to see me! well, his *high* command shall be obeyed then (*sarcastically*); bid him approach. [*Exit EVERGREEN.*

Enter HENRY.

Sir Philip. By what title, Sir, do you thus intrude on me?

Henry. By one of an imperious nature, the title of a creditor.

Sir Philip. I *your* debtor!

Henry. Yes; for you owe me justice. You, perhaps, withhold from me the inestimable treasure of a parent's blessing.

Sir Philip (impatiently). To the business that brought you hither.

Henry. Thus then—I believe this is your signature (*producing a bond*).

Sir Philip. Ah! (*recovering himself*) it is—

Henry. Affixed to a bond of £. 1000, which by assignment is mine. By virtue of this I discharge the debt of your worthy tenant Ashfield; who, it seems, was guilty of the crime of vindicating the injured and protecting the unfortunate. Now, Sir Philip, the retribution my hate demands is, that what remains of this obligation may not be now paid to me, but wait your entire convenience and leisure.

Sir Philip. No; that must not be.

Henry. Oh, Sir, why thus oppress an innocent man?—why spurn from you a heart that pants to serve you? No answer, farewell (*going*).

Sir Philip. Hold—one word before we part—tell me—I dread to ask it (*aside*). How came you possessed of this bond?

Henry. A stranger, whose kind benevolence stepped in, and saved——

Sir Philip. His name?

Henry. Morrington.

Sir Philip. Fiend! tormentor! has he caught me!—You have seen this Morrington?

Henry. Yes.

Sir Philip. Did he speak of me?

Henry. He did—and of your daughter. “Conjure him,” said he, “not to sacrifice the lovely Emma by a marriage her heart revolts at.” Tell him the life and fortune of a parent are not his own. He holds them but in trust for his offspring.

Bid him reflect, that while his daughter merits the brightest rewards a father can bestow, she is by that father doomed to the harshest fate tyranny can inflict.

Sir Philip. Torture (*with vehemence*). Did he say who caused this sacrifice?

Henry. He told me you had been duped of your fortune by sharpers.

Sir Philip. Aye. He knows that well. Young man, mark me—This Morrington, whose precepts wear the face of virtue, and whose practice seems benevolence, was the chief of the hellish banditti that ruined me.

Henry. Is it possible?

Sir Philip. That bond you hold in your hand was obtained by robbery.

Henry. Confusion!

Sir Philip. Not by the thief who, encountering you as a man, stakes life against life, but by that most cowardly villain, who, in the moment when reason sleeps and passion is roused, draws his snares around you, and hugs you to your ruin; then fattening on the spoil, insults the victim he has made.

Henry. On your soul is Morrington that man?

Sir Philip. On my soul he is.

Henry. Thus, then, I annihilate the detested act—and thus I tread upon a villain's friendship (*tearing the bond*).

Sir Philip. Rash boy! What have you done?

Henry. An act of justice to Sir Philip Blandford.

Sir Philip. For which you claim my thanks?

Henry. Sir, I am thanked already—here (*pointing to his heart*). Curse on such wealth; compared with its possession, poverty is splendour. Fear not for me—I shall not feel the piercing cold; for in that man whose heart beats warmly for his fel-

low creatures, the blood circulates with freedom—My food shall be what few of the pampered sons of greatness can boast of, the luscious bread of independence; and the opiate that brings me sleep, will be the recollection of the day passed in innocence.

Sir Philip. Noble boy! Oh! Blandford!

Henry. Ah!

Sir Philip. What have I said?

Henry. You called me Blandford.

Sir Philip. 'Twas error—'Twas madness.

Henry. Blandford! a thousand hopes and fears rush on my heart. Disclose to me my birth—be it what it may, I am your slave for ever. Refuse me, you create a foe, firm and implacable as—

Sir Philip. Ah! am I threatened? Do not extinguish the spark of pity my breast is warmed with.

Henry. I will not. Oh, forgive me.

Sir Philip. Yes, on one condition—leave me: Ah! some one approaches. Begone, I insist—I entreat.

Henry. That word has charmed me. I obey, Sir Philip—you may hate, but you shall respect me. [Exit.

Enter HANDY, jun.

Handy, jun. At last, thank heaven, I have found somebody. But, Sir Philip, were you indulging in soliloquy—You seem agitated.

Sir Philip. No, Sir, rather indisposed.

Handy, jun. Upon my soul, I am devilish glad to find you. Compared with this Castle, the Cretan labyrinth was intelligible; and unless some kind Ariadne gives me a clue, I shant have the pleasure of seeing you above once a week.

Sir

Sir Philip. I beg your pardon, I have been an inattentive host.

Handy, jun. Oh, no; but when a house is so devilish large, and the party so very small, they ought to keep together; for to say the truth, tho' no one on earth feels a warmer regard for Robert Handy than I do—I soon get heartily sick of his company—whatever he may be to others, he's a cursed bore to me.

Sir Philip. Where is your worthy father?

Handy, jun. As usual, full of contrivances that are impracticable, and improvements that are retrograde; forming, altogether, a whimsical instance of the confusion of arrangement, the delay of expedition, the incommodioufness of accommodation, and the infernal trouble of endeavouring to save it—he has now a score or two of workmen about him, and intends pulling down some apartments in the east wing of the Castle.

Sir Philip. Ah! ruin!—Within there!

Enter a SERVANT.

Fly to Sir Abel Handy—Tell him to desist; order his people, on the peril of their lives, to leave the Castle instantly. Away. *[Exit Servant.]*

Handy, jun. Sir Philip Blandford, your conduct compels me to be serious.

Sir Philip. Oh! forbear! forbear!

Handy, jun. Excuse me, Sir,—an alliance, it seems, is intended between our families, founded on ambition and interest. I wish it, Sir, to be formed on a nobler basis, ingenuous friendship and mutual confidence. That confidence being withheld, I must here pause, for I should hesitate in calling that man father, who refuses me the name of friend.

Sir Philip (aside). Ah! how shall I act?

Handy, jun. Is my demand unreasonable?

Sir Philip. Strictly just—But, oh!—you know not what you ask—Do you not pity me?

Handy, jun. I do.

Sir Philip. Why then seek to change it into hate?

Handy, jun. Confidence seldom generates hate—Mistrust always.

Sir Philip. Most true.

Handy, jun. I am not impelled by curiosity to ask your friendship. I scorn so mean a motive. Believe me, Sir, the folly and levity of my character proceed merely from the effervescence of my heart—you will find its substance, warm, steady, and sincere.

Sir Philip. I believe it from my soul.—Allow me a moment's thought.—(*Aside*)—Suspicion is awakened, does not prudence as well as justice prompt me to confide in him. Does not my poverty command me. Perhaps, I may find a sympathizing friend—the task is dreadful—but it must be so—perhaps, he will perform the awful task of visiting the chamber, and removing every vestige of guilt. (*To him*) Yes, you shall hear my story, I will lay before your view the agony with which this wretched bosom is loaded.

Handy, jun. I am proud of your confidence, and am prepared to receive it.

Sir Philip. Not here—let me lead you to the eastern part of the Castle, my young friend—mark me: This is no common trust I repose in you; for I place my life in your hands.

Handy, jun. And the pledge I give for its security is what alone gives value to life, my honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A gloomy Gallery in the Castle—in the Centre a strongly barred Door.—The Gallery hung with Portraits.*

HENRY *discovered examining a particular Portrait, which occupies a conspicuous Situation in the Gallery.*

Henry. Whenever curiosity has led me to this gallery, that portrait has attracted my attention—the features are peculiarly interesting. One of the House of Blandford—Blandford!—my name—perhaps my father. To remain longer ignorant of my birth, I feel impossible. There is a point when patience ceases to be virtue—Hush. I hear footsteps—Ah! Sir Philip, and another, in close conversation. Shall I avoid them?—No—Shall I conceal myself and observe them—Curse on the base suggestion!—No—

Enter Sir PHILIP and HANDY, jun.

Sir Philip. That chamber contains the mystery.
Henry (*aside*). Ah!

Sir Philip (*turning round*). Observe that portrait (*seeing HENRY—starts*). Who's there?

Handy, jun. (*to HENRY*). Sir, we wish to be private.

Henry. My being here, Sir, was merely the effect of accident. I scorn intrusion (*bows*). But the important words are spoken—that chamber contains the mystery (*aside*). [Exit.

Handy, jun. Who is that youth?

Sir Philip. You there behold his father—my brother—(*weeps*)—I've not beheld that face these

twenty years.—Let me again peruse its lineaments. (*in an agony of grief*) Oh, God! how I loved that man!—

Handy, jun. Be composed.

Sir Philip. I will endeavour. Now listen to my story.

Handy, jun. You rivet my attention.

Sir Philip. While we were boys, my father died intestate. So I, as elder born, became the sole possessor of his fortune; but the moment the law gave me power, I divided, in equal portions, his large possessions, one of which I with joy presented to my brother.

Handy, jun. It was noble.

Sir Philip. At least it was just—we lived together, Sir, as one man; as my life I loved him, and felt no joys but what he shared—Sorrow I knew not.

Handy, jun. Such love demanded a life of gratitude.

Sir Philip (with suppressed agony). You shall now hear, Sir, how I was rewarded. Chance placed in my view a young woman of superior personal charms; my heart was captivated—Fortune she possessed not—but mine was ample. She blessed me by consenting to our union, and my brother approved my choice.

Handy, jun. How enviable your situation.

Sir Philip. Oh! (*sighing deeply*) On the evening previous to my intended marriage, with a mind serene as the departing sun, whose morning beam was to light me to happiness, I sauntered to a favourite tree, where, lover like, I had marked the name of my destined bride, and with every nerve braced to the tone of ecstasy, I was wounding the bark

bark with a deeper impression of the name—when, oh, God!——

Handy, jun. Pray proceed!

Sir Philip. When the loved offspring of my mother, and the woman my soul adored—the only two beings on earth who had wound themselves round my heart, by every tie dear to the soul of man, placed themselves before me; I heard him—even now the sound is in my ears, and drives me to madness—I heard him breathe vows of love, which she answered with burning kisses—He pitied his poor brother, and told her he had prepared a vessel to bear her for ever from me.—They were about to depart, when the burning fever in my heart rushed upon my brain—Picture the young tiger, when first his savage nature rouses him to vengeance—the knife was in my gripe—I sprung upon them—with one hand I tore the faithless woman from his damned embrace, and with the other——stabbed my brother to the heart.

Handy, jun. (starting with horror, then recovering). What followed?—

Sir Philip. At that dreadful moment my brother's servant appeared, and the vessel that was to waft him to happiness bore away his bleeding body; a few days brought the news that he had died suddenly in France, and all inquiry ceased (*exhausted he falls into HANDY, jun. arms*).

Handy, jun. You are faint—But let me lead you from this place—Yet hold!—the wretched woman——

Sir Philip. Was secretly conveyed here—even to that chamber.—She proved pregnant, and in giving birth to a son, paid the forfeit of her perjury by death.

Handy.

Handy, jun. Which son, is the youth that left us.

Sir Philip. Even so—Tell me, could wretch be born possessed of a more solid title to my hate?

Handy, jun. Yet, he is innocent.

Sir Philip. My task being ended, yours begins.

Handy, jun. Mine!

Sir Philip. Yes, that chamber contains evidence of my shame; the fatal instrument, with other guilty proofs, lie there concealed—can you wonder I dread to visit the scene of horror—can you wonder I implore you, in mercy, to save me from the task. Oh! my friend, enter the chamber, bury in endless night those instruments of blood, and I will kneel and worship you.

Handy, jun. I will.

Sir Philip (*weeps*). Will you (*embraces him*)? I am unused to kindness from man, and it affects me. Oh! can you press to your guiltless heart that blood-stained hand.

Handy, jun. Sir Philip, let men without faults condemn; I must pity you.

[*Exeunt HANDY, jun. leading Sir PHILIP.*]

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A wooded view of the country.*

Enter SUSAN ASHFIELD, who looks about with anxiety, and then comes forward.

SUSAN.

I FEAR my conduct is very imprudent.—Has not Mr. Handy told me he is engaged to another? But 'tis hard for the heart to forego, without one struggle, its only hope of happiness; and conscious of my own honor, what have I to fear? Perhaps he may repent his unkindness to me—at least I'll put his passion to the proof; if he be worthy of my love, happiness is for ever mine; if not, I'll tear him from my breast, tho' from the wound my life's blood should follow. Ah, he comes—I feel I am a coward, and my poor alarmed heart trembles at its approaching trial—pardon me, female delicacy, if for a moment, I seem to pass thy sacred limits. [Retires up the stage.]

Enter

Enter HANDY, jun.

Handy, jun. By Heavens, the misfortunes of Sir Philip Blandford weigh so heavily on my spirits, that—but confusion to melancholy! I am come here to meet an angel, who will, in a moment, drive away the blue devils like mist before the sun. Let me again read the dear words; (*reading a letter*) “I confess I love you still,” (*kisses the letter*) but I dare not believe their truth till her sweet lips confirm it. Ah, she’s there—Susan, my angel! a thousand thanks. A life of love can alone repay the joy your letter gave me.

Susan. Do you not despise me?

Handy, jun. No; love you more than ever.

Susan. Oh, Robert, this is the very crisis of my fate.—From this moment we meet with honor, or we meet no more. If we must part, perhaps when you lead your happy bride to church, you may stumble over your Susan’s grave. Well, be it so.

Handy, jun. Away with such sombre thoughts!

Susan. Tell me my doom—yet hold—you are wild, impetuous—you do not give your heart fair play—therefore promise me (perhaps ’tis the last favor I shall ask), that before you determine whether our love shall die or live with honour, you will remain here alone a few moments, and that you will give those moments to reflection.

Handy, jun. I do—I will.

Susan. With a throbbing heart I will wait at a little distance. May virtuous love and sacred honour direct his thoughts! (*aside.*) [*Exit.*

Handy, jun. Yes, I will reflect—that I am the most fortunate fellow in England. She loves me still—
what

what is the consequence? that love will triumph—that she will be mine—mine without the degradation of marriage—love, pride, all gratified—how I shall be envied, when I triumphantly pass the circles of fashion! one will cry, “Who is that angel?” another, “Happy fellow!” then Susan will smile around—will she smile? oh yes—she will be all gaiety—mingle with the votaries of pleasure, and—what! Susan Ashfield, the companion of licentious women! Damnation! no; I wrong her—she would not—she would rather shun society—she would be melancholy—melancholy, (*sighs and looks at his watch*) would the time were over. Phaw! I think of it too seriously—’tis false—I do not—should her virtue yield to love, would not remorse affect her health? should I not behold that lovely form sicken and decay—perhaps die—die! then what am I? a villain—loaded with her parent’s curses and my own. Let me fly from the dreadful thought—But how fly from it—(*calmly*) by placing before my imagination a picture of more honourable lineaments—I make her my wife. Ah! then she would smile on me—there’s rapture in the thought—instead of vice producing decay, I behold virtue emblazoning beauty—instead of Susan on the bed of death, I behold her giving to my hopes a dear pledge of our mutual love. She places it in my arms—down her father’s honest face runs a tear, but ’tis the tear of joy. Oh, this will be luxury—paradise!—Come, Susan—come, my love, my soul, my wife!

Enter

Enter SUSAN—she at first hesitates—on hearing the word wife, she springs into his arms.

Susan. Is it possible?

Handy, jun. Yes; those charms have conquered.

Susan. Oh! no; do not so disgrace the victory you have gained—'tis your own virtue that has triumphed.

Handy, jun. My Susan! how true it is, that fools alone are vicious. But let us fly to my father, and obtain his consent. On recollection, that may not be quite so easy. His arrangements with Sir Philip Blandford are—are—not mine, so there's an end of that. And Sir Philip, by misfortune, knows how to appreciate happiness. Then poor Miss Blandford—upon my soul, I feel for her.

Susan (ironically). Come—don't make yourself miserable. If my suspicions be true, she'll not break her heart for your loss.

Handy, jun. Nay, don't say so—she will be unhappy.

Ash. (without) There he is. Dame, shall I shoot at un?

Dame. No.

Handy, jun. What does he mean?

Susan. My father's voice.

Ash. Then I'll leather un wi' my stick.

Handy, jun. Zounds—no—come here,

(Enter ASHFIELD and DAME.)

Ash. What do thee do here wi' my Sue, eh?

Handy, jun. With your Sue—she's mine—mine by a husband's right.

Ash. Husband! what, thee Sue's husband?

Handy.

Handy, jun. I soon shall be.

Asb. But how tho'—? what, faith and troth, what, like as I married Dame?

Handy, jun. Yes.

Asb. What, axed three times?

Handy, jun. Yes; and from this moment I'll maintain that the real Temple of love is a parish church—cupid is a chubby curate, his torch is the sexton's lantern, and the according pæan of the spheres is the profound nasal thorough bass of the clerk's Amen.

Asb. Huzza! only to think now—my blessing go with you, my children!

Dame. And mine.

Asb. And Heaven's blessing too. Ecod, I believe now, as thy feyther zays, thee canst do every thing.

Handy, jun. No; for there is one think I cannot do—injure the innocence of woman.

Asb. Drabbit it, I shall walk in the road all day to zee Sue ride by in her own coach.

Susan. You must ride with me, father.

Dame. I say, Tummas, what will Mrs. Grundy say then?

Asb. I do hope thee will not be ashiam'd of thy feyther in laa, woolye?

Handy, jun. No; for then I must also be ashamed of myself, which I am resolved not to be again.

Enter Sir ABEL HANDY.

Sir Abel. Heyday, Bob! why an't you gallant-ing your intended bride? but you are never where you ought to be.

Handy,

Handy, jun. Nay, Sir, by your own confession I *am* where I ought to be.

Sir Abel. No; you ought to be at the Castle—Sir Philip is there, and Miss Blandford is there, and Lady Handy is there—and therefore—

Handy, jun. You are *not* there—in one word, I shall not marry Miss Blandford.

Sir Abel. Indeed! who told you so?

Handy, jun. One who never lies—and therefore, one I am determined to make a friend of—my conscience.

Sir Abel. But, zounds, Sir, what excuse have you?

Handy, jun. (*taking SUSAN's band*) A very fair one, Sir—is not she?

Sir Abel. Why, yes, I can't deny it—but, 'sdeath Sir, this overturns my best plan.

Handy, jun. No, Sir: for a parent's best plan is his son's happiness, and that it will establish. Come, give us your consent. Consider how we admire all your wonderful inventions.

Sir Abel. No; not my plough, Bob—but 'tis a devilish clever plough.

Handy, jun. I dare say it is. Come, Sir, consent and perhaps, in our turn, we may invent something that may please you.

Sir Abel. He! he! he! well—but hold—what's the use of my consent without my wife's—bless you! I dare no more say I approve, without—

Enter GERALD.

Gerald. Health to this worthy company.

Sir Abel. The same to you, Sir.

Handy, jun. Who have we here, I wonder?

Gerald. I wish to speak with Sir Abel Handy.

Sir Abel. I am the person.

Gerald. You are married?

Sir Abel. Damn it! he sees it in my face.—Yes, I have that happiness.

Gerald. Is it a happiness?

Sir Abel. To say the truth—why do you ask?

Gerald. I want answers, not questions—and depend on't, 'tis your interest to answer me.

Handy, jun. An extraordinary fellow this!

Gerald. Would it break your heart to part with her?

Sir Abel. Who are you, Sir, that—

Gerald. Answers—I want answers—would it break your heart, I ask?

Sir Abel. Why, not absolutely I hope. Time, and philosophy, and—

Gerald. I understand—what sum of money would you give to the man who would dissolve your marriage contract?

Handy, jun. He means something, Sir.

Sir Abel. Do you think so, Bob?

Gerald. Would you give a thousand pounds?

Sir Abel. No.

Handy, jun. No!

Sir Abel. No; I would not give one; but I would give five thousand pounds.

Gerald. Generously offered—a bargain—I'll do it.

Sir Abel. But, an't you deceiving me?

Gerald. What should I gain by that?

Sir Abel. Tell me your name?

Gerald. Time will tell that.

Lady H. (without.) Sir Abel—where are you?

Gerald. That's your wife's voice—I know it.

Sir Abel. So do I.

Gerald. I'll wait without—Cry, “Hem!” when you want me.

Sir Abel. Then you need not go far—

[*Exit* GERALD.

I dare not believe it—I should go out of my wits—and then if he fail, what a pickle I shall be in! Here she is.

Enter Lady HANDY.

Lady H. So, Sir, I have found you at last?

Handy, jun. My honoured mama, you have just come in time to give your consent to my marriage with my sweet Susan.

Lady H. And do you imagine I will agree to such degradation?

Ash. Do'e, Lady Nelly, do'e be kind hearted to the young loviers—Remember how I used to let thee zit up all night a sweethearting.

Lady H. Silence! and have you dared to consent? (*to* Sir ABEL.)

Sir Abel. Oh, no, my Lady.

Handy, jun. Sir, you had better cry—“Hem!”

Sir Abel. I think it's time, Bob—Hem!

Handy, jun. Hem!

Lady H. What do you mean by—Hem?

Sir Abel. Only, my dear, something troublesome, I want to get rid of—Hem!

Enter GERALD.

There he is—never was so frightened in all my life.

(GERALD

(GERALD advances.)

Lady H. (*sbrieks and exclaims*) Gerald!

Gerald. Yes.

Lady H. An't you dead, Gerald? Twenty years away and not dead?

Gerald. No, wife.

Sir Abel. Wife! Did you say, wife?

Gerald. Yes.

Sir Abel. Say it again.

Gerald. She is my wife.

Sir Abel. Once more.

Gerald. My lawful, wedded wife.

Sir Abel. Oh, my dear fellow!—Oh, my dear boy! Oh, my dear girl!—(*embraces GERALD and the rest*) Oh, my dear! (*running to Mrs. GERALD*) No—yes, now she an't my wife, I will—well—how will you have the five thousand? Will you have it in cash, or in bank notes—or stock, or India bonds, or lands, or patents, or——

Gerald. No—land will do—I wish to kill my own mutton.

Sir Abel. Sir, you shall kill all the sheep in Hampshire.

Gerald. Sir Abel, you have lost five thousand pounds, and with it, properly managed, an excellent wife, who, though I cannot condescend to take again as mine—you may depend on't shall never trouble you. Come! this way (*beckoning to Mrs. GERALD*)—important events now call on me, and prevent my staying longer with this good company. Sir Abel, we shall meet soon. Nay, come, you know I'm not used to trifle; come, come—(*she reluctantly, but obediently, crosses the stage, and runs off*—GERALD follows).

Sir Abel (imitating). Come, come—That's a damn'd clever fellow! Joy, joy, my boy! Here, here, your hands—The first use I make of liberty, is to give happiness—I wish I had more imitators—Well, what will you do? (*walks about exultingly.*) Where will you go? I'll go anywhere you like—Will you go to Bath, or Brighton, or Petersburg, or Jerusalem, or Seringapatam? all the same to me—we single fellows—we rove about—nobody cares about us—we care for nobody.

Handy, jun. I must to the Castle, father.

Sir Abel. Have with you, Bob (*singing*). "I'll sip every flower—I'll change every hour."—(*beckoning*)—Come, come—[*Exeunt Sir ABEL, HANDY, jun. and SUSAN. SUSAN kisses her hand to ASHFIELD and DAME.*]

Ash. Bless her! how nicely she do trip it away with the gentry!

Dame. And then, Tummas, think of the wedding.

Ash. (reflecting.) I declare I shall be just the same as ever—may be I may buy a smartish bridle, or a silver backy stopper, or the like o' that.

Dame (apart). And, then, when we come out of church, Mrs. Grundy will be standing about there—

Ash. I shall shake hands agreeably wi' all my friends (*apart*).

Dame (apart). Then I just look at her in this manner.

Ash. (apart.) How dost do, Peter—Ah, Dick—glad to zee thee wi' all my zoul (*bows towards the centre of the stage*).

Dame (apart). Then, with a kind of half curtesy, I shall—(*she advances to the centre also, and their heads meet*).

Asb. What an wold fool thee bees't, Dame—
Come along, and behave pratty, do'e. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same as Act fourth, Scene third,*

Enter HANDY, jun. with Caution, bearing a Light and a large Key.

Handy, jun. Now to fulfil my promise with Sir Philip Blandford—by—entering that chamber, and removing—'Tis rather awful—I don't half like it, somehow, everything is so cursedly still. What's that? I thought I heard something—no—why, 'sdeath, I am not afraid—no—I'm quite su—su—sure of that—only every thing is so cursedly hush, and—(*a flash of light and a tremendous explosion takes place*) What the devil's that? (*trembling*) I swear I hear some one—lamenting—who's there?

Enter Sir ABEL HANDY.

Father! (*trembling.*)

Sir Abel (trembling). Bob!

Handy, jun. Have you seen anything?

Sir Abel. Oh, my dear boy!

Handy, jun. Damn it, don't frighten one—

Sir Abel. Such an accident! Mercy on us!

Handy, jun. Speak!

Sir Abel. I was mixing the ingredients of my grand substitute for gunpowder, when, somehow, it blew up, and set the curtains on fire, and—

Handy, jun. Curtains! zounds, the room's in a blaze.

Sir Abel. Don't say so, Bob.

Handy, jun. What's to be done? Where's your famous preparation for extinguishing flames?

Sir Abel. It is not mixed.

Handy, jun. Where's your fire escape?

Sir Abel. It is not fixed.

Handy, jun. Where's your patent fire-engine?

Sir Abel. 'Tis on the road.

Handy, jun. Well, you are never at a loss.

Sir Abel. Never.

Handy, jun. What's to be done?

Sir Abel. I don't know. I say, Bob, I have it
— perhaps it will go out of itself!

Handy, jun. Go out! it increases every minute
— Let us run for assistance— Let us alarm the
family. [Exit.

Sir Abel. Yes—dear me! dear me!

Servant (without). Here, John! Thomas! some
villain has set fire to the Castle. If you catch the
rascal, throw him into the flames.

(*Sir ABEL runs off and the alarm bell rings.*)

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Castle.—The
effects of the Fire shewn on the Foliage and
Scenery.*

Enter HENRY meeting EVERGREEN.

Henry. The Castle in flames!—What occasioned it?

Everg. Alas, I know not!

Henry. Are the family in safety?

Everg. Sir Philip is.

Henry. And his daughter?

Everg. Poor lady! I just now beheld her looking
with agony from that window!

Henry. Ah! Emma in danger!—Farewell!

Everg.

Everg. (*holding him.*) Are you mad? the great staircase is in flames.

Henry. I care not! Should we meet no more, tell Sir Philip I died for his daughter!

Everg. Yet reflect.

Henry. Old man, do not cling to me thus—'Sdeath! men will encounter peril to ruin a woman, and shall I hesitate when it is to save one? [*Exit.*

Everg. Brave, generous boy! Heaven preserve thee!

Enter Sir PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Sir Philip. Emma, my child, where art thou?

Everg. I fear, Sir, the Castle will be destroyed.

Sir Philip. My child! my child! where is she! speak!

Everg. Alas! she remains in the Castle!

Sir Philip. Ah! then will I die with her! (*going.*)

Everg. Hold, dear master! if human power can preserve her, she is safe—The bravest, noblest of men has flown to her assistance.

Sir Philip. Heaven reward him with its choicest blessings!

Everg. 'Tis Henry.

Sir Philip. Henry! Heaven will reward him—I will reward him!

Everg. Then be happy! Look, Sir!

Sir Philip. Ah! dare I trust my eyes!

Everg. He bears her safe in his arms.

Sir Philip. Bountiful Creator, accept my thanks!

Enter HENRY, bearing EMMA in his arms.

Henry. There is your daughter.

Sir Philip. My child! my Emma, revive!

Henry (apart). Aye—now to unfold the mystery—The avenue to the eastern wing is still passable—the chamber not yet in flames—the present moment lost, and all is closed for ever. I will be satisfied, or perish. *[Exit.*

Miss B. Am I restored to my dear father's arms?

Sir Philip. Yes, only blessing of my life! In future thy wishes shall be mine—thy happiness my joy.

Enter HANDY, jun. and SUSAN.

Handy, jun. My dear friend safe! and the lovely Emma in his arms! Then let the bonfire blaze.

Sir Philip. My young friend, do you mark? the flames will save the trial I imposed on you. Behold—they already burst from the eastern turret! Ere this they must have reached the chamber—that consumed, the secret is with us secure.

Miss B. Oh, father, this unkind man has refused me, and given his hand to that sweet girl.

Handy, jun. I confess 'tis true—Your eyes can only fail to conquer those who are before subdued.

Sir Philip. But, Emma, where is your Henry? I wish to be just to him—I wish to thank him.

Miss B. He has withdrawn to avoid our gratitude.—

Everg. No—he again rushed into the Castle, exclaiming, “I will penetrate that chamber, or “perish in the attempt.”

Sir

Sir Philip. Then all is discovered.

Handy, jun. Hush! for heaven's sake collect yourself!

Enter HENRY, in great agitation.

Miss B. Ah! (*sobs.*) Thank heaven he's safe. What urged you, Henry, again to venture in the Castle?

Henry. Fate! the desperate attempt of a desperate man!

Sir Philip. Ah!

Henry. Yes; the mystery is developed. In vain the massy bars, cemented with their cankerous rust, opposed my entrance—in vain the heated suffocating damps enveloped me—in vain the hungry flames flashed their vengeance round me! What could oppose a man struggling to know his fate? I forced the doors, a firebrand was my guide, and among many evidences of blood and guilt, I found—these! (*produces a knife and bloody cloth.*)

Sir Philip (*starts with horror, then with solemnity*). It is accomplished! Just heaven, I bend to thy decree!—Blood must be paid by blood! Henry, that knife, aimed by this fatal hand, murdered thy father!

Henry. Ah! (*grasping the knife.*)

Miss B. (*placing herself between him and her father.*) Henry! (*he drops his hand.*) Oh, believe him not! 'Twas madness! I've heard him talk thus wildly in his dreams! We are all friends! None will repeat his words—I am sure none will! My heart will break!—Oh, Henry! will you destroy my father?

Henry. Would I were in my grave!

Enter

Enter GERALD.

Sir Philip. Ah, Gerald here! How vain concealment! Well, come you to give evidence of my shame?

Gerald. I come to announce one, who for many years has watched each action of your life.

Sir Philip. Who?

Gerald. Morrington.

Sir Philip. I shall then behold the man who has so long avoided me—

Gerald. But ever has been near you—he is here.

Enter MORRINGTON, wrapped up in his cloak.

Sir Philip. Well, behold your victim in his last stage of human wretchedness! Come you to insult me?

(MORRINGTON clasps his hands together and hides his face.)

Ah! can even you pity me? Speak—still silent—still mysterious—Well, let me employ what remains of life in thinking of hereafter—(*Addressing heaven*) Oh, my brother! we soon shall meet again—And let me hope, that stript of those passions which make men devils, I may receive the heavenly balm of thy forgiveness, as I, from my inmost soul, do pardon thee.

(MORRINGTON becomes convulsed with agony, and falls into GERALD's arms.)

Ah, what means that agony? He faints! give him air!—

(*They throw open his cloak and hat.*)

(*Starts*) Angels of mercy! my brother! 'tis he! he lives! Henry, support your father!

Henry (running to MORRINGTON). Ah, my father! he revives!

Sir Philip. Hush!

(MORRINGTON recovers — seeing his brother, covers his face with shame, then falls at his feet).

Mor. Crawling in the dust, behold a repentant wretch!—

Sir Philip (indignantly). My brother, Morrington!

Mor. Turn not away—in mercy hear me!

Sir Philip. Speak!

Mor. After the dreadful hour that parted us, agonized with remorse, I was about to punish home what your arm had left unaccomplished; when some angel whispered—“ Punishment is life, not “ death—Live and atone!”

Sir Philip. Oh! go on!

Mor. I flew to you—I found you surrounded by sharpers—What was to be done? I became Morrington! littered with villains! practised the arts of devils! braved the assassin’s steel! possessed myself of your large estates—lived hateful to myself, detested by mankind—to do what? to save an injured brother from destruction, and lay his fortunes at his feet! (*places parchments before Sir PHILIP.*)

Sir Philip. Ah! is it possible?

Mor. Oh, is that atonement? No—By me you first beheld her mother! ’Twas I that gave her fortune! Is that atonement? No—But my Henry has saved that angel’s life—Kneel with me, my boy—lift up thy innocent hands with those of thy guilty father, and beg for mercy from that injured saint (*HENRY kneels with him*).

Sir Philip. O, God! how infinite are thy mercies! Henry, forgive me—Emma, plead for me—There—there (*joining their hands*).

Henry.

Henry. But my father——

Sir Philip (approaching). Charles!

Mor. Philip!

Sir Philip. Brother, I forgive thee.

Mor. Then let me die—blest, most blest!

Sir Philip. No, no (*striking his breast*). Here
—I want thee here—Raise him to my heart.

(*They raise MORRINGTON—in the effort to embrace, he falls into their arms exhausted.*)

Again! (*They sink into each others arms.*)

Handy, jun. (comes forward.) If forgiveness be
an attribute which ennobles our nature, may we not
hope to find pardon for our errors—here?

The curtain falls.

EPILOGUE,

Written by MILES PETIT ANDREWS, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. FAWCETT.

So here I am—once more to bear a bob,
And for our Author do a friendly job;
Perhaps you don't know how to clap a Play;
Mind me—hand rattle hand—thus (*claps his hands*)—that's the
way!

No doubt you think, though second sure to none,
I'm rather fanguine about number *One*;
Ask all the world, who everything would try,
And all the world will answer, I! I! I!
Your sprightly Damsels seeking active fame,
Will rival schoolboys in each schoolboy game;
Give 'em but rope enough, they'll shine in skipping!
While many a lucky rogue may catch them tripping;
Others, with beauteous arm and lovely shoulder,
Conspicuous to each accurate beholder,
Vaulting on toe, with tamborine and bells,
Surpass the heroines of—Sadler's Wells!

Nor less our Beaux excite our admiration;
Their shoulders too are worthy observation;
Not bare indeed, but cas'd in tenfold stuffing—
They need not, if they like not, feel a cuffing;
Nay what's more frequent, and preserves as much,
They save the pressure of a Bailiff's touch.

Stuffing's a charm attracts us every minute;
E'en female bosoms find protection in it;
Expos'd to open charms and powerful flattery,
Why not gain conquests by a well-mask'd battery?

But truce to satire—Folly's lost in doubt,
And this age enters e'er that age goes out;

None

None know, so none to blame can find pretext,
Whether we sin last century or the next.

"You're a base man!" cries wealthy Madam Dump,
To her fond spouse who took her by the lump,

"To hide a wench last week behind the screen!"

"Last week, my love!—last *Century* you mean."

"Sure! says Miss Lydia Lank, an ancient maid,

"You will not countenance that painted jade:

"I hate to name the odious word *miscarried*;

"And yet the wanton minx was never married!"

"That's an old story!"—"Old! two months or so."

"Two months! you dream! a *Century* ago!"

"Dam'me!" cries Dash, "each age has its beginning!"
His chin quite buried in five rounds of linen;

"Think you we drive through life with too much haste?"

"'Tis neck or nothing with us lads of taste!"

"Your taste!" cries Dad; "I fear your credit shocks,

"The rise of *Cravats* proves the fall of *Stocks*:"

"Save then to-day, to-morrow we'll want some."

"To-morrow, Squaretoes! That's an *Age* to come!"

Since then from changeful Time's uncertain state,

Our very foibles now are out of date;

Let the Bard's faults find shelter on the Stage,

And let his labours live at least an age.

Chear with your smiles the Poet's growing joy—

A scanty harvest must his hopes destroy;

To brighten future prospects, all should now,

With heart and hand unite to—Speed the Plough!



THE WAY TO GET MARRIED:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF COLUMBUS—ZORINSKI—CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, &c.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN, PRINTERS-STREET;
FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1800.

[Price Two Shillings.]

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THOMAS MORTON

PROLOGUE,

Written by W. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. M'CREADY.

THE stage should be, to life, a faithful glass,
Reflecting modes and manners as they pass;
If these extravagant appear to you,
Blame not the drama,—the reflection's true—
Our Author makes of virtue no parade,
And only ridicules the *vice* of trade;
Exposes Folly in its native tint,
And leaves mankind to profit by the hint.
The modern buck,—how diff'rent from the beau
In bag and ruffles, sixty years ago!
The city coxcomb then was seldom seen,
(Confin'd to Bunhill-row, or Bethnal-green):
West of Cheapside you then could scarcely meet
The gay Lothario—of Threadneedle-street!
His folly rarely met the public eye,
Or, like a shadow, pass'd unheeded by:
Tradesman and rake were then remov'd as far
As gay St. James's is from Temple-bar.
But now the cit must breathe a purer air,
The 'Change he *visits*—lives in Bedford-square—
Insures a fleet—then Bootle's club attends,
Proud to be notic'd by his titled friends;
And tries to join, by Dissipation's aid,
The man of fashion with the man of trade.
Vain to associate with superior rank,
He quits his *ledger*—for the Faro bank;
His dashing curricl down Bond-street drives,
Risking his *own*—and worse—his horses' lives;
Till, urging Fortune's glowing wheel too fast,
This empty air-blown bubble breaks at last!

Tho' trade may give such upstart mushrooms birth,
The Muse pays homage to its real worth.
This isle to commerce owes her splendid state,
The source of all that makes her truly great!
And 'midst her busy sons enough are found
To raise dejected mis'ry from the ground.
While commerce with a lib'ral heart bestows
Her wealth to mitigate the poor man's woes;

P R O L O G U E.

Seeks out the wretch, his gloomy prison cheers,
And wipes, with pitying hand, the widow's tears—
The applauding world will say (such bounty giv'n!)
The English merchant is the steward of heav'n.

Our Author now that candour would implore,
Which your indulgence has bestow'd before;
Still on a gen'rous Public he depends;
Give your support—he asks no better friends!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tangent	-	-	Mr. LEWIS.
Toby Allspice	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Captain Faulkner	-	-	Mr. POPE.
Caustic	-	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
Dick Dashall	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
M'Query	-	-	Mr. M'CREADY.
Landlord	-	-	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Shopman	-	-	Mr. ABBOT.
Town-Clerk	-	-	Mr. COOMBS.
Waiter	-	-	Mr. CURTIS.
Ned	-	-	Mr. WILDE.
Postilion	-	-	Mr. SIMMONDS.
Undertaker	-	-	Mr. STREET.
Jailer	-	-	Mr. WILLIAMSON.
Solicitor	-	-	Mr. HOLLAND.
Officer	-	-	Mr. BLURTON.
Allspice's Servant	-	-	Mr. REES.
Caustic's Servant	-	-	Mr. FARLEY.
Dashall's Servant	-	-	Mr. LEDGER.
Bailiff	-	-	Mr. CROSS.
Julia Faulkner	-	-	Miss WALLIS.
Clementina Allspice	-	-	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Lady Sorrel	-	-	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Fanny	-	-	Miss LESERVE.

The lines marked with inverted commas are omitted in the representation.

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a House—Bells ringing.*

DASHALL (*without*).

LANDLORD!

LANDLORD *enters* (*smoking*).

Landlord. Here I am—noisy chap this.

Enter DASHALL.

Dash. Where are all your people? Damn it, Landlord, is this your attention?

Land. Who do you damn, eh? If you don't like my house, march,—there's another in the town.

Dash. This rascal now, because he has the best beds and wine on the road, claims the privilege of insulting his guests—call my servants up.

Land. Not I—enough plague with my own—why don't you go to the other inn? I'll tell you—cause you know when you are well off, ha, ha!

Dash. Impudent scoundrel! but as I want information, I must humour him—You're a high fellow.

Land. An't I?

Dash. And so, old Boar's head, my good friend Toby Allspice, by the sudden death of his predecessor, enters this day upon the tonish office of sberiff of your ancient corporation.

Land. He does.—And what's better, by the sudden death of an old maid, Miss Sarah Sapless, he and his daughter will, it is said, enter upon the fingering of about thirty thousand pounds.

Dash. Good news, egad!—Well, old Porcupine, get dinner; and, d'ye hear, none of your ropy champagne—the real stuff (*slaps him on the back*).

Land. Well, I will—Ecod, I like you.

Dash. Come, be off (*strikes him with his whip*).

Land. Ecod, you have an agreeable way with you. [*Exit, shrugging his shoulders.*]

Dash. In the ticklish state of my circumstances, Allspice and his daughter will be worth attending to.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Letters, sir, from London. [*Exit.*]

Dash. Now for this makes me a bankrupt, or a good man. (*Reads*) “Dear Dashall, all's up.”—As I thought.—“Transfer swears if you don't settle your bear account in a week, he'll black-board you.”—Pleasant enough!—“Affectionate inquiries are making after you at Lloyd's; and, to crown all, Hops were so lively last market, that there is already a loss of thousands upon that scheme—Nothing can save you but the ready.—Yours, TIM. TICK.”

“N. B.

“ N. B. Green peas wer, yesterday sold at
 “ Leadenhall-Market at nine-pence a peck ; so
 “ your bet of three thousand pounds on that event
 “ is lost.” So ! lurch’d every way—stocks, in-
 surance, hops, hazard, and green peas, all over
 the left shoulder ; and then, like a flat, I must get
 pigeon’d at faro by ladies of quality, for the swagger
 of saying, “ The Duchess and I were curst jolly last
 “ night ;” but, confusion to despair ! I am no
 flincher.—If I can but humbug old Allspice out of
 a few thousands, and marry his daughter, I shall
 cut a gay figure, and make a splash yet.

Waiter (without). A room for Lady Sorrel !

Dash. What the devil brings her here ?—Old and
 ugly as she is, I’ll take decent odds but ’tis an in-
 trigue.

Enter LADY SORREL.

Lady Sor. Inform my cousin Caustic I’m here
 —Ah ! Dashall, I suppose the warm weather has
 driven you from town.

Dash. True ; London was certainly too hot for
 me ; but how could your ladyship leave the fascina-
 tion of play ?

Lady Sor. Hush ! that’s not my rural character.—
 I always assimilate.—The fact is, Dick, I have
 here a strange, plain-spoken, worthy, and wealthy
 relation ; he gives me considerable sums to distri-
 bute in London to the needy, which I lose in play,
 to people of fashion ; and you’ll allow that is giving
 them to the needy, and fulfilling the worthy donor’s
 intention, ha, ha !

Dash. Then you are not here because your fa-
 vourite, young Tangent, is arrived ? eh !

Lady Sor. What! Dick, have you found out my attachment there? Well, I confess it: and if my regard be not, I'll take care my revenge shall be, gratified; and 'tis a great consolation that one is nearly as sweet as the other.

Dasb. And I'll be equally candid. The miserable fact is, I am completely brozied, cut down to a sixpence, and have left town.

Lady Sor. Like a skilful engineer, who, having laid his train for the destruction of others, prudently retires during the blow-up.

Caust. (*without*) In the next room, do you say?
(*Enters*) *Lady Sorrel*, I rejoice to see you, and have provided at home for your reception.

Lady Sor. Then I'll order my carriage and servants there.

Caust. No; I can depend on your prudence, but not on your servants'—S'death! were any of your fashionable London servants to get footing in my family, I suppose in a week my old housekeeper would give *conversationès*, a little music, and two-penny faro.

Dasb. Vastly well.—By no means contemptible.

Caust. Sir!

Lady Sor. Cousin, this is Mr. Dasbhall, one of the first men in the city,—sees the first company, lives in the first style——

Caust. This a merchant of the city of London?

Dasb. Curse the quiz! I'll throw off a little—Perhaps you've not been in town lately.

Caust. No, sir.

Dasb. Oh, the old school—quite gone by—remember my old gig of a father wore a velvet night cap in his compting house—what a vile bore, ha, ha!

Caust

Caust. And pray, sir, what may you wear in your compting house?

Dasb. Strike me moral if I've seen it these three months. If you wish to trade in style, and make a *splash*, you must fancy Cheapside Newmarket, and Lloyd's and the Alley faro tables, for Demoivre has as completely ousted Cocker's Arithmetic with us, as Hoyle has the complete Housewife with our wives. Egad—talk of Brooks's or Newmarket—chicken hazard to the game we play at Lloyd's—monopoly's the word now, old boy; hops, corn, sugar, furs—at all in the ring.

Caust. Amazing! sir, your capital must be astonishing to be—at all in the ring (*mimicking*).

Dasb. Capital! an old bugbear—never thought of now—no, paper—discount does it.

Caust. Paper!

Dasb. rAye; suppose I owe a tradesman, my taylor for instance, two thousand pounds.

Caust. A merchant owe his taylor two thousand pounds! mercy on us!

Dasb. I give him my note for double the sum, he discounts it—I touch half in the ready—note comes due—double the sum again—touch half again, and so on to the tune of fifty thousand pounds. If monopolies answer, make all straight—if not, smash into the Gazette. Brother merchants say “damn'd fine fellow—lived in style—only traded beyond his capital.”—So, certificate's signed—ruin a hundred or two reptiles of retailers, and so begin the war again.—That's the way to make a splash—devilish near, isn't it?

Caust. Pretty well.

Dasb. How you stare! you *don't* know *nothing* of life, old boy.

Caust.

Caust. Vulgar scoundrel !

Dasb. We are the boys in the city ! Why there's Sweetwort, the brewer,—don't you know Sweetwort ? dines an hour later than any duke in the kingdom—imports his own turtle—dresses turbot by a stop watch—has house-lamb fed on cream, and pigs on pine-apples—gave a jollification t'other day—Stokehole in the brewhouse—asked a dozen peers—all glad to come—can't live as we do. Who make the splash in Hyde-Park ? who fill the Pit at the opera ? who inhabit the squares in the west ? why, the knowing ones from the east to be sure.

Caust. Not the wise ones from the east, I'm sure.

Dasb. Who support the fashionable faro tables ? oh, how the duchesses chuckle and rub their hands, when they see one of us !

Caust. Duchesses keep gaming tables !

Dasb. To be sure ! how the devil shou'd they live ? such a blow-up the other night ! you were there, Lady Sorrel !

Lady Sor. I at a faro table !

Caust. No, no.

Dasb. (*aside*) Upon my honour I beg pardon—you see, sir, the duchess was dealing, and Mrs. Swagger was punting . Oh ho ! cries Mrs. Swagger, “ That was very neatly done ”—“ What do you mean ? ” says the duchess—“ Only, madam, I saw you slip a card ”—“ Dam'me,” says the duchess—

Caust. Says the duke.

Dasb. Says the duchess.

Caust. No, no ! “ Dam'me,” says the duke.

Dasb. Psha ! the duchess, I tell you. It's her way.

Caust. Her way ! O Lud !

Dasb. Where was I ? oh, “ Dam'me,” says the

duchess,

duchess, "but you turn out of my house"—"And curse me," cries little miss Swagger, (a sweet amiable little creature of about fourteen,) "if we stay here to be swindled."—Words got high, and oaths flew about like rouleaus; but as they had plucked me of my last feather, I got up, and, in imitation of my betters, twang'd off a few dam'mes, and retired.

Caust. The world's at an end—all is sophisticated!—nothing bears even it's right name—whoredom is gallantry; swindling, running out; female debauchery, a *faux-pas*. The murdering duellist has a nice sense of honour; the cuckold-maker is a dear delicious devil; and the cuckold the best humour'd creature in the world.

Dasb. Well said, old one!—you've some *nous* about you.

Caust. Foul-tongued blockhead!

Tang. (*without*) Tell counsellor Endless I'll be in court presently.

Caust. I think I know that voice.

Lady Sor. (*tenderly*) So do I (*aside*).—'Tis your darling nephew, your adopted Tangent—I saw him come out of a chaise with two barristers.

Caust. Psha! barristers! you forget he is in the army.

Lady Sor. May'nt I trust my eyes?

Caust. Why at fifty-nine, cousin, eyes are not always to be trusted. Pray, Mr. Dasbhall, do you know this nephew of mine?

Dasb. Oh yes; but he associates with authors and wits, quite out of our set—we in the city don't vote them gentlemen—you'll never find *no* wit at my table, I'll take care of that.—But you expect company, and so I'll be off to my friend Allspice's.

—By

—By the way, I hear his daughter will touch to the tune of thirty thousand pounds.

Caust. Very likely : but I don't know any good it will do her.

Dasb. Not do good ! I beg pardon. Riches give wit, elegance.

Caust. Do they ? I'm sorry you're so poor.

Dasb. Eh ! what ! oh neat enough ! and what do you say Riches give, queer one ?

Caust. Generally, vulgar impertinence.

Dasb. I congratulate you on being so rich, ha, ha ! rat me ! but at last I've said a good one.—Lady Sorrel, your devoted.—Good bye, queer one !—What a superlative gig it is ! *[Exit.*

Caust. Was not that my nephew's voice ?

Enter TANGENT.

Sir, your most obedient !

Tang. Ah, my dear uncle ! who could have expected to have seen you in this part of the world ?

Caust. This part of the world ? why, 'tis the town I live in, is it not ? and have not you come on purpose to visit me ?

Tang. True, uncle ; I was—

Caust. At your old tricks, castle-building. Fancying yourself Tippoo Saib, I warrant, or emperor of all the Russias.

Tang. No, no, you wrong me—Ah, Lady Sorrel ! how cou'd you leave town, where you were the ton ?

Caust. The ton, ha, ha ! Then I suppose grandmothers are the ton ?

Tang. You have hit it, uncle (*aside to CAUSTIC*).—I never saw you look so well (*to LADY SORREL*).

Lady

Lady Sor. Dear sir, you flatter.

Caust. He does, he does. Come, sir, no more of that. Age is respectable, and you ought to be above making a jest of an old woman.

Lady Sor. Mr. Caustic, your behaviour is intolerable. Mr. Tangent, do you dine with us?

Tang. Nothing can afford me greater felicity—

Caust. Than to dine with an old woman—Nonsense! Go home, cousin, go home.

Lady Sor. Brute!—Mr. Tangent, good morning. Sweet, elegant youth! how my heart doats on him. [Exit.]

Caust. Frank, leave that cursed trick, that—

Tang. I know what you mean—I believe I used to indulge in little flights of fancy.

Caust. You did indeed.

Tang. Ah, that's all over. My life passes in a dull consistent uniformity.

Caust. I'm glad on't—Well, how goes on the regiment?

Tang. The regiment? Oh! I've left the army.

Caust. Oh! you've left the army (*imitating*)—and why, sir?

Tang. I don't know—I imagine I was tired of the routine, field-days, parade, mess-dinners, and so—

Caust. And so what, sir?

Tang. I determined to adhere to the law.

Caust. I've no patience with your folly. But, sir, are you sure the law has brought you here? Is it not some ridiculous love affair, some jilting tit from Exeter?

Tang. (*aside*) I'll humour his dislike to the sex—Women! Gewgaws for boys and dotards.

Caust. True. He has a fine understanding.

Tang.

Tang. What are they all?

Caust. Aye, what are they all?

Tang. The best of them are virtuously vicious, and impertinently condescending.

Caust. He's a fine youth!—Go on.

Tang. All a contradiction.

Caust. True, Frank; Pope himself says so—

“ Woman's at best a contradiction still ;”

then he goes on—

“ A fop their passion, and their prize, a sot.”

Tang. “ Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot.”
—Sir, I've the whole epistle by heart.

Caust. Have you? Come to my arms. Now stick to this and the law, and my whole fortune is your own—when I die.

Tang. And in the mean time I'll thank you for a thousand pounds.

Caust. Thank me! I dare say you will. A thousand pounds! But how is it to be employed? What fashionable scheme?

Tang. A very unfashionable one, uncle—in paying my debts.

Caust. You know, Frank, you once disgraced yourself, and deeply offended me, by borrowing money of M'Query, a knavish money-lender.—If your debts are of that description, you become my antipathy, my detestation.

Tang. On my honour, no.

Caust. Well then, as I can better afford to lose it than an honest creditor, I'll give it you on conditions—first, that you adhere to the law.

Tang.

Tang. Granted.

Caust. Secondly, that you leave that hair-brain'd folly, which makes me mad,—that castle-building.

Tang. Oh! granted.

Caust. And lastly, that this thousand shall be the sum total of your extravagance.

Tang. With all my heart—And here's my hand.

Caust. But, Frank, what say you to 30,000l. down on the nail?

Tang. I say, sir, that no particular objection to it strikes me at present.

Caust. Then I'll tell you—Here's a will by which it is supposed miss Clementina Allspice will be heiress to that sum. Now I'll introduce you: and if, on seeing her, you agree with me that she is grossly vulgar, and extravagantly affected,—in short, should you thoroughly dislike her, I can see no rational objection to your marrying her.

Tang. Certainly not—I'll attend you; but first I must go to the courts.

Caust. Aye, stick to the law—stick to that—stick to any thing. You remember your pranks—This hour writing a satire on the frivolity of the age, the next, riding a hundred miles to shoot at a target—One day dressed in solemn black for the purpose of ordination—The next in a pink jacket and jockey cap, riding a match at Newmarket—So, no more of that, but stick to the law.

Tang. To be sure; what expansion of intellect it occasions! What honours does it not lead to!

Caust. True.

Tang. Think of the woofsack.

Caust. Yes.

Tang. There's an object to look to!

Caust. Tremendous!

Tang.

Tang. My ambition anticipates my honours, and I see myself in the envied situation.

Caust. Eh!

Tang. Dress'd in my robes, I bow to the throne.

(Sits down with dignity in a chair.)

Caust. Zounds! now he's at it.

(TANGENT rises and puts on his hat.)

Order! Order! is it your lordships' pleasure this bill do pass—As many as are content, say "Aye,"—Not content, "No"—The contents have it.

Caust. Now would it not provoke the devil?—I humbly move that your lordship may leave the woolfack, and that your brains may cease to go a wool-gathering.

Tang. My lord!—Eh!—Oh!—I beg your excuse, uncle—I was just indulging a little flight.

Caust. Yes, I know you were—But where are you going?

Tang. To the courts.

Caust. Pray stick to the law.

Tang. And to the woolfack. Does not the hope of that fill our universities with blockheads—and cram our courts full of barristers, with heads as empty as they leave their clients' pockets?—As many as are content, say "Aye"—Not content, "No"—The contents have it. *[Exit.*

Caust. So—mad and absurd as ever! But I trust he has a good heart, and I'll give him fair play; for, sometimes, the subsiding opposition of worth and folly produces the brightest characters, even as the beautiful firmament is said to have been formed from the contending chaos of light and darkness.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

FAULKNER'S House—*A knocking at the door, Faulkner crosses the stage, and opens the door.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain Faulkner, my master (Mr. Caustic) will wait on you this morning for the payment of his rent.

Faulk. My compliments, and I shall be glad to see him. *[Exit Servant.]*

Thank heaven, enough remains for that! My rent being paid, perhaps I may gloss over the meagre hue of poverty, till my law-suit is decided. (*A harp is heard*) Poor Julia! didst thou know thy father's abject penury, 'twou'd break thy heart. Perhaps it may be concealed—at least I'll try to think so—Julia! my daughter!

Enter JULIA.

Julia. My dearest father!

Faulk. My child! thou art this day of age.

Julia. Yes, sir (*averting her face with dejection, then recovering herself*).—I beg your pardon.

Faulk. Heiress of penury! My darling girl! Oh, had heaven so will'd it, this had been a morning that pleasure might have long'd for. The sad reverse made sleep a stranger to me. I rose, and gave thee, Julia, all a poor fond father could,—a blessing at the throne of mercy.

B

Julia.

Julia. More rich, more valued than all the splendour we have lost. Indeed I grieve not for it. Pray, sir, be cheerful, as we are above the reach of want.

Faulk. Oh! (*stifling a groan*) True, my love; return to your harp—I expect my attorney—he dispatched, I'll come to thee—Sure he stays!—What says my watch?—hold—I forgot I had parted with it (*aside*).

Julia. How fortunate! Look, sir, I've made a purchase for you (*shewing a watch*). Since you lost yours, you have been less punctual in coming home, and I have been the loser of many a happy hour—'Tis quite a bargain—the man will call to day for the money.

Faulk. How unlucky!

Julia. You are not angry? You cannot be! What, not a kiss for my attention?

Faulk. My only comfort! (*kisses her*) Here's a bank-note—pay for your purchase, and employ the rest in procuring our household wants. Go in—a thousand blessings on thee! [*Exit JULIA.*

Poor luckless wench! Oh, how willingly would I lay down this life, but for thy sake, my child!

M'Query (*without*). Captain Faulkner!

(*FAULKNER goes to the door and opens it.*)

Enter M'QUERY.

Faulk. Ah, my attorney! Speak, tell me, relieve the sufferings of a parent's heart—am I to despair? (*M'QUERY shakes his head*) Is there a hope?

M'Query. Here's a letter.

(*FAULK-*

(FAULKNER *opens it with trepidation and gives it to*
M'QUERY.)

Faulk. Pray read it.

M'Query (reads): "Sir, I am sorry that instead
" of congratulating you on the recovering your
" valuable estates, I have to inform you, that by
" an unlucky and accidental error in our decla-
" ration, we were nonsuited. I must trouble you
" to remit me 200l. as I cannot in prudence
" undertake the continuance of this important
" cause without the costs being secured to me—
" your faithful servant,

"DEDIMUS DUPLEX."

Faulk. Ruin, ruin!

M'Query. Oh, here's a bit of a postscript—"A
Mr. Tangent—"

Faulk. Who? (*alarm'd.*)

M'Query. What's the matter? (*reads*)—"A
Mr. Tangent has been frequently inquiring after
you."

Faulk. How unlucky!

M'Query. That you did not see him?

Faulk. (*with hesitation*) Y—ye—yes—sir—

M'Query. How lucky then! for I saw him just
now.

Faulk. In this town?

M'Query. Yes; I'll bring him here in a crack
(*going*).

Faulk. Hold! not for the world.

M'Query. Not for the world! what makes you
tremble?—Oh, ho! there's a bit of a secret, and I
must be master of it (*aside*).—Come, an't I your
friend?

friend? Did not I come and offer my friendship and assistance, without even knowing you?

Faulk. You did so.

M'Query. And an't I still ready with my friendship and service?—and I will assist you.

Faulk. Will you, will you, sir? Indeed I want it. Hear then my unhappy story; but swear by sacred honour.

M'Query. If you've a bit of a bible, I'll take my oath—honour's all moonshine!

Faulk. No, sir. Honour is the conservation of society: without it even our virtues wou'd be dangerous. It tempers courage, and vice it puts to shame; it irradiates truth, and mixes up opposing passions in the sweet compound of urbanity.

M'Query. Oh, very true! (*aside*) I'll pop that into my next brief. Oh, it will make a flashy speech for one of our fine pathetic barristers! But now for the secret. Whatever you communicate shall be locked here, upon my honour.

Faulk. It was my fate to marry contrary to my father's will, and I was driven by misfortune to India; where, after a residence of eighteen years, the news reached me of my father's decease, and that at his death he had done me the justice he refused me living. I was about to return to England to take possession of my estates, when the service demanded my assistance to check the inroads of a powerful banditti that infested the frontier.—In a skirmish, Lieutenant Richmond, a brave lad, fell by my side—he gave to my care one thousand pounds, as a bequest to his friend Mr Tangent.

M'Query. So far, so well.

Faulk. On my return, sir, I found my wife dying,

dying.—I am sorry to trouble you with hearing my misfortunes.

M^r Query. Don't mention it—'tis a pleasure—you found your wife dying.

Faulk. And my patrimony, as you know, usurped by a distant and wealthy relation—I endeavoured to find Mr. Tangent—

M^r Query. Oh, no!

Faulk. Indeed I did, sir—distresses came upon me—arrears for my daughter's education—the expences of my wife's funeral (*weeps*).

M^r Query (*aside*). Nobody would grudge that, sure.

Faulk. And the hopes of recovering my right by law, induced me, sir, to—to——

M^r Query. Make use of Mr. Tangent's money.

Faulk. Y—yes—sir. I doubted not but I cou'd soon replace it. I had considerable prize-money due—aye, and somewhat hardly earn'd—but it is not paid. Involved with agents, proctors——

M^r Query. Aye, and sweet pretty picking it is.

Faulk. Then, sir, I hoped soon to recover my estates. But the progress of the law is, you know, so very slow——

M^r Query. We don't—we don't hurry ourselves certainly.

Faulk. Now, sir, wou'd you advance the money to pay Mr.—

M^r Query. Why you don't mean to pay it, do you?

Faulk. Sir! (*with indignation.*)

M^r Query. Don't bother yourself about such a trifle—pay him! pugh! stuff! Between ourselves, I thought you had been dabbling in a little forgery.

Faulk. Villain! (*seizes him, M'Query smiles*)
Oh! I beg pardon—you are pleasant.

M'Query. Yes, I am very pleasant; and I wish I cou'd return the compliment. (*aside*) What a tiger!—However I'm glad you have the cash, because——

Faulk. Even now I gave the last guinea I possess'd to my daughter.

M'Query. That's unlucky! because here's a little bit of a bill for labour, trouble, care, and diligence, as we say.

Faulk. (*taking it*) This, then, is your proffered assistance.

M'Query. Oh! read it, read it! You'll find it right to an eightpence!

Faulk. (*reads*) “Attending you frequently to offer my advice and friendship without being able to meet you, two pounds two” (*with severity*).

M'Query. That's right and proper; and 'tis all like it; but as you've no cash, you may as well sign a little bit of a bond and judgment: it will make the debt an even fifty.

Faulk. Aye, any thing (*walks about in disorder*).

M'Query. 'Tis a pity you're so poor.

Faulk. Hush! for heaven's sake—

M'Query. I'm worth twenty thousand.

Faulk. You're a lucky man, sir.

M'Query. Here's a bond ready.

Faulk. Within there! bring pen and ink.

M'Query. Ha, ha! you forget that you have not a parcel of servants now. That's a good one! ha, ha!

Faulk. (*attempting to laugh*) Ha, ha! I did so, sir.—Damnation! is life worth holding on these terms? We shall find them in the next room.

Mr Query. Now, fir, tho' you have put yourself in my power—

Faulk. Hah! in your power—shallow fool! mark me. Dare but to hint at what I've told you, and, by the honour I have lost, your life pays the forfeit—do you mark? In your power! do you mark, I say?

Mr Query. O yes! I was not in earnest. I was pleasant again. Oh, what a devil he is! 'Tis hard to be so poor—I'm worth twenty thousand every shilling.

Faulk. This way. Unfeeling man!

[*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*A Room at ALLSPICE'S House.*

Enter CLEMENTINA and FANNY.

CLEMENTINA.

HOW do I look, Fanny? Do you know, Fanny, my dead aunt was quite teasing—I declare and vow she once sent for me to see her die, and I found her dancing a Scotch reel at an assembly. How horrid provoking! Have you an idea, Fanny, how much one ought to cry for an aunt?

Fanny. I dont really know, miss.

Clem. Oh, Fanny! you lived with Lady Eschallot when her husband died. Did she make it a point to take on?

Fanny. O yes! ma'am.

Clem. Did it tell, Fanny?

Fanny. Exceedingly, ma'am.

Clem. I dare say it wou'd be stylish, 'tis so particular. Oh! I shall have oceans of lovers when I get this fortune. 'Tis so shocking to be constant, I vow—after you have cut your jokes and shown your tricks, it grows so insipid, and you do
long

long for another lover in such a style, you've no idea. Here comes pa—Do you know, Fanny, that pa's keeping a shop horrifies me to that degree—

[Exit FANNY.]

Enter ALLSPICE, with his velvet cap and apron on.

Allspice. Ah, Cleme!—What! dizen'd out—expect to touch the mopuffles, eh?

Clem. Indeed, pa, I'm reduced to despair to see you out of mourning.

Allsp. First let's see the will. Time enough to mourn when I find there's something to rejoice at. I wish Caustic would come—busy day, Cleme—As sheriff, I must usher the judges into the town—as tradesman, must attend my customers—so, what between the judges in the court, and the old women in the shop, I've my hands full.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Caustic and Mr. M'Query, sir.

Enter CAUSTIC and M'QUERY.

Allsp. Ah, friend Caustic! glad to see you—servant, Mr. Attorney—come, bring chairs, read quick—never mind stops—busy day!

Caust. Miss Clementina, how do you do? These are rather gay habiliments for mourning.

Clem. Mr. Caustic, no observations. As pa says, read.

Caust. With all my heart—except the colour, gay as a bride.

Clem. Don't be impertinent, man.

Caust.

Caust. And the head too—heigho! Well, here is the will, and thus I break the seal—now for it.

Allsp. Aye, now for it (*they all seat themselves*).

Caust. (*reads*) “ I, Sarah Sapless, spinster, being of sound and disposing mind, do make this my last will and testament. Imprimis, I bequeath to my worthy brother-in-law, Toby Allspice”—

Allsp. Oh, she was an excellent old woman! (*pretends to weep*)

Caust. “ Toby Allspice, the sum of five pounds—”

Allsp. What!

Caust. “ The sum of five pounds, to purchase a ring.”

Allsp. A what?

Caust. A ring.

Allsp. Fiddlededee! Superannuated old fool!

Caust. Silence! “ And whereas my wayward fate has deprived me of the comforts of wedlock, and as I sincerely believe that nothing can tend more to the benefit of society than promoting the happiness of faithful lovers”—very extraordinary this!—“ I do hereby bequeath to Walter Caustic, esquire, all my estates, personal and real”—

Clem. What!

Caust. (*eagerly*) “ I bequeath to Walter Caustic, esquire, all my estates, personal and real,—in trust”—(*dejectedly*)

Clem. Oh, in trust! (*nodding and smiling.*)

Caust. I hate trusts.

Clem. Silence, sir! Go on.

Caust. “ In trust, to settle and convey the same as a marriage portion upon any young woman he
“ may

“ may think worthy, who may be about to become
“ a bride, within the space of one month after my
“ decease.”

Allsp. Ecod, it's a queer one !

Caust. “ And whereas——”

M'Query. That's all that's material, except a
bit of a codicil.

Clem. Mr Attorney, is not my name in the will?

M'Query. No, miss.

Clem. Pa! (*weeps*)

Allsp. Cleme !

Clem. Do you know, pa, that being disappointed of thirty thousand pounds is extremely disagreeable ?

Allsp. Very, Cleme.

Caust. All that's material ! What's this, and this ? (*turning over sheets*)

M'Query. That, you know, is description and specification ; and saying it over and over again, to make the thing look plump and decent.

Caust. Now for the codicil ! “ I, the within-
“ named Sarah Sapless, do make this codicil, which
“ I do order and direct may be taken as part of
“ my said will, and by which I do hereby be-
“ queath to Phelim M'Query, my attorney, in
“ lieu of his bill, one thousand pounds——” Very moderate recompense !

M'Query. Very moderate ! But 'tis enough—
Oh ! 'tis enough (*rises*).

Caust. This certainly is the most extraordinary ;
Ha, ha, ha ! To select me for the high priest of
Hymen, to make me a wither'd Cupid, ha, ha, ha !
(*all rise*).

Enter

Enter Shopman.

Shop. The cavalcade is ready to move, and only waits for your honour.

Allsp. Then get my gown and wig, and my white wand. 'Tis very awful!

Caust. You look alarm'd—I've seen you before a judge without being frighten'd.

Allsp. Aye; but that was when I was a greater man than the judge, foreman of the jury—and then I'm not afraid of the devil.

M'Query. If you don't think my diffidence may increase yours, I'll attend.

Caust. Oh, no danger!

Allsp. Well, now I commence the perfect gentleman. Damn it, stand back (*to M'QUERY*), I must go first. Dick, fill this box with *backy*—Roger, yoke the coach.

[*Exeunt ALLSPICE and M'QUERY*

(*CAUSTIC is going, when CLEMENTINA curtsies, and stops him.*)

Clem. (*sobbing*) Mr. Caustic, you were polite enough to find fault with my dress—I'll alter my gown any way you please, sir.

Caust. So, here's a change! (*aside*)—By no means, ma'am.

Clem. But you have discernment, sir.

Caust. I have a little, ma'am (*sarcastically*). Good morning.

Clem. When may we expect the honour of seeing you again, sir.

Caust. Well remembered, Tangent will be here. Miss Clementina, I intend to introduce to you my nephew,

nephew, Mr. Tangent. Should he come before I return, I hope you'll welcome him.

Clem. (*with vivacity*) Dear sir! Oh! oh! Mr. Tangent and I then are to be the happy pair! (*aside*).—Dear Mr. Caustic, I hope you have quite abandon'd your gout. I declare and vow I was horrified at hearing you were ill.

Caust. Indeed, madam, I expected death.

Clem. Do you know that's extremely disagreeable. I hope you will make it a point to keep well, Mr. Caustic. Pray take care of the steps—If you should slip I should scream in such a style, you have no idea. I must attend you.

Caust. You are too good. No.

Clem. I shall expire if I don't. Take care, dear Mr. Caustic! [*Exeunt*;

SCENE II.—ALLSPICE'S Shop.—Two Shop Chairs.

Shopman and Woman discover'd,

Shop. I'm afraid, ma'am, you'll find the parcel rather heavy—I'll send it home. There's your change, ma'am. [*Exit Woman.*

Enter TANGENT (*sits down in a chair*).

Tang. Shopman, is Mr. Caustic here?

Shop. He's gone, sir, but will return presently.

Tang. Very well—I'll wait for him.

Shop. You'd better walk into the house, sir:—the shop——

Tang. (*sits and eats raisins*) I like the shop. Is your mistress, Miss Clementina, within—Oh!

Shop. Yes, sir,

Tang.

Tang. I don't much relish this affair. However, it humours old Caustic so,—d'ye hear? tell her Mr. Tangent wishes to pay his respects—What are you about? (*rises.*)

Shop. Oh! I dare not go before miss with my apron on—she says it's vulgar.

[*Exit after having put his apron on the chair.*]

Tang. Ignorant prejudice! (*putting the apron round him*) By heavens, 'tis as honest an appendage, aye, and of as much benefit to society too, as many long robes I've seen! (*Sits*) Tired to death of the courts—either as dull as a country church, or as vulgar as Billingsgate.

Enter JULIA FAULKNER.

Julia. I presume, sir, you belong here.

Tang. (*with surprise*) I, ma'am! heavens, what an angel! Ma'am—No—(*looking at himself*) Oh yes—yes, ma'am—I belong to the shop (*throwing away his hat*). What a lovely creature!

Julia. Is Mr. Richard at home?

Tang. No, ma'am, Dicky has just stepped out, ma'am—Interesting beyond description!

Julia. Then I must trouble you for these articles.

Tang. (*runs behind the counter*) Proud to serve you, ma'am—just take down the day-book—now I shall know my angel's name and abode. To be sent, ma'am, to—(*writing in the day book*).

Julia. There's something very extraordinary in this young man—Sir, I'll send for them—Good morning.

Tang. S'death! I shall lose her—Stop, ma'am—I beg pardon—but here are exactly the articles you want,

want, ready packed, and I shall be happy in attending you home with them, ma'am—exceedingly happy.

Julia. His deportment and dress seem much above his situation—Sir I can't think of troubling you.

Tang. Trouble, ma'am! Never above my business. I'll attend you.

Julia. But there is none to attend the——

Tang. Oh, ma'am, Dicky is only in the house. What shall I do for a hat? (*sees a small one hanging up, puts it on*) Ma'am, I'll follow you—Dicky, mind the shop, Dicky—Oh, an angel! What the devil have I got here? 'tis infernally heavy! I'll follow you, ma'am—Dicky, take care of the shop.
[Exit following JULIA.]

Enter CLEMENTINA (her eyes fixed on the ground) and Shopman.

Clem. Mr. Tangent, your most obedient—I declare and vow——(*Looks up, then at the Shopman*). Where's Mr. Tangent, fellow?

Shop. I left him here, ma'am, with my apron.

Clem. Then he's gone.

Shop. Ecod, and so is my apron.

Clem. Now, whether this is shockingly vulgar, or extremely stylish, I've not the minutest atom of an idea. I dare say 'tis genteel.

Shop. (*grumbling aside*) Not to take my apron.

Clem. Oh! I'm sure 'tis fine breeding; for there's a certain brutality in high life that's enchanting. (*Huzza without*) What horrid yell is that?

Shop. 'Tis my master, the sheriff, miss, come from the show, huzza!

Clem.

Clem. Silence, brute!

(*Without*—"Room for the Sheriff!")

Enter ALLSPICE (*with Sheriff's gown and wig, wiping his face*).

Allsp. Thank God, 'tis over! I'd rather throw a hundred sugar loaves into a cart than go thro' it again. Well, Cleme, how goes on the shop?

Clem. You know, pa, I hate the shop.

Allsp. Oh fie, Cleme! don't let me hear you say that again. You dog, is that the way to tie up a parcel? (*to Shopman, and gives a box on the ear*) Confound these trappings! Get me my apron, Cleme, will you?

Clem. I declare and vow, pa, your vulgarity horrifies me. Suppose you were to go to Court with an address, and be knighted, wou'd not your manners—

Allsp. Me knighted! Fiddlestick's end. When such chaps as I go to get dubb'd, if, instead of a sword, his Majesty wou'd but order one of his beef-eaters to lay a stick across our shoulders, it wou'd be a hundred *per cent.* the better.

(*A loud knocking at the door.*)

Enter Sheriff's Servant, dressed in the absurdity of lace, large hat, &c.

Serv. Maister!

Clem. Mr. Sheriff, brute!

Serv. You see I bes dizen'd out in new livery, he, he!

Clem. Take off your hat, savage!

Serv. I canna, miss—Man has stuck'n on so fast, he winna come off—he, he!

Allsp.

Allsp. Geoffry, 'tis hard to tell whether you or I look most ridiculous.

Serv. Ecod, Maister, I think you have it.

Clem. Who's at the door?

Serv. Wauns I forgot. It be maister Dashall fra Lunnun.

Allsp. Oh, my friend Dashall—shew him in. But let me get off these trappings—The Londoner will smoke me (*pulls off his gown*).

Enter DASHALL.

Ah, Dashall! Glad to see you. Ecod you look comical tho'. Why, Dick, either your head or mine must be devilishly out of fashion—

Dash. Why, friend Toby, yours is more on the *grand pas* to be sure. But very little head, you see, serves people of fashion.—So, there's the thirty thousand pounder, I suppose.—I say, Toby, who is that elegant creature?

Allsp. 'Tis my daughter. Don't you remember Cleme?

Dash. (*addressing her*) You're an angel!

Allsp. Go, Cleme, and look after the people—To-day, I give a grand—ga ga—

Clem. Gala, pa! I've told you the name twenty times—

Allsp. Confound it! Gala then.

Clem. Sir, your most devoted.

Dash. I adore you.

Clem. Oh, sir! (*smiling*)

Dash. To distraction, dam'me (*looking thro' a glass*).

Clem. I vow you confuse me in such a style.

Dash. Oh, I see that account's settled—(*looking after*)

[Exit.

after her) and now for the father.—Oh! how does it tell? (*looks at ALLSPICE thro' a glass.*)

Allsp. What! that's the knowing, is it? (*imitating.*)

Dasb. To be sure.—But, Toby, how did you come on at the courts?

Allsp. Oh! capitally. I made a speech.

Dasb. A speech!

Allsp. Yes, I did. Sam Smuggle, you must know, was found guilty of taking a false oath at the custom-house; so the judge ordered me to put Sam in the pillory. “An please you, my lord judge,” says I, “I'd rather not.”—“Why so, Mr. Sheriff?”—“Because my lord,” says I, “Sam Smuggle, no more than a month ago, paid me 37*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* as *per* ledger, and I make it a rule never to disoblige a customer”—Then they all laughed—So you see I came off pretty well.

Dasb. Capitally. But a'nt you tired of this sneaking retailing?

Allsp. Oh, yes, sometimes of a Saturday—*Market-day.*

Dasb. 'Tis a vile paltry bore. What do you make of this raffish shop of yours?

Allsp. Oh, a great deal. Last year 1745*l.* odd money.

Dasb. Contemptible! my clerk wou'd despise it. Why, in a single monopoly I've touch'd ten times the sum.

Allsp. Monopoly!

Dasb. To be sure—the way we knowing ones thrive. You remember that on sugar—a first rate thing, was it not?—distressed the whole town—made them take the worst commodity at the best price: netted fifteen thousand pounds by that.

Allsp.

Allsp. Why I turned the penny by that myself.

Dasb. Turned the penny! be advised by me, and you shall turn thousands,—aye, and overturn thousands.

Allsp. Shall I tho'? But did you sell all that sugar yourself.

Dasb. I sell! never saw a loaf. No, my way is this—I generally take my first clerk a hunting with me; and when the hounds are at fault, we arrange these little matters.

Allsp. How free and easy! oh, you must be gloriously rich.

Dasb. I won't tell you my circumstances just now.

Allsp. Oh you're shy—you've your reasons.

Dasb. I have. I'm very expensive in my women tho'.

Allsp. Ah! mothers and sisters extravagant?

Dasb. Mothers and sisters! no, no.—Curse me if I know how they carry on the war. Take in the flats at faro I suppose. No, I mean the girls.

Allsp. What! not concubines, do you?

Dasb. To be sure. But perhaps you don't like the girls, eh?

Allsp. Oh, but I do tho'—I'll tell you a melancholy secret. Do you know that people in the country are so precise, and talk so about character, that, my dear friend, in the particular you mentioned, I am a very unhappy man.

Dasb. Oh, is it there I have you? then come to town, my gay fellow! enjoy affluence and pleasure, and make a splash.

Allsp. Ecod, I should like it. Even talking about it gives me a kind of swaggering, agreeable feel: and then the girls—the pretty profligates!

Dash. Aye, you shall have my Harriet.

Allsp. Shall I? I'll do all I can to make her happy; yes, I will: and if she likes almonds and raisins, she shall have—

Dash. Almonds and raisins! pearls and diamonds!

Allsp. Yes; but how am I to get them?

Dash. You've heard of the Alley?

Allsp. Yes; but I don't understand it. Bulls and bears——

Dash. I'll make you up to all—Cons—Ref-counters, short stuff, bonus, backwardation, omnium gatherum——

Allsp. Aye; and what's being a lame duck?

Dash. I'll shew you the way to be that too. I'll teach you the true waddle—let you into twenty good things besides. We knowing ones have form'd a most capital plan for starving the nation.

Allsp. Aye, but you forget that other knowing ones have formed a capital plan for preventing the starving of the nation.

Dash. Still I've a resource.

Allsp. Have you? egad, you're a clever fellow.

Dash. Come here.—If corn market don't answer, ship it coastwise—insure it—vessel leaky—strefs of weather—come to an anchor—cut out by an enemy's privateer—all settled before hand—receive value of cargo there—touch insurance at home—do them both ways—knowing scheme.—The inventors will be immortal.

Allsp. (*aside*) And if I had my will, they should be immortal in a week. Supply an enemy! dam'me if I do that.

Dash. Oh, ho! bad voyage this, I must about ship.

Allsp. I love money dearly, and I love the pretty girls, but——

Dash. And Harriet will adore you.

Allsp. Oh, do you say so? I tell you what I'll do I'll start gallant to day—I'll make a splash among the ladies at my—what's the name on't?

Dash. Gala. But you must get rid of that porcupine frizzle. You must be cropp'd in this way.

Allsp. Bless you, I've plenty of hair under my wig.

Dash. That's lucky.—(*aside*) So—I've got him pretty tight in hand.

Allsp. You'll see how I'll ogle and swagger. Come along. Oh! Toby's the boy to tickle them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in FAULKNER'S House.*

Enter FAULKNER and M'QUERY.

Faulk. Does my attorney in town refuse to proceed?

M'Query. Without cash he does.

Faulk. He knows the law is with me to a certainty.

M'Query. Law and certainty! you really forget what you are talking about.

Faulk. Most likely, for I am mad (*walking about*).

M'Query. I'm sorry for you, Captain, indeed I am; tho' I'm only an attorney, I'm sorry.

Faulk. Oh, sir, don't outrage your tender nature.

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. Captain Faulkner, your most obedient—I call'd, sir, respecting—but you're engaged.

Faulk. Pray, sir, be seated.

Caust. My business, sir, is of little importance either to you or myself, that—he seems agitated—I'll take another opportunity—good morning—I'll just take a peep into the courts, and see how Tangent comes on in the law—oh, he'll be chancellor.

Enter JULIA, followed by TANGENT, carrying the parcel—JULIA bows to CAUSTIC in passing.

Tang. Zounds! my uncle!

Caust. Eh! what!—yes—no—it can't be!

Faulk. Well, my dear, have you made your purchases?

Tang. Yes, sir; the real black hyson—sweet, pretty article—defies the trade to sell more cheaper than us do—ma'am (*bowing to JULIA, and peeping at CAUSTIC*) oh—he knows me.

Caust. 'Tis he, by all that's furious!

Faulk. Not quite so familiar if you please, sir. Well recollected—I want——

Caust. And I want—patience.

Tang. We don't sell it, sir.

Caust. (*turning him round*) Oh, you incorrigible—

Tang. Ah, is it you? how do you do, uncle?—must brazen it out.

Caust. 'Sdeath, sir, what's that? (*pointing to his apron*); and what the devil are you at now?

Tang. Trade—commerce, uncle—soul of sir Thomas

Thomas Gresham—thou, who in the compting-house of the gods fittest——

Caust. Stop, stop, I say—have you forgot the woofack? think of the woofack!

Tang. I do—wool is a staple commodity. Commerce, I say—

Caust. I say, law.

Tang. The theory of commerce is abstruse, and very little understood.

Caust. Why, so is law.

Tang. Commerce shews you what money will do.

Caust. So does law.

Tang. Commerce enriches the country.

Caust. So does—no, no.

Faulk. Sir, as father to this lady, I must demand an explanation of such extraordinary conduct.

Tang. With all my heart. Sir, your lovely daughter came to Allspice's shop, when—I don't recollect how—but somehow or other, I had got this apron round me—she took me for the shopman; and for the pleasure of beholding her, I became a porter, and to continue that happiness, wou'd become (*seeing M'QUERY*) an attorney. This is the fact: I can't tell a lie for the soul of me.

M'Query. Can't you? then I wou'd recommend you not to become an attorney.

Tang. Trade's the thing, uncle—understand it all—I'll snip off a yard of ribbon with e'er a six-foot haberdasher in town, return the drawer to its place with a smack—roll up change in a bit of paper—smirk—present it with the counter bow—an't I perfect ma'am? (*FAULKNER and JULIA smile.*)

Caust. Mr. Tangent.

Faulk. Ah!

Julia. My father!

Faulk. Tangent! damnation!

Caust. I cast you off, sir, for ever! 'Sdeath, were you my own child, your undutiful conduct wou'd be natural and excusable. But you've no right to make me miserable—I'm not your father, and I insist—

Faulk. And I insist that my house may not be made the scene of your buffoonery.

Tang. Upon my soul, sir, I——

Faulk. And that you take leave of it and that lady for ever,

Julia. Oh sir, surely——

Faulk. (*frowningly*) Girl!

Caust. (*to TANGENT*)—There—I'm glad on't, And now, sir, you may think of the woofsack, sir, or you may snip ribbons, sir—or wrap up half-pence in whitey-brown paper, sir—I have done with you, sir—and there's the counter-bow for you, sir. Captain Faulkner, good morning.

[*Exit.*

Faulk. Confusion!

Tang. Captain Faulkner! then I may hear of my friend. Sir, tho' your conduct to me has been harsh, I flatter myself, unmeritedly so, yet my anxiety to hear of a lost friend induces me to solicit what I shou'd otherwise despise,

Faulk. Be brief, sir,

Tang. Charles Richmond—Charles Richmond, sir—is he no more?

Faulk. He fell by my side,

Tang. Poor Charles! I remember, when we were at college, we agreed that whoever died bachelor shou'd make the survivor his heir; but he

he was too generous to be rich. Did he, sir, leave any money?

Faulk. (with trepidation) Not—not—that I—know of—agony!

M'Query. No, not that he knows of. I'll bring you off.

Faulk. Be dumb!

Tang. No, he must have died poor; for villainy itself could not wrong so noble a fellow.

Faulk. Fiends! tortures!

M'Query. Died poor, certainly. Do you suppose now that if he had given any money to Mr.——

Faulk. Silence, dog!

M'Query. Every dog has his day! (*aside*)

Faulk. Where are you going?

M'Query. With Mr. Tangent.

Faulk. I'll not trust you. Dare not for your life speak to him.

M'Query. I suppose I may go home.

Faulk. This way then. Remember, I am no trifler. This way I say. [*Exit with M'Query.*]

Tang. Madam, am I to conclude so trivial a levity could occasion Captain Faulkner's behaviour, or——

Julia. Sir, I am wholly ignorant (*sighs*). I never saw my father so before.

Tang. And may I hope, loveliest of women, that the sentiments of that tender bosom——

Julia. Sir, the sentiment that governs here is implicit obedience to a father's will. He is returning. Pray leave me.

Tang. May I not hope, Miss Faulkner, that——

Julia. I beg, sir——

Tang.

Tang. Only——farewel!

[*Exit.*

Julia. How eccentric, yet how interesting! what can my father mean?

Re-enter FAULKNER, with caution.

Faulk. Is he gone? thank heaven!

Julia. Pray, sir, has Mr. Tangent——

Faulk. Do you combine to torture?——

Julia. Oh, my father! kill me, but do not frown on me.

Faulk. Kill thee, Julia.—Oh, I'm to blame.—But my mind is in agony.

Julia. May I not share it? may I not alleviate it?

Faulk. No, no.—We must leave this town to-day.

Julia. Sir!

Faulk. Thy father, Julia, is a beggar.

Julia. Ah!

Faulk. Worse—He has contracted debts he cannot discharge, and must, like a rascal, fly.

Julia. Bear up, my heart!

Faulk. Nay, worse—Thy father is—But why should I agonize her more?

Julia. Oh! don't despair.—We shall do very well. I can work, indeed I can—I am a strong girl—(*faints*).

Faulk. Revive, my child!—I shelter'd thee from misery while it was possible.

Julia. Is what your ancestors left you, lost, all lost?

Faulk. Yes, Julia, all—(*aside*) for they left me honour.—But we must fly.

Julia.

Julia. Whither, my father?

Faulk. Anywhere, to avoid——

Julia. Mr. Tangent?

Faulk. I charge thee, name him not.—Go in.

Julia. Oh, my father! do not leave me—I dread being alone.

Faulk. I will but ruminate awhile, then come to thee.

Julia. But, presently?

Faulk. Aye, aye.

Julia. But, very soon?

Faulk. Yes; my child:—go in. [*Exit JULIA.* Well, I lied it stoutly—the veriest rascal that eats the bread of perjury could not have lied it with more unblushing boldness. Where shall I fly? the poor honest man, e'en in this knavish world, has some few friends; the rich villain more: but the poor rascal—ha! first a thief, and then a liar—what follows? some devil whispers, a self-murderer. But oh! can I leave my girl to poverty, to scorn, to dishonour?—No, no! we part not. What remains?—To go to Tangent—crawl in the dust, and be spurn'd by him!—rot and damn first!—despair then is only left: for the world's palliations, as degrees of guilt—the law of necessity will not give comfort here. No, to the truly proud the first step from honour is perdition.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. My father! you said you'd come to me—don't be angry. Oh, do you smile on me? then

Julia

Julia cannot be unhappy (*embraces FAULKNER*).
You frown'd just now—'twas the first time: indeed
it cut my heart. Come, sir, be chearful; for po-
verty cannot chill the conscious glow of virtue, nor
dim the celestial radiance of honour.

Faulk. Oh!

[*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in M'QUERY's House.*[*Enter M'QUERY and Servant.*

Servant.

LADY SORREL to wait upon you.*M'Query.* Desire Lady Sorrel to walk in.[*Exit Servant, and re-enter with LADY SORREL.*
Your most obsequious, my Lady. How am I to have the honour of serving you? Is it your will I'm to make?*Lady Sor.* My will, sir!*M'Query.* Oh, what a blunder! Because ladies often make their wills, when they shou'd be making their marriage articles.*Lady Sor.* You gentlemen of the long robe flatter.*M'Query.* You flatter, my lady! I of the long robe! No, I'm only, as I may say, a mere spencer of the law—Oh, how I love female clients! They are so easily pleas'd—(*aside*) and so easily imposed on.*Lady Sor.* You are too polite. But that is the characteristic of Ireland—I've been there: and had
I re-

I remained, it is a country I shou'd have been transported with.

M^cQuery (*aside*). And had I remained there, it is a country I should have been transported from.

Lady Sor. Mr. Tangent, who possesses many amiable qualities—in my approbation of men, sir, I always use discernment.

M^cQuery. Oh, you do—(*aside*) for you always approve of young ones.

Lady Sor. He has fallen in love with a Miss Faulkner, whose father is, I hear, poor and proud. Pray, Sir, do you know anything about him?

M^cQuery. A little: and one thing I know is, that he owes me fifty pounds, and has not a shilling to pay me.

Lady Sor. Indeed! If anything cou'd prevent Tangent's attachment to the lady, (a little witch!) it wou'd certainly be for their good.—Does it strike you how you cou'd be of service to this captain and his fair daughter?

M^cQuery. Not at all.

Lady Sor. What do you think of sending them to—to——jail?

M^cQuery. Jail! (*aside*) Faith, that's one way of being of service. Why, it's a good place for them to recollect themselves in.

Lady Sor. And would prevent Tangent's seeing her.

M^cQuery. And bring down the pride of the father.

Lady Sor. And, as they are poor, wou'd contract their expences.

M^cQuery. Apartment found them for nothing there, you know.

Lady

Lady Sor. Well, then, as Captain Faulkner owes you money, suppose you were to arrest——

M^cQuery. Oh, I can't—I can't in honour, because (*aside*) I should get nothing by it. Here is his bond. Now, many people take fancies to bonds—for my part, I'd just as soon have ready money—It's a mighty pretty bond; and if you purchase it, I'll send him to jail with all the pleasure in life; for then, you know, I'm only an attorney in the business; and 'tis no matter what I do.

Lady Sor. (*aside*) How fortunate! Now I shall be revenged!—Very well. Assign it to me; and, as we agree it will be for their good, you may as well arrest——

M^cQuery. Yes; I'll give the captain a wholesome tap on the shoulder. In the next room is parchment, pen, and ink.

Lady Sor. I am going to Allspice's gala. I suppose you will be there to pay your court to the barristers?

M^cQuery. No; I go there to have the barristers pay court to me. You'll see the young ones crowd about me like a plate full of potatoes round a butter-boat, and try to wheedle me out of a light half guinea. Oh, Miss Faulkner is no more to be compared to you, Madam, than a little twinkling star is to the full moon.

Lady Sor. Ah, Sir, flattery's another characteristic of your country.

M^cQuery. My words exactly express my meaning, my lady; and that's another characteristic of my country.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A spacious suite of Rooms, brilliantly illuminated,—music playing—card tables, &c.*

Enter CLEMENTINA.

Clem. What a horrid, capricious, old wretch that Mr. Caustic is! Just now, when to humour him, I praised his nephew, he insisted I should not name him. Well, I vow I'm glad of that, for Mr. Dashall is far more tonish. I observed him to-day, with his hands in his pockets, elbowing every body, treading on the ladies' toes, and without any apology, tearing their dresses in such a style—

Enter DASHALL (looking round).

Dash. A gay thing, ma'am, faith—all elegance—

Clem. Except pa. Oh, Sir, did you hear him at dinner? He rose up—(all the company were silent, expecting a complimentary address) and roars out, “Ladies and gentlemen, pray don't spare the pickles, for there are plenty in the shop.”—Oh, I blushed in such a style.

Dash. Ha, ha! Upon my soul—and all that—you're a fine creature! and interest my feelings more than any event since Waxy the race-horse won the Derby.

Clem. How flattering! How elegant! will you love me, Sir?

Dash. May virtue seize me, if, when we're married, I don't adore you!

Clem. Adore me!

Dash. Yes; that is, fashionably.

Clem.

Clem. Certainly.

Dash. You would not have us found together debtor and creditor, in your father's ledger, or stuck together like his figs.

Clem. Oh! shocking!

Dash. No; ours shall be a stylish adoration—separate beds—you making a dash with your friend in one curricule; i making a splash with mine in another. You at Bath—I at Newmarket.

Clem. Oh charming! Hail, connubial love! Oh, here comes Mr. Caustic.

Dash. Then you shall see me *boax* him.

Clem. Oh no. It is he that has the disposal of my aunt's fortune.

Dash. Oh, that's the reason that all the women were paying court to him. I swear, he look'd like the Grand Signior with a seraglio at his heels.

Clem. But it all won't do. I am the favour'd sultana.

At the top of the stage, enter CAUSTIC bowing to a number of Ladies about him, who pass off.

Caust. Ma'am, your most obedient—Miss, your devoted. Good day, Madam—oh. Miss, happy to see you. (*coming forward*) Oh my back! my back! I must go home, ha, ha! But I can't help laughing at the absurd adulation paid me. I who was yesterday a poor curmudgeon, am to-day the monopolizer of all human excellence. Oh my poor back! Oh world! world!

Clem. How do you do, Sir?

Caust. (*bows*) Your most obedient.

Clem. I hope, Sir, you approve of our music and gala.

Caust. To say the truth, Madam, I preferr'd my own.

Clem. Your own, I vow ! Pray, when did you give a gala, Mr. Caustic ?

Caust. In the last frost, Madam, to two hundred paupers and their helpless families—and we had our dancing too, Ma'am : for the little chubby brats in merry anticks gambol'd round my knees : and we had music too, Madam ; for the widows sung for joy.

Clem. Oh charming !

Dasb. Damn'd fine indeed ! I think with you certainly, Sir, that—what the devil is the word ? Benevolence, is it not ?

Clem. Yes, there is such a word—

Dasb. Aye—benevolence, virtue, and all that, are at times extremely amusing.

Caust. Amusing ! Sir, virtue is the business of our lives ; all else is its idleness.

Clem. I vow, Sir, I was shocked to see you so teized by the fulsome attentions of the women. Flattery is not the way to secure the approbation of a man——

Dasb. Of your fine feelings and understanding.

Caust. It is not indeed ! (*aside.*)—Madam, Mr. Allspice wants you.

Dasb. Favour me with your hand.

Clem. Sir, your devoted. Ah, what worlds of feeling !

Dasb. What oceans of sense !—(*apart*) I fancy we've tickled him in a capital style.

Clem. Very neatly, too ! ha, ha !

[*Exeunt smiling and nodding approbation of each other.*]

Caust. These excite but laughter and contempt; but my vexatious nephew's tormenting—But this I'm resolved on,—if ever again he dare to—

Enter TANGENT not observing CAUSTIC.

Tan. Julia Faulkner! Julia Faulkner! By Heaven, her beauty might set the world at war, and make another siege of Troy: and oh! were I general at that siege, I'd build castles—

Caust. Aye, that you wou'd!

Tang. 'Sdeath! What shou'd oppose me? Sword in hand I'd storm the breach—(*pushing between two chairs*) I'd fire the palace, pull down the gates—(*snatches up a chair*) and rush into her arms, (*is near embracing CAUSTIC*)—ah, uncle, is it you?

Caust. Keep off! How dare you approach me, you—are you not a pretty fellow?

Tang. So the Ladies say, Sir.

Caust. And a fool.

Tang. So I say, Sir.

Caust. And a libertine?

Tang. So you say, Sir.

Caust. And what do you say for yourself?—A profess'd libertine?

Tan. Sir, I say that I practise what I profess; which is more than you moralists can say.

Caust. Psha! and the world says you're a coxcomb.

Tang. Damn the world then for making me one. How the devil can I help being a coxcomb, when I see a flattering fool like myself idolized, and modest worth despised? Uncle, the temple of Folly wou'd soon be without votaries, had it not the world for its worshippers.

Caust. But zounds ! did the world clap you on the woollack ? did the world put you on an apron, or desire you to make another siege of Troy ?

Tang. Upon my soul, I'am asham'd of myself ; but by future perseverance and diligence, I'll atone for my follies. Come, uncle, forgive the past—shake hands.

Caust. No—well—there—aye, Frank, persevere, and you may soon convert your air-built castle into a solid one of brick and mortar.

Tang. True ; then every one will say, his character does not rest on the flimsy basis of hereditary worth, but on the noble exertion of talent.

Caust. That's well said.

Tang. Then I with conscious dignity will walk thro' my hall—my servants ranged on each side—I bend to them with ease, call my agent, and say to him, distribute a hundred pounds to—

Caust. Death and fury, you're at it again !

Tang. No, no—that was only—

Caust. What will drive me mad. 'Sdeath ! what is talent without the will and means to exert it ? 'Tis Newton without his telescope, or Handel without his organ.—Remember, this is your last, last warning ! [Exit.

Tang. He's certainly right. That Handel was a great man ; and tho' bereft of one sense, how amply was another gratified ! For what can strike more gratefully on the heart, than hearing the honourable applause of an impartial public ?

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. I'll just take a peep, and see the effect my lecture has had.

Tang.

Tang. Tho' Handel was blind, how I envy him his sensations, when, seated before an enraptured audience, he thus began, and charmed all hearts—*(shut his eyes and plays on the table)* Oh, charming! bravo!

Cauf. *(striking the table with his stick)* You villain! if ever I speak to you again, may I—I discard you for ever—for ever—and for ever! [*Exit.*

Tang. Oh, confound this crack'd head! What a scrape have I got into.

Enter CLEMENTINA.

Clem. Mr. Tangent!

Tang. So, here's the wife he intends for me. Marry her, and doat on Julia. Sweet situation mine wou'd be! I can very well fancy myself—

Clem. Brute! Sir, my pa wishes to speak—

Tang. I'll come to your pa *(ruminating, and not looking at her)*. No, Julia, I'll be only thine—I'll come to your pa.

Clem. This way, Sir.

Tang. *(rising and following)* I'll come to your pa—I'll be only thine, my Julia—I'll come to your pa—*(follows CLEMENTINA to one side of the stage, and walks out absorb'd in thought at the opposite side.)*

Clem. Gone! Well, this is certainly beyond all the fine breeding I ever saw—Miss Faulkner?

Enter JULIA, in great agitation, her hair disorder'd.

Julia. Oh, madam, forgive this intrusion—you told me you had a friendship for me. Oh, show it now! my father is arrested—in a dreadful situation *(kneeling)*.

Clem. So are you, my dear, in a dreadful situation. Never kneel in a public room.

Julia (rises). Madam, I said my dear father,—the beloved author of my being, is in a prison.

Clem. Well?

Julia. Well! we're ruined, Madam.

Clem. That's certainly extremely disagreeable.

Julia. What shall I do?

Clem. Oh, my dear, don't mind it—arrested! Nothing can be more fashionable. I dare say all will be well. Good bye! I'm sorry I can't assist you; but the guinea loo-table waits for me. Pray come and see me when your affairs are settled! Good bye, my dear! Good bye! Good bye!

[*Exit.*

Julia. This, in prosperity, was my warmest friend. Alas! such friends are as the leaves that clothe the tree in the genial summer, but leave it naked to the winter's blast. Whither shall I go? Heavens! Mr. Tangent!

Enter TANGENT (musing).

Sir—hold! did not my father forbid my speaking to him? But is not that father in want?

Tang. Married to a woman I dislike (*sits*).

Julia. Married! Oh, my heart! Julia, this is no time for thy sorrows.

Tang. 'Sdeath! if I'm miserable, what signifies my having thousands in my pockets?—

Julia. How fortunate!

Tang. Marry for thirty thousand! Psha! (*takes box*) With decent luck I'd win it in ten minutes.—Did you say, Sir, you'd set me 500*l.*—done! Seven's the main, and six I have—off
in

in two throws a thousand—done—fix it is! Bravo! Come, gentlemen, a thousand each if you please.

Julia. Mr Tangent, I want——

Tang. Double or quit? you shall have it (*turning round*).—Heavens! Miss Faulkner! damn this head of mine—it's in such a whirl.

Julia. Oh, Sir, pity and relieve.

Enter DASHALL at the back Scene.

Tang. Madam!

Dash. What's here? fine girl, faith!

Julia. I know my behaviour is wild, is imprudent; but my excuse is, a father in prison and broken hearted—save but him.—For myself I care not.

Tang. By Heaven she puts herself in my power, and what an exquisite temptation! here's an opportunity to establish my character as a man of gallantry! hold! here's an opportunity to establish my reputation as a man of honour. The father of my love in prison, and I without change for sixpence—I'll go this instant and borrow money at 500 per cent.—I'll——

Julia. I'm sure you'll relieve me—I'm sure you have a generous heart. The debt is but fifty pounds. I heard you say you had thousands in your pocket.

Tang. Yes, yes, Ma'am, I said—that—that—I—that is I—Oh! curse this crack'd head! but I'll get the money instantly. Miss Faulkner, it is with shame and confusion I declare, that at this moment it is not in my power to be of the least assistance.

[*Exit.*

Julia. Is it possible? is this the man to whom I've given my heart?—'tis too much (*is near fainting, when DASHALL runs to her assistance*) ah! a stranger!

Dash. Don't be alarmed, young lady—(*aside*) I see I must give her a touch of the sober citizen. Madam, I heard your distress; I am inquisitive after sorrow—I possess a large fortune, 'tis true; but only in trust for the worthy who want it. A sober, plodding citizen, as you see, plain in my manners, plainer in my dress—despise powder and embroidery—a mere London merchant!

Julia. The world knows their benevolence.

Dash. Pretty well. But you must not suppose all London merchants like me.

Julia. Will you, Sir—will you, then, save my father? I can't express what I feel.

Dash. (*aside*) That's very odd! when I can so well express what I do not feel.—Madam, I will do it.

Julia. Then, Sir, I'll expect you at the prison where my father is.

Dash. No, no!—I can't tell you why; but I have a strange antipathy to prisons. But in two hours time at the gate of it, if you please.

Julia. Sir, I'll bless you.

Dash. (*aside*) Upon my soul I mean it. Now I suppose I should say gallant things, but I cannot. Suffice it, I will be there.

Julia. Farewell!—happy, happy Julia! [*Exit.*

Dash. I will be there ready—
with a post-chaise and four to carry you off, my nice one—then chevy, away for the next town—confine her—swear she's a runaway wife—return—marry Miss Allspice—do old Toby out of the ready. Ha, ha! here he comes—what a gig it is!

Enter

*Enter ALLSPICE, his hair cropt, a full-dress coat on, singing, "Lovely Nymph, assuage my
" anguish."*

Allsp. Well, here I am—as gay a dasher as the best of you—snug about the head, eh?

Dash. But what a quiz of a coat you've on!

Allsp. Don't you like it? it was my grandfather's.

Dash. Your dinner was stylish, faith.

Allsp. Very; but it had one little fault. There was nothing to eat—grottoes, trees, fountains, sweetmeat shepherdeses, and buttered cupids in plenty,—nothing else. I shou'd have been half starved, had I not luckily looked over my shoulder, and there beheld my old friend, the honoured sirloin, on the sideboard—I could have cried to see him so disgraced; but I order'd him to be conducted to the top of the table, and the music to strike up "Oh the Roast Beef of Old England!" and, then, how I ogled the girls, and how they titter'd at me! women give a man's ideas so elegant a turn. I'm as much above what I was, as a hog'shead is to a butter firkin.

Dash. Butter firkin! curse it, and sink it, Toby, talk like a gentleman. But, I say, you seem a little damaged.

Allsp. Yes; funny, an't I? I got hold of a little bottle, such as they put ketchup in—by the bye I can sell you some very fine ketchup, if you want any—It was devilish good, yoyeo they call it.

Dash. Yoyeo! psha! noyau.

Allsp. Well, well, noyau. Egad, when I found it cost a guinea, and that I was to pay for it—I drank it all every drop.

Dash.

Dasb. A guinea! bagatelle! I'll put you in a way to drink it every day.

Allsp. How, my dear friend?

Dasb. I've had a letter from my clerk.

Allsp. Your hunting clerk?

Dasb. Yes; he has a scheme of buying up furs, by which 100 per cent. must be made in a month.—A trifle—five thousand—will do; but at present my cash is here and there. Indeed at this moment I can't exactly tell you where it is. But if you should like it——

Allsp. You would not have me lay out five thousand pounds in muffs and tippets, wou'd you?

Dasb. Five thousand! I've speculated deeper in darning needles.—But you have not the cash?

Allsp. Yes, but I have tho'—that sum in the house too—I intended to buy with it half an estate valued at ten thousand pounds.

Dasb. Then defer the purchase one month, and I'll engage you shall buy the whole.

Allsp. Oh charming! ah, but should it fail—

Dasb. But it can't fail—if it do, then blame me.

Allsp. That's enough.

Dasb. All you will have to do, will be to come to town in a month, and hug your ten thousand pounds, as sure as the sweet Harriet will hug you.

Allsp. Oh the pretty one! That has fixed me. When the company is gone, I'll give you bank notes to the amount:—and tell your hunting clerk, if he'll make the five thousand ten, I'll give him a guinea. Oh, what a rich, jolly dog I shall be! let's go and have another touch at the little bottle,—another guinea's worth—damn the expence! and drink confusion to retailing, and Harriet's health in a bumper! “Lovely Nymph,” &c. [*Exit singing.*]

Dasb.

Dash. If this is'nt doing it, the devil's in it, ha, ha! I've bother'd the daughter, and tickled old Caustic in a capital style,—that's a dead thirty thousand.—Humbled the old one here out of five, and shall carry off the nice girl to a certainty. What a splash I shall make along Cheapside! what a swagger I shall cut at Lloyd's! how the city bucks will stare, and, may be, dress at me. And then we shall have Birmingham Dashalls as well as Birmingham Dukes. Oh, I'm a neat article!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—M'QUERY'S OFFICE.

Enter M'QUERY and TANGENT.

Tang. Come, come, the money—quick!

M'Query. You'll pay devilish dear for it.

Tang. 'Sdeath that's my affair.

M'Query. You must give your bond for five hundred pounds.

Tang. What cash am I to touch?

M'Query. Two. I can't afford more upon my honour.

Tang. Your honour!

M'Query. My honour? yes, honour is the conservation of society—(Oh, I wish I cou'd recollect Captain Faulkner's flashy speech)—Honour! is—upon my soul I can't tell what honour is.

Tang. I believe you. But you mention'd Captain Faulkner's name.

M'Query. Yes. Oh, I could sell you a nice secret about him.

Tang. (anxiously) Tell me a secret did you say?

M'Query.

M'Query. No—I said, *sell* you a secret.

Tang. Well, I am a buyer—any thing respecting him is interesting.

M'Query. And you may get a thousand pounds by it.

Tang. Make your own terms.

M'Query. Faulkner has humm'd you out of that sum.

Tang. Impossible!

M'Query. Your friend, Charles Richmond, left it to you, and the old fly thief *smushed* it. He told a palavering story about distresses, and his dear daughter, and his wife's funeral, and a parcel of balderdash.

Tang. (*aside*) Poor Faulkner! my heart bleeds for him. This explains his behaviour.

M'Query. Then he has had a law-suit; but he's non-suited, as this letter will shew you (*gives TANGENT a letter*).

Tang. Come, Sir, draw the bond. (*looks at the letter*)—What's this? (*reads*) “I remit you your
“ share of the bribe for the error in Faulkner's de-
“ claration;—have also received, under his power
“ of attorney, two thousand pounds prize-money.”
Scoundrels! “Which is much better in our hands
“ than his.—The more we distress him, the less
“ danger there is of detection.”

M'Query (*writing*). You see by that letter how things are, and what care I've taken of the Captain's property.

Tang. I'll put this in my pocket, and read it at leisure.

M'Query. No, no—I'm always for vouchers—that letter shou'd not be lost.

Tang. There I agree with you. Eh, I have it—*(Tears off the half sheet with the contents of the letter, from the half sheet that contains the address, wraps that up, and gives it to M^cQuery.)* So—there's the letter.

M^cQuery. Let me see *(looking at it)*—Now—that's as it should be *(putting it in his pocket)*.

Tang. Exactly—Is the bond ready?

M^cQuery. Aye, sign away.

Tang. *(signing the bond)* But we have no witness.

M^cQuery. Oh! I've a clerk will set his hand to it at any time—That Faulkner's a pretty fellow, isn't he? To be sure, the coolness with which some people take others' property is amazing *(taking up the bond)*—In two hours' time you shall have the two hundred pounds.

Tang. Very well; I must go, and tickle my old uncle, and then away to relieve poor Faulkner.

M^cQuery. You've got the money very dear.

Tang. 'Tis false. The sensation I feel at this moment is cheap at ten times the sum. *[Exit.*

M^cQuery. Rather a neat morning's work!

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. Where's Mr. Tangent?

M^cQuery. This moment gone.

Caust. I hear the fool's in love with a Miss Faulkner,—a female fortune-hunter, I suppose. Aye, like her sex—sharp as a razor.—You've found them so, I dare say.

M^cQuery. Oh yes; and, like a razor, I've found strapping a mighty good thing for them.

Caust. And does he think I'll forgive this?

M^cQuery.

M'Query. He does. He says he'll tickle you.

Caust. Tickle me, will he? we'll see that. Except in the article of money; there, indeed, he has reformed. Thank heaven, he don't borrow thousands of you now.

M'Query. No—he only borrows five hundreds.

Caust. Eh! what do you mean?

M'Query. There's his bond, you see.

Caust. I'm petrified.

M'Query. I'll sell it you.

Caust. Sell it me! he owes me thousands—a profligate! I shall be ruined—a beggar! but I'll humble him. He knows the way to tickle me, you know—now we'll see—arrest him—I'll shew him I can tickle him—I order you, Sir, to arrest him.

M'Query. With all my heart and soul.—You will make the affidavit, and I will touch him up with a bit of a capias.

Caust. Aye, a capias, I'll humble him.

M'Query. Then follow that up with a fi—fa.

Caust. Aye, a fi—fa.

M'Query. If that won't do, tip him a ca—fa.

Caust. Aye, tip him a ca—fa. He can tickle me, can he? a profligate! Come along! [*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter DASHALL and POSTILLION.

POSTILLION.

THE chaise is ready, your honour.

Dash. Capital horses, eh?

Post. Like myself—blood every inch.

Dash. Snug, you dog!

Post. Oh, as sharp as my spurs: [*Exit.*

Dash. How surprised the girl will be, ha, ha, ha! curse me if I can help laughing to think how she'll cry, ha, ha!

Enter NED and another.

Bailiffs, by all that's——

Ned. Ah, master Dashall, how are you?

Dash. (*keeping at a considerable distance*) How do you do, Ned? how do you do?

Ned. You need not be afraid.

Dash. (*still keeping off*) Afraid! no to be sure. I know that.

Ned. We don't want you.

Dash. (*hesitating*) Eh, don't you tho'?

Ned.

Ned. Honour!

Dasb. Oh, honour (*coming up and shaking hands*).

Ned. Honour among thieves.

Dasb. By the Lord, you frighten'd me.

Ned. We are not bailiffs now—we're in the mad line.

Dasb. Mad line!

Ned. We belong to Dr. Coercion, and are come after a patient that has escaped—a mad lawyer.

Dasb. Mad lawyer! I always thought it was the client who was out of his senses. Well, good bye, Ned. 'Sdeath! here comes Tangent, perhaps to relieve Faulkner: and then I lose the girl—Eh, it would be knowing, he, he! here goes! so, Ned, you're come here after a mad lawyer—Do you know his person?

Ned. No.

Dasb. I do, intimately; and, by Heaven, here he comes! that's he—don't he look as if he was mad?

Ned. Oh, a clear case—now, this is so kind of you.

Dasb. You'll take care of the poor fellow—ecod, Ned, you frighten'd me. Be sure now you take care of the poor devil, ha, ha!

[*Exit laughing apart.*]

Ned. Tom, mind your hits.

Enter TANGENT.

Tang. Now to poor Faulkner's prison, and restore happiness to my Julia!—Julia! if I don't watch this addle-head of mine, I shall certainly go mad. There's something sublime in madness! rolling eye—dungeons—straw—chains——

Ned.

Ned. Come, come, that will do—a pretty dance you've led us.

Tang. Who are you, and what do you want with me?

Ned. Tom, have you a strait waistcoat in your pocket?

Tang. Strait waistcoat! what are you going to do?

Ned. Take you back to the mad doctor's.

Tang. Be quiet, you scoundrels!

Enter Servant to CAUSTIC, and Bailiffs.

Serv. That's he you are to arrest. Touch him.

Tang. Oh, here's Caustic's servant. Come here, Sir—am I mad, Sir?

Serv. Mad, Sir? no, Sir.

Tang. Tell these rascals who I am.

Serv. Oh, this is Mr. Tangent.

Tang. Aye, Frank Tangent's my name, is it not? *(to the Bailiffs.)*

Bailiff. That it is.

Tang. You're an honest fellow!

Bailiff. Then you shall go with an honest fellow—*(shewing the writ).*

Tang. A writ! oh! the devil! worse and worse! at whose suit?

Bailiff. Mr. Caustic's.

Tang. Pretty way I'm in! arrested at this moment! what shall I do?

Bailiff. Pay a visit to my lock-up house.

Tang. I can't—'pon my honour, I'm engag'd—eh, I believe I'd better be mad *(to CAUSTIC'S servant)* ah! kneel down before your father and mother.

Serv. Where are they ?

Tang. I'm your father and mother. I'm father and mother of all the judges—vanity's father and mother of all the counsellors—the devil's father and mother of all the bailiffs.

Serv. He's mad.

Bailiff. Fudge ! that's not madness.

Tang. I am mad, you scoundrel !

Ned. I say he is mad.

Bailiff. I say he an't mad (*they struggle for him*).

Tang. I'll be off—ha ? I spy a brother. [*Exit.*

Bailiff. Mad or not, we must not lose him : so, come along.

Ned. Aye, aye ; we must have him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. By this time he's safe. I think I've given him a tickler. (*noise*) What ! he resists, does he ? (*Re-enter a servant*) Well, Sir, have they got him ?

Serv. Yes, Sir : but he fought them nobly ; then I came up.

Caust. And secured the rascal ?

Serv. No, your honour : I don't know how it was ; but seeing three upon him, ecod, I couldn't help, somehow, fighting on his side ; so I knock'd one down, and he killed another,

Caust. What do you say ? killed a man !

Serv. There he lies, bleeding like a pig.

Caust. Has my poor Frank been so rash ? I hope he escaped.

Serv. No ; they got hold of him.

Caust. I'm a miserable man—This is all my fault.

Enter

Enter Bailiff.

Is the man dead? oh, my poor boy!

Bailiff. No, your honour; the cowardy chap swooned at the sight of his blood.

Caust. Then the rascal has not killed him, eh?

Bailiff. A guinea and a plaister will set all right.

Caust. Will it? he kill a man! what an old fool I was! hold, I have it. Let the man be conveyed to my house—give out his life's in danger. I'll have him taken up for a murderer. I'll lay him with the dust. Away with him to prison—I'll be so revenged! and, d'ye hear? put irons on him; (*going*) but don't starve him—give him bread and water, (*going*) and, d'ye hear, give him straw—give him plenty of straw. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Inside of a Prison.*

FAULKNER *discovered*, JULIA *leaning on him*.—*A noise without of chains falling. JULIA starts.*

Faulk. Be not alarmed. These noises, Julia, we shall be accustom'd to.

Julia. I hope not, my father. It is the hour I promised to be at the prison gate. (FAULKNER *shakes his head*) The gentleman seemed a man of honour.

Faulk. And, perhaps, is called so. Ah, girl, the trickery of this knavish world makes a wide difference between honour to woman and to man. The wretch that robs the father of his child, let him but at a gaming table keep his word with man, and he's of honour. Nay, shou'd this wretch, in
E 2
aggravation

aggravation, meet that wrong'd father in the field, and lay him at his feet a corpse, then, who dare deny that he's a man of honour?

Julia. But he's a merchant, Sir—a rank of men whose nobleness and benevolence are far above my praise.

Faulk. True; let me not by vague suspicion wrong a worthy man. Go then, my child, but only to the gate; and mark, return with speed.

Julia. Shall I not fly, when 'tis to bring a father happiness? [Exit.]

Faulk. And should it not be so, oh, Faulkner, what horrors will be thine! when, in addition to thy wounded pride, thou hearest thy child ask thee for bread thou can'st not give her, see'st her pine daily at thy feet and perish; or, what is worse, should the agony which rends this heart, draw on thee a speedier dissolution, and she be left behind, exposed to want, to villany—that shall be prevented! yet I'll cling to hope—perhaps all may be well again—(*JULIA screams without*) ah! she shrieks! It is my Julia's voice. Villain, forbear! hear a father's cries, or take a father's curse. Blast him, Heaven, with thy hottest vengeance! all, all is hushed—she's gone! my child is lost, is dishonoured—dishonoured! no, I wrong her—my girl will die—(*a noise again*) It approaches—be faithful, eyes! (*door opens.*)

Enter JAILER and TANGENT, he bearing JULIA in his arms.

My Julia! oh give her to my arms!

Tang. Captain Faulkner, after what has passed, some excuse is due for this intrusion. There, Sir, is my apology,

Faulk.

Faulk. She revives !

Julia. Where am I ? my father ! my deliverer !

Failer. Aye, that he is—As this Gentleman was coming to jail——

Tang. Hush ! (*stopping his mouth*) Passing this place, Sir, I heard a woman shriek, and saw some villains hurry this Lady into a chaise——

Failer. Then he bravely flew among them, and laid about him, and——

Tang. The conquest was easy, for the rascals fled.

Faulk. Sav'd by the man I've so deeply wrong'd ! His presence tortures me. Sir, I thank you.

Tang. Captain Faulkner, a word in private.

Faulk. Ah ! am I detected ?

Tang. I've been with your attorney, Sir.

Faulk. Racks ! tortures !

Tang. And have discovered an infernal act of villany.

Faulk. Well then, it is discovered—Madness ! fiends ! I wou'd be alone.

Tang. You mistake.

Faulk. I insist on being alone.

Enter Servant to TANGENT.

Serv. A message from your attorney, Sir.

Tang. 'Tis well—Captain Faulkner, you will be sorry for this behaviour. [*Exit with Failer.*]

Faulk. My brain rocks ! ah, my child, do I hold thee in a parent's grasp, pure, unpolluted ? Julia, we part no more—never—never ! 'tis time to tell thee thy father's a villain.

Julia. Impossible! perhaps your too keen sense of honour interprets harshly.

Faulk. No, no. E'en now the man I wrong'd gave it its substantial title—an infernal act of villany.—Horrors accumulate.—On one side, dishonour; on the other, famine. *Julia!* (*taking both her hands, and looking on her*) tho' dreadful, it must be so.

Julia. Your words and looks terrify me.

Faulk. In this world we can cherish no hope of happiness.

Julia. But in the next, my father——

Faulk. True, girl; then the sooner we are there, the better.

Julia. Sir!

Faulk. 'Tis in our power, *Julia*, to expedite our happiness.

Julia. What means my father?

Faulk. Now, heart-strings hold a while! collect the exalted resolution of thy soul, and mark. Out of the wreck of fortune, I have preserved something, my child, to free us from poverty, from dishonour, and to give us everlasting peace.

Julia. Blest tidings!

Faulk. Behold! (*taking from each pocket a pistol, and presenting one to JULIA*).

Julia. Horror!

Faulk. Ha! hast thou not by miracle escaped dishonour; and is not thus to live, to meet perdition?

Julia. Is not thus to die, to meet perdition?

Faulk. It is too late for thought. Here—Ah, dost thou shrink?

Julia. Suicide! my soul sickens at the thought.

Faulk.

Faulk. Then live, base girl, and see thy father die. Live, till scorn shall point at thee, and, mocking, cry, "Behold the violated daughter of the villain Faulkner!"

Julia. There's madness in the thought—give me the deathful instrument (*seizes the pistol*).

Faulk. Hold! oh let me kiss thee—(*a knocking at the door*) we're interrupted—(*knocking repeated*) go to the door (*JULIA goes to the door, returns with a letter, opens it, shrieks, and runs into her father's arms*). What means this frantic joy? Bank notes! a letter! ah, from Tangent—(*reads*) "While I entreat you will do me the honour of employing these notes, it gives me great pleasure to enclose you a letter, which at once exposes the villany of your agents, and restores you to prosperity and happiness"—(*locks over the letter, then falls on his knee*) Omnipotent Providence! humbled with the dust, behold a repentant wretch! but thou art slow to punish, and thy mercies are infinite. Here, too, let me ask pardon—my child!—But where is thy deliverer, the preserver of thy honour, thy life? Within—Has Mr. Tangent left the prison.

Enter JAILER.

Jailer. Oh, no, Sir.—Then they don't know that he's a prisoner (*aside*). [*Exit.*]

Faulk. Then fly to him, my child. He is the legitimate son of honour, I the base born slave of pride. Bring him to me, that I may kneel and bless him.

Julia. My father—I'm dizzy with my happiness. One kiss of rapture, and I am gone.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Prison.*

Enter JAILER, followed by TANGENT (fetter'd), a Solicitor and Undertaker.

Jailer. Oh, how they become him! I'm sure your leg was made for them. I'll be hanged if I flatter you.

Tang. (*sighs*) Indeed you do not. Certainly, a very neat appendage to a gentleman—heigho!

Jailer. I declare it gives me pleasure to see you in them.

Tang. You have all the pleasure to yourself. Heigho! I feel devilish queer. Retire!

Jailer. A card from the gentlemen of our club.

[*Exit.*]

Tang. Your club! (*reads*) "The gentlemen prisoners inform Mr. Tangent they have elected him a member of the select club, and solicit the honour of his company to a turbot, haunch, claret, and chicken hazard.—The club, to prevent accidents, meet on Sunday, Monday being hanging day." Hanging-day!—'tis alarming, very,—what do you want?—

Solicitor. I'm a Newgate solicitor; and for 50*l.* will undertake to prevent gibbeting at least.

Tang. Gibbeting! Begone, you croaking—(*drives him off*) And what will you undertake?

Undertaker. Sir, I'm an undertaker; and if you are not engaged, wou'd be proud to inter—

Tang.

Tang. Go to the devil! (*drives him off*) Leave the room, you infernal—Gibbet! Undertaker!—Heigho!—Pugh! I can't have kill'd the fellow—his scull must have been thinner than mine, to crack with such a paltry blow.—How has my letter sped with Faulkner!—That's nearest my heart—Oh, Julia!

Jailer (without). You'll find Mr. Tangent in the next room, Ma'am.

Tang. Heavens! 'tis Julia! 'tis herself; and joy brightens her lovely countenance. Oh, let me meet her! Damn these things! 'Sdeath! how shall I conceal my disgrace? What can I do to——

Enter JULIA.

(*TANGENT holds his handkerchief before his fetters.*)

Julia. Sir, with a heart oppress'd with gratitude, let me kneel—

Tang. Loveliest creature, rise! Allow me to—
(*is about to raise her when he recollects his fetters.*)
Pray rise, Ma'am; you distress me.

Julia. Why should benevolence shrink from praise?

Tang. Angelic excellence! call it love, adoration—I'm your slave—upon my soul, I'm in chains—I beg pardon—but my love is pure as your own thoughts.

Julia. Sir, I believe you noble—above base concealment.

Tang. By Heaven I would not conceal any thing; that is, not any thing that—that—

Julia.

Julia. Sir my father is anxious to see you.

Tang. Happy tidings !

Julia. Will you favour him with your company ?

Tang. Instantly.

Julia. This way then.

Tang. Yes, ma'am (*recollecting himself*). That is, presently—I'll come presently to—to—to his house.

Julia. Farewel ! Oh, Sir, my feelings wou'd be unworthy, cou'd I express them—But, these tears of joy—

Tang. Dry them, lovely creature ! By Heaven, they affect me to that—(*raises his handkerchief to his eyes, recollects himself, then pulls a chair towards him, and gets behind it, leans over it, and wipes his eyes.*)

Julia. What noise was that ?

Tang. I did not hear any noise.

Julia. The clank of fetters. I dread to meet those miserable beings—Perhaps some horrid murderer.

Tang. Very likely, ma'am.

Julia. Yet I must pity them.

Tang. 'Tis very kind of you, ma'am.

Julia. Poor wretches !

Tang. Ah, poor devils !

Julia. Farewel, Sir. We shall see you soon ?

[*Exit.*

Tang. I'll follow you and fly—Egad, that's the only way I can follow. Heigho ! But away with melancholy. *Julia* Faulkner is happy ; and can I be otherwise ? (*sits down.*)

Enter

Enter CAUSTIC (cautiously).

Caust. There he sits, the picture of despair, poor fellow! This lesson has cured him.

Tang. These decorations are not exactly the thing, to be sure, ha, ha!

Caust. How mournfully he looks down on his disgraceful fetters!

Tang. Julia is happy—the thought is extacy! (*rises.*)

Caust. How lucky that I came! His despair might have made him kill himself.

Tang. I could sing—dance for joy. Dance! I remember seeing a man at the playhouse dance a hornpipe in a pair of these things, and did it devilish well too—I let me see—somehow!—Tol de rel lol lol! (*sings and dances, not seeing CAUSTIC.*) My uncle! Confusion!

Caust. I shall go mad! (*after a struggle for breath*) Oh you—I can't speak—dancing! But you'll have but one dance more, and that will be upon nothing—you—the wounded man is dead.

Tang. Dead! Heaven forbid!

Caust. Most certain, Sir.

Tang. Am I then a murderer? Shall I never see Julia Faulkner more! (*sits down.*)

Enter NED (with a patch on his forehead) and Jailer.

Ned. Sir, I must go home;—so, will thank you for the five guineas you promised.

Caust. Go along, you scoundrel! (*endeavouring to conceal him.*)

Tang.

Tang. Never to behold—Eh! (*seeing NED*) Oh, my dear fellow, how glad I am to see you! (*embraces him.*) Here, take off these things, will you? (*NED and Failer take off the fetters*) I thought such a head as this cou'd not be easily crack'd, ha, ha, ha! (*exulting*) Now to my Julia! Farewel, uncle! Here's cash for you both (*gives money*).

Caust. Then I must kill the dog myself (*grasps his cane*) Nephew, come here—will you only listen to me?

Tang. Sir, I'll listen to you for a month. [*Exit.*]

Caust. I'll murder him—stop that villain.

[*Exit pursuing.*]

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I.—*A room at ALLSPICE's house.*

Enter DASHALL with an opened letter.

DASHALL.

NOW this is not fair play! What a rascally shame! What the devil does Fortune mean by it? Zounds! to be bankrupt! My name in the Gazette at this moment, when I was doing them all in such a capital style! And then to lose the nice girl! I suppose I shall have that fellow Tangent demanding satisfaction. Oh, my smashing will fly about like wildfire. If I can't in one hour humbug old Allspice, and marry his daughter, I must scud. Fortune, be but kind! Damn her! she's a jade, I'll not invoke her. But thou, genius of swindling! Oh stick by me now, and I'll never forsake thee. She's propitious! for here comes one flat.

Enter ALLSPICE.

Well, Toby, what are you thinking about?

Allsp. London. I never was there You must show me the sights—The lions at the Tower, and the

the bulls and bears at the Stock Exchange; the parliament-house, and the wax-work;—the bench of bishops, and the maids of honour. And, my dear friend, you'll show me the King's Bench?

Dasb. Aye, that I will.

Allsp. And, I say, the pretty girls.

Dasb. True, my dear fellow; but about the trifle of money—

Allsp. Trifle! Oh, the half-crown that I lost to you at all-fours.

Dasb. No, no; the five thousand.

Allsp. Oh dear, that's an enormous sum.

Dasb. My letters from Petersburg say, the frost has set in there so devilish hard, that furs will be any price.

Allsp. Indeed! I have the money in my pocket.

Dasb. Have you? give it me directly.

Allsp. Friendly creature, how anxious you are!

Dasb. I am. Upon my soul, I feel just as if I were going to receive it for my own advantage.

Allsp. Good soul! Well here it is.

Dasb. Now I touch.

Enter Shopman.

Shop. Mr. Caustic, sir, wishes to speak with you.

Allsp. Very well. I'll come to him (*puts up the money*). [*Exit Shopman.*

Dasb. Confound Mr. Caustic! My bankruptcy will be blown, and then—(*aside*)

Allsp. Tho' 'tis for my own advantage, I can't bear to part with my dear notes.

Dasb. If I have not the money directly, 'tis all up, I assure you.

Allsp. That would be a pity.

Dasb. It wou'd indeed.

Allsp. (*taking out the notes again*) Why, then, there they are—but let me take leave of them—my pretty ones, good bye to you; and be sure now you come again, with each of you a companion. One hug and then we part.

Dasb. Now I touch to a certainty.

Allsp. Now, hold your hand.

Enter Shopman.

Shop. The Gazette, sir.

[*Exit.*

Dasb. Oh the devil!

Allsp. Stop! (*returns the notes again into his pocket.*)

Dasb. Never mind the Gazette.

Allsp. We'll just take a peep at the bankrupts.

Dasb. Here's luck again! (*aside.*)

Allsp. Ah! (*taking out his glasse*s) Here they are.

Dasb. But don't you see there's great news.

“ The following dispatch was this day received
“ by——”

Allsp. We'll read that afterwards.

Dasb. What shall I do?

Allsp. “ Whereas a commission of——”

Dasb. Why friend Toby, ha, ha, ha! (*taking hold of the arm that holds the Gazette.*)

Allsp. What's the matter?—“ Whereas a——”

Dasb. (*interrupting him*) Ha, ha! What the devil! 'Tis all up with you—can't you see without spectacles? Ha, ha! Oh, then you are dished with the girls, ha, ha!

Allsp. See without them? to be sure I can—just
as

as well without them as with them. Bless your soul! I only use them because they are knowing.

Dash. Yes, knowing enough for young men with remarkable strong eyes; but—

Allsp. “Whereas——”

Dash. And then such a quiz of a pair as these! How you wou’d be hoaxed! Now only see what a gig I look in them.

Allsp. First we’ll just look at the bankrupts—
“Whereas——”

Dash. No, no,—now see (*takes the glasses and Gazette from ALLSPICE, lets fall the glasses, and in pretending to pick them up, treads on them, and breaks them*). Zounds! I’ve broke them.

Allsp. ’Tis of no consequence—they were of no use to me—Thank heaven I don’t want them.

Dash. But I beg ten thousand pardons. I believe you wished to look over the list of bankrupts—there they begin, you see (*gives Gazette*).

Allsp. (*pretending to read*) Oh yes I see.

Dash. Any body there particular? Any body there you know?

Allsp. (*looking over the Gazette*) Oh, no, no,—a few reptiles of retailers, but none of your fine dashers like us—Ah! they manage their matters too cleverly to let me see them here.

Dash. To be sure they do (*takes the Gazette*). There I am, sure enough—what an escape! Well, now the notes—now I touch or the devil’s in’t!

Allsp. Yes, here they are (*takes notes out again*). Stop—one—two—

Dash. (*adroitly snatching them*) Three—four—five. Just the sum (*putting them into his pocket*).

Allsp. O dear. I dor’t like to part with them! My dear friend, I’m afraid I’ve given you a
thousand

thousand short—Let me look at them again, will you?

Dash. (*taking them out*) Certainly. No—exactly the sum (*returning them to his pocket*).

Enter Shopman.

Shop. Mr. Caustic, sir, is in a great hurry and in a great passion, and wants to speak to you about Miss Clementina and that gentleman's marriage.

Dash. Ha, ha! here's capital luck! Go to him, my dear Toby—let it take place directly. Tell him my affairs are desperate—my love affairs, I mean.

Allsp. Well, I will—I'll say you're a bankrupt in hope. But don't send away all the money to London at once, pray don't.

Dash. Certainly not—depend on't, if I can help it, I'll not part with a farthing of it.

Allsp. Oh, thank you, thank you—'Tis an enormous sum—I don't know what to think.

Dash. What to think! Think of the profits. Nay, why so dull? where's your spirits, your life?

Allsp. My life! You've got it in your pocket, so pray take care of it; for indeed the loss of it wou'd kill me. [*Exit.*

Dash. Here they are! Oh, there goes Lady Sorrel in a fury. I think she looks as if she were in the Gazette—I must be after her—Well, I've done the old one, however. Bravo, my boy, Dashall! All I say is, you've justified the opinion I always had of you. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden and Hot-boufe.*

Enter LADY SORREL.

Lady Sor. How provoking! I cou'd cry for vexation. Where is that fellow, Dashall, I wonder?

Enter DASHALL.

Lady Sor. So, fir, you've managed matters finely!

Dash. I rather think I have.

Lady Sor. Provoking! to have that gypsey, that Julia Faulkner in your power, and then to lose her!

Dash. I could not help it.

Lady Sor. I believe you could not help running away.

Dash. Nonsense! Will your talking recover her?

Lady Sor. Yes, if you'll attend to it. I have a plan, if you are not afraid of her—

Dash. Dam'me! Do you think I'm afraid of a woman!

Lady Sor. That villain Tangent has released her father from prison: but I've a scheme—stay, he's here.

Dash. Then I would rather not stay. He's a desperate fighting fellow! (*aside.*)—I say, step in here till he passes.

Lady Sor. What! running away again?

Dash. 'Sdeath! no. But my affairs are devilish ticklish. I have not time to quarrel and kill people. Here he comes: If you don't go in, I'll give up Julia. Can't you tell me your plan there as well as here?

Lady

Lady Sor. But if we should be seen,—and my cousin Caustic hear I was shut up with a man, I shou'd be ruined.

Dasb. 'Pshaw! Nobody wants to ruin you. Zounds! only while he passes (*they retire into the hot-house*).

Enter TANGENT.

Tang. That infernal hornpipe has completely ruin'd me with my uncle. But, be that as it may, if she will consent, Julia Faulkner shall be mine, tho' this spade were my only portion. And why not this spade? What can more nobly employ the exertion of man than improving the blessings providence has sent him? I can fancy myself seated at my cottage-fire, with my Julia and thirteen children,—the equal serenity of the scene harmonizing with the tranquil uniformity of my disposition. Happy employment! There we see the art of man even giving climate (*pointing to the hot-house*). Eh! I thought I caught a glimpse of that hypocrite Lady Sorrel, endeavouring to conceal herself. I suppose a hot-house suits the warmth of her disposition; if so, she shall have it hot enough.—(*aloud*) Confound the carelessness of these rascally gardeners, leaving doors and windows open!—cold as an ice-house (*locks door*). The grapes will be sour; and I know there's a fine old sensitive plant within, that can't bear being exposed—I'll bring things forward (*during this he puts up the glass, opens the flues, and blows the fire*). Zounds! My uncle, and as furious as when I left him!—I must be off—I presume your ladyship begins to feel rather warm and comfortable. [*Exit.*

Enter CAUSTIC and ALLSPICE.

Caust. Come, sir, dispatch—Let me get rid of this business. Where's this Dashall and your daughter? I must be gone—I would not stay in this infernal town—

Allsp. True; there's no making a splash here. I must reside in a place suited to my elegant ideas. London's the shop for me.

Caust. But, zounds! where's your daughter?

Allsp. How kind of you to regard my Cleme!

Caust. I regard her! Sir, she's a lady I particularly dislike. Do you think I give her thirty thousand pounds because—No, sir, I do it to revenge myself on that thoughtless, profligate, tormenting nephew, that has teized, has made me mad—but where is she?—Oh, she comes—heyday! what! in tears?

Enter CLEMENTINA, weeping, holding a Gazette in her hand; and Officer.

Allsp. What's the matter, Cleme?

Clem. Now this is extremely disagreeable.

Allsp. What makes my dear daughter unhappy? Nothing serious, I hope. None of the spoons lost, eh?

Clem. Spoons? Don't talk to me of spoons. My fortune is lost, my husband is lost—this man is come to take him away. Mr. Dashall is a bankrupt.

Allsp. What?

Clem. His name is in the Gazette.

Allsp. Where? where? Oh, will any body lend me a pair of spectacles?

Clem. Are you short-sighted?

Allsp.

Allsp. Oh, very—I've a notion.

Clem. Ah! (*pointing to his name in the Gazette*) there he is.

Allsp. Where is he? (*jumping round and seizing CAUSTIC*) He's a villain!

Caust. I thought he was your friend,—the man that cropt you.

Allsp. Yes, he has cropp'd me with the devil to it; cropp'd me of five thousand pounds.

Caust. Five thousand pounds! What was he to do with it?

Allsp. To buy tippets.

Caust. Tippets!

Allsp. Aye, and bosom-friends. What had I to do with bosom-friends? Damn all friends! I was once happy and friendless. Eh! I left him here. I hope he is not gone to make a splash with my dear money—I hope he's in the garden. Mr. Dashall! Mr. Dashall! I want to speak to you, Mr. Dashall. Come here, will you, my dear friend? I only want to speak to you. Oh, if I cou'd but fasten on him—I want to give you another thousand pounds. I do indeed. Oh, the infernal villain! My excellent friend, don't hide yourself (*goes up the stage, looking about*).

Caust. Everlasting, everlasting disappointment! will nobody have thirty thousand pounds?

Clem. Mr. Caustic, pray, sir, don't be in such a hurry. If you will but have the kindness to wait till to-morrow, I dare say I can get somebody to marry me.

Caust. I would not stay an hour. Will nobody have thirty thousand pounds?

Allsp. I will; give it to me.

Caust. But on the terms——

Allsp. Any terms.

Caust. Will you marry?

Allsp. Any body.

Clem. You marry, pa! too ridiculous, a vast deal.

Allsp. Hold your tongue, hussy—I feel I shall be miserable without money, so I may as well marry and be miserable with it.

Clem. Dear Mr. Caustic, only wait till to-morrow. I'll ask every body to have me. Oh do! lud, I shall be under such a style of obligation.

Caust. Plhaw!

Clem. I'll make it a principle to please. Oh do!

Caust. I won't.

Clem. Won't you? then you are an old wretch, a brute; and I hope, pa, if you marry, you'll be a brute: and (*to CAUSTIC*) I vow I wish your gout may return, and shoot up into your wither'd head in such a style—Yes, you may laugh—(*sobbing*) but to be utterly ruined is extremely disagreeable. [*Exit weeping.*]

Allsp. Oh, he's gone!

Caust. Friend Toby, a lucky thought—I've hit upon a wife for you. What say you to your visitor, my cousin, Lady Sorrel? she's virtuous.

Allsp. I've my doubts.

Caust. Oh fie? no she's extremely correct,—correct even to appearances. Her good conduct defies suspicion.

Allsp. Then 'tis a bargain.

Caust. With all my heart; and by giving you my hand, I give (*going to shake hands, a crash is heard in the bot-house*)—What's that?

Allsp.

Allsp. More of my property going. I suppose some old blind tabby cat has got into my hot-house. Bring the blunderbuss, will you? (*to Officer*)—(*LADY SORREL screams, and ALLSPICE unlocks the door, and LADY SORREL comes out.*)

Allsp. Lady Sorrel!

Caust. Heyday, cousin!

Lady Sor. I'm quite faint.

Allsp. Rest on me, my lady.

Lady Sor. The heat of the place.

Allsp. You seem rather warm. Pray, have you seen any thing of my dear friend, Mr. Dashall?

Lady Sor. I, sir? no.

Caust. This has an odd appearance.

Lady Sor. I'll explain it. Cousin, I went in to pull a bunch of grapes; and a booby of a servant passing by lock'd the door.

Caust. I'm satisfied. Well, cousin, I've got you a husband here. Nay, no blushing. You are too wise and too old for girlish affectation. With my friend Toby I give you thirty thousand pounds, and, as times go, a pretty honest man.

Allsp. Yes, my lady, an honest pretty man.

Caust. And, friend Toby, with my cousin you have neither youth nor beauty, to be sure; but abundance of chastity, virtue, and benevolence, so heaven—(*another crash is heard*).

Allsp. Zounds! what's that? I dare say, one of Cleme's puppy dogs.—(*To Officer*) Go in, and pull him out by the cuff of the neck (*Officer goes in*).

Lady Sor. I declare I'm quite faint again.

Allsp. Let me support you—I'll never leave you.

Officer (coming out with DASHALL). Have I found you at last?

Caust. Mr. Dashall!

Allsp. Who? (*Lets go LADY SORREL, and runs to DASHALL, puts his hand into his pocket and recovers his notes.*) Give me my money, you villain! here it is. Oh! let me kiss you, and lay you to my faithful breast.

Caust. How have I been deceived! (*to LADY SORREL.*)

Allsp. Mr. Caustic, you'll excuse my marrying. —(*To DASHALL*) I can see your roguery without spectacles, you monopolizer of villainy! farewell to dashing! Roger, bring my wig and apron.

Tang. (*without*) Sir I entreat——

Caust. My nephew! dare he come in my presence? then you shall see me knock him down.

Allsp. No, no (*with-holding him*).

Enter TANGENT, followed by FAULKNER and JULIA.

Faulk. In vain you fly me.

Tang. You distress me—I beg sir—I insist——

Faulk. Never can my soul be satisfied till my knees bend in gratitude——

Tang. Captain Faulkner! upon my soul 'tis devilish hard to have one's feelings distressed because a man has done a trifling act——

Caust. What's this?

Faulk. A trifling act! have you not redeemed me from prison, from despair? have not you preserved my Julia's honour?

Caust. Stand by. I don't think I shall knock him down.

Tang. If I have been so fortunate, let my reward be the preservation of that honour with my life, and for my life.

Faulk.

Faulk. Sir, I should certainly feel proud of your alliance;—but you have a relation.

Tang. What! old uncle! ha, ha! I have certainly plagued him most confoundedly.

Caust. I believe I'll knock him down (*raises his cane*).

Tang. But upon my honour, to make him unhappy wou'd give me serious sorrow (*CAUSTIC drops his cane*). Oh, sir, give me but Julia Faulkner without fortune —

Caust. I forbid the banns.

Tang. Sir, I insist.

Caust. And, sir, I insist that you don't marry Miss Faulkner without a fortune, but that you marry her with thirty thousand pounds.

Tang. Most excellent uncle! my sweetest Julia! and will you, sir, forgive my follies?

Caust. Heartily, my boy. Frank, I can pardon the head for wandering, when I find the heart's at home.

Dash. Tangent, I give you joy.

Tang. Gently! while you were affluent, the elegant flavour of your Tokay kept down the coarse twang of the borachio in your manners. But now you're poor, you'll be cut even by your brother swindlers.

Faulk. Is not this the wretch—?

Dash. Sir, I should be happy to give you satisfaction; but you see I'm in custody (*FAULKNER going up to him*)—Officer, do your duty: why don't you secure me? I never despair—do you think this is the first time I've been in the Gazette?—I've some irons in the fire yet.

Tang. And if you want more irons I could recommend you to a pair that wou'd suit you exactly.

Lady Sor. Mr. Dashall, are you going to town?

Officer. You may depend upon it, my Lady.

Lady Sor. If you'll give me leave I'll accompany you.

Julia. First let me thank you, madam, for the delicate anxiety you have shewn respecting me and this gentleman, and for your humanity in arresting my father.

Caust. Did she do that? Abandoned hypocrite! leave my sight.

Dash. Well, I bear no malice. Good bye to you all. I say, Toby, won't you send some almonds and raisins to Harriet?—ha, ha!—Now to London and my creditors, where I'll nobly give them fivepence halfpenny in the pound, and the jolliest dinner the London Tavern can produce—Good bye to you, gigs! dam'me, I'll make a splash yet.

[*Exeunt DASHALL, LADY SORREL, and Officer.*]

Allsp. Put him in my horsepond, and let him make a splash there.

“ *Enter M'QUERY.*

“ *M'Query.* Pray, is Lady Sorrel—oh the devil—

“ *Faulk.* Hold—oh dread not my personal
“ chastisement: your abject villainy protects you
“ from that—

“ *M'Query.* It is not the first time it has stood
“ my friend.

“ *Faulk.* Do you see this letter?

“ *M'Query.* I certainly missed it, and am ready
“ to refund.

“ *Faulk.* You disgrace an honourable profession,
“ and are the vile exception to the liberal and
“ noble character of your nation:

“ *M'Query.*

“ *M^cQuery*. Sir ! I am worth twenty thousand pounds, and am your humble servant :

“ *Tang*. Villain !

“ *M^cQuery*. Take care what you say, young gentleman—don’t you libel an attorney—’tis the most heinous crime—the devil a lawyer will plead your cause for you ; but the whole battalion of the black badgers will open upon you, and tell you that libelling an attorney strikes at the root of humanity ; it tears out the vitals of existence ; it shivers the adamantine bands of society ; it makes curds and whey of the milk of human kindness ; it convulses and confuses, and disturbs and distorts—Oh ! whatever you do, never libel an attorney.” [*Exit*.

Tang. I hope, sir, my Julia has made you a convert.

Caust. She has indeed—and I beg pardon of her sex, to whom she has given this lesson—That the affection and duty of a daughter is the best security for happiness in a wife ; and that filial affection and feminine diffidence is THE WAY TO GET MARRIED. As for you nephew——

Tang. Sir, I’ve bade adieu to all my air-drawn fancies, except the woofsack, in which whim I will once more indulge, in the trembling hope, that our endeavours this night to please have been crowned with your candid approbation. As many as are content say “ Aye ; ”—non-contents, “ No.” We flatter ourselves the contents have it.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN TOPHAM.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

THE dubious title of our Play this night
Might fill mamma with joy, or miss with fright.
“ The Way to get a Husband,” and what not ;—
But are they worth the getting when they’re got ?
“ Yes,” cries bold miss, —whom mother’s kind regard
Has led, at young fourteen, to cock her card, —
“ Yes,” cries bold miss, “ whate’er the formals say,
They are worth getting, and I know the way.
—The way’s up Bond-street ! where we daily range,
Where sauntering bloods crowd Fashion’s full exchange !
There (charming scene !) as undismay’d we strut—
Dogs, misses, dukes, and draymen, meet full butt !
There, lounging arm in arm, half-booted crops,
With heads so dark, you’d swear they were—black mops
There, muslin petticoats with mud so lac’d,
Here, scarlet spencers with an inch of waist,
So scarlet, all my rouge they seem to scoff,
And look like lobsters with their tails cut off !”

Here for a husband is the scene to dash,
Here for a town-bred miss to—make a splash.
The plump, brisk widow takes a different road,
She cannot walk down Bond-street :—she’s a load !
Good sixteen stone to carry—but yet strong :
She rolls a wool-pack Venus,—broad as long !
Yet she’s a tender passion for the stage !
With her, dear *private acting* is the rage.
Shakspeare in her finds beauties—not his choice,
And Juliet grieves in—a fine manly voice.
Her Romeo—a lord, might suit your pocket,
Looks like a candle—sunk into the socket.

In tones like these their mutual passions run :

Says he, (*a lisping, effeminate voice,*)

“ It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !

“ To heaven respected lenity adieu !

“ And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now !”

Then she—(*a very gruff hoarse tone*)

“ Good nurse ! I am a child ! Tut ! do not speak,

“ Else would a maiden blush be-paint my cheek

“ For that which thou hast heard me speak this night ;

“ I am an infant-wife, scarce wedded quite !”

Accents so sweet, what mortal can withstand ?

The stage-struck peer makes tender of his hand.

Juliet exclaims, as not consenting quite,

“ What satisfaction can’st thou have to-night ?”

If “ To Get Married,” this be *not* the way,

What grace, what charm more potent can have sway ?

A maiden in the country,—on whose cheek,

Pure as the primros’d morn, the blushes speak,

Whose mind illum’d by Nature’s simple ray,

Disdains to rule, and chuses to obey,

Who, like the Briton, conquers to—increase

Domestic happiness, and lasting peace !





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